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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

April 8, 1964

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**LIZ'S FIFTH
WEDDING**
Pages 7-10



"You can see my Rinso whites just glow!"

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OF KENMORE,
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● We're very happy that it is *Australian* authors dominating our fiction this week.

THERE'S Margot Neville, author of our new serial, "Come See Me Die" (page 27); Marilyn Longmuir — who wrote "Lucky Dog" on pages 32 and 33; and Enid Conley, whose unusual story, "The Guarded Sands," appears on page 37.

Margot Neville is now well into her teens as a mystery writer . . . this is her eighteenth book, the sixteenth to appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

And she is already at work on the nineteenth!

Marilyn Longmuir — who lives in Malvern, Victoria — says there isn't much to say about herself. Except that she has a dog and that he is just as smart as Jason (the dog in her charming story).

"In fact," she told us, "I like all dogs: real, fictional, or china. And I have a large collection of china ones."

Enid Conley lives with her husband, four school-age sons, a beagle puppy, and an assortment of goldfish at Cammeray in Sydney.

"Three years ago someone gave me a typewriter. So I stopped scribbling on odd pieces of paper and really set about trying to write," she said — and added that she will probably frame "The Guarded Sands" because it is her first published story!

Our Cover

● Elizabeth Taylor (Mrs. Richard Burton) photographed in close-up on her fifth wedding day. For an eye-witness account, with color pictures, of the Burton-Taylor wedding — published by arrangement with the U.S. magazine "Life" — see pages 7-9.

ARDENT recipe-hunters may be interested in the following appeal we have received from America:

"My hobbies are recipes and cookbooks, and I have been wondering if some of your readers would care to send me some of their favorite recipes," writes Mrs. Clarence R. Van Dame.

"I will answer all who write and will send some of my recipes if wanted."

Mrs. Van Dame's address: 3430 Radisson Drive, Toledo, Ohio 43614, U.S.A.

★ ★ ★
TALKING about cookery, another reader — Mrs. M. Graham, of Strathfield, N.S.W. — says she recently had a "thank you" letter from Colchester in England.

The writer had made Mrs. Graham's "Rum Raisin Cake" (which was one of the prize recipes in our November 20, 1963, issue), and just wanted to say how delicious it was!

The happy millionaire

HE is two years old with bright eyes, chubby, rosy cheeks, and a smile that would melt the stoniest heart. He is also a little rich boy. His name — Harold Bernard Ben vahl Rubin.

Ben became a millionaire when his father, Major Harold de vahl Rubin — grazier, art connoisseur, philanthropist — died in Brisbane last month.

We visited Ben in Sydney at the Kings Cross apartment of his godmother, Mrs. N. Jacobs.

His mother, Mrs. Julie Rubin, sent him there to stay for a week after Major Rubin died.

He had not been told of his father's death or of his inheritance. But who cares about money? Certainly not two-year-old Ben — his passion is cars.

In Sydney his favorite occupation was to stand at the flat windows looking at the traffic. "See, cars," he pointed. He owns a toy racing-car.

When I arrived at the flat with staff photographer Barry Cullen, Ben regarded us warily, but when I admired his toy car (marked "365 horsepower") his face lit up. His shyness vanished and was replaced by the absorbed expression of the motor-car owner.

Sitting on the floor, he showed me how fast the wheels of his toy could spin. Then he handed me a toy policeman mounted on a motor-cycle, inviting me to join him in his play. "Zoom," Ben cried, and then with a whoop of delight, "Hit you" — like any two-year-old loving a game, fun, and excitement.

Ben is unspoiled and his toys are simple. "He is an amazingly good, undemanding little boy," his godmother told us.

"He seldom cries, and when he falls over there are no tears. He loves my Maltese terrier, Prince — 'Pincey' Ben calls him — they are inseparable.

"At night Prince sleeps on his bed, and during the day they play together. He loves dogs and has a puppy of his own, Spotty, in Brisbane."

Ben's favorite books lay on the floor. They were all stories of dogs — Walt Disney's "Scamp," "Pal Pete," and "Where's Timmy?"

Ben might be worth a million, but at present he is only concerned with his two-year-old world — his soft toys, Puppy and Teddy, "Pincey," dogs, cars, and those who love him.

— JENNIFER IRVINE



Innocent



Inquisitive

Laughing



Merry

NEXT WEEK:

★ Want to lose weight?

If you want to slim — by six pounds or 60 — there's help at hand in our special six-page section of . . .

DIETS

that really work!

There are more than a dozen diets; all prizewinners in our £1000 Diet Contest, they're all tried, proved, and approved!

Study the diets. Choose the one that suits you best. And set off on the road to slender shapeliness.



Seven Ski-run Specials

There's more to skiing hand-knits than mere good looks . . .

Our seven styles are a handsome lot (naturally!). But first — they're designed for action.

The wide-necked sweater shown here is one; the others are just as dashing. And the man in your alpine life will love our Fair Isle pullover, too.



★ ACCESSORIES for the garden

No uncomfortable old rustic seats. No crudely built ferneries. No, indeed. There's more variety in modern Australian garden accessories.

Eight more pages for your gardening book tell you all about the very latest — and most attractive — accessories for your garden.

AND

in
TEENAGERS'
WEEKLY...

THE BEATLES RELAX

Two pages of different color pictures show The Beatles "off duty."



Diet triumph—



OLD FLATTIES contrast with new shoes. At centre, Mrs. Kennewell at 22½ stone (her heaviest weight), in XXXXXXOS dress and the same hat as that worn in the recent picture of her at right.

Now she has pretty shoes

● Diet prize-winner Mrs. June Kennewell held up an enormous dress—to fit bust 56 inches—and said: "This used to be my best frock — now it covers a table in my house. It's big enough."

WHEN staff photographer Ron Berg and I called on Mrs. Kennewell, she looked chic and well groomed in a pretty, blue, slim-fitting frock.

"I've got so much confidence now," she said. "It's marvellous to be able to go and buy dresses off the peg, instead of having to travel down to Sydney to a special 'fat' shop."

Mrs. Kennewell's husband, Doug, is enormously proud of his wife. "She's beautiful," he said, "but then she always was to me."

The Kennewells have been married for 12 years.

"I was nearly 20 stone when Doug married me," she said, "and I guess he really must have loved me — every acre of me."

"I think I'm the luckiest woman in the world to have him."

Doug ("my heart's delight," she calls him) has helped and encouraged his wife every pound of the way down

from her original 22 stone to 14st. 3lb. (she's now 14st. 8lb.).

"And he's taken to eating my diet biscuits," she said. "We only buy one loaf of bread a week now, instead of one or more a day — plus all those lovely crispy bread rolls I never could resist."

As well as giving her a quite new outlook on life, Mrs. Kennewell's diet has saved her money.

"I used to spend at least £10 a week on food for the two of us," she said. "Now my bill is about £5."

Although Mrs. Kennewell has kept her weight down for two years ("I float anywhere between 14 and 15 stone, panic when I'm an ounce over"), she says she's still far too fond of sweet foods.

"So I've found the right answer for me," she said.

"I diet rigidly all week then burst out every weekend. I think I get through three or four pounds of cake and lots of chocolate and sweets."

"But when Monday comes round

I'm back to the boiled eggs and iced water."

"I really had a binge at Christmas. I ate seven boxes of chocolates!"

"My weight went dangerously round 15 stone, so I had a very lean January."

But the very best part of losing weight for Mrs. Kennewell is the clothes she can buy.

"I buy the prettiest underwear I can find, the pointiest-toed shoes, the nicest dresses."

"It's the shoes I love best, though. When Doug and I go shopping he tells me not to wait for him, he'll just look in all the shoe shops till he finds me."

"When I was very fat I couldn't buy shoes to fit, so I had to have them specially made. They were usually flat-heeled and they always looked exactly like dinner plates."

"Now I can just go into the shop and buy whatever I like."

— Patricia Kent.

Mrs. Kennewell's prize-winning diet

BREAKFAST

Three half rashers
grilled bacon
1 grilled tomato
1 slimming biscuit with
thin scraping of butter
Tea or coffee (artificial
sweetening)

OR

One boiled or poached
egg
2 slimming biscuits with
thin scraping of butter
and meat extract (if
desired)
Tea or coffee (as above)

OR

Two pieces of fruit, e.g.,
1 large apple, 1 large
orange
2 slimming biscuits with
meat extract
Tea or coffee (as above)
(Each 200 calories
approximately)

LUNCH

Two starch - reduced
rolls, cut into three,
and spread thinly

with butter and topped
with cottage
cheese and thin scrap-
ing of honey
1 piece of fresh fruit
Tea or coffee (as above)

OR

Two slices of wholemeal
bread with salad fill-
ing — lettuce, tomato,
carrot, celery, onion,
etc.

1 piece of fresh fruit
Tea or coffee (as above)

OR (if at home)

Four ounces grilled
steak

1 grilled tomato
1 piece fresh fruit
Tea or coffee (as above)

OR

One bowl of soup
2 slimming biscuits with
scraping of butter and
meat extract

1 piece of fresh fruit
Tea or coffee (as above)
(Each 200 calories
approximately)

DINNER

One large grilled lamb
chump chop or 4oz.
steak

2oz. carrot, 2oz. par-
snips, boiled and
mashed together with
pepper

2oz. mashed potatoes
1 grilled tomato
Tea or coffee (as above)

OR

One large plate mixed
vegetables including
beans, pumpkin, cab-
bage, brussels sprouts,
carrots, small potato

1 piece fresh fruit
Tea or coffee (as above)

(Each 300 calories
approximately)

OR

One bowl of vegetable
soup (see below)

1 poached egg on thin
slice toast with scrap-
ing of butter

Tea or coffee (as above)

● Vegetable soup is
made with shin beef and
a selection of vegetables,
including carrots,
onions, small potato,
parsnips, celery. No
thickening is used, but
the soup is cooked until
the vegetables are
pureed.
(250 calories approxi-
mately)

SUPPER

Two buttered savory
biscuits with cheese
Tea or coffee (as above)
(210 calories approxi-
mately)

OR

Two buttered slimming
biscuits with meat
extract

Tea or coffee (as above)
(160 calories approxi-
mately)

NOTE: Add an extra
20 calories to each meal
if milk is taken in tea
or coffee.

"How I lost eight stone"

● A special £50 prize in our diet contest was awarded to Mrs. June Kennewell, New Lambton, N.S.W., for her outstanding success story. Although a confirmed sweet-tooth, she brought her 22 stone down to 14 stone 3 lb. by sticking to a conventional diet for a year. Her contest entry is below.

I AM just 36 years old, and three years ago I was put on a diet by my local doctor. I then weighed 22 stone.

After dieting for just on 12 months, my weight went down to 14 stone 3 pounds—in the first month I lost 23½ pounds.

At first I thought it might just as well be the end of the world, as I have such a sweet tooth, and I'd been on and off diets since I was 11 years old (I weighed 11 stone then).

I used to have steam baths, then would buy two hot pies and eat them at the bus stop after sweating for an hour to lose two pounds.

So when the doctor said to diet, I told him it was out of the question.

"I'll give you a capsule to help you from getting hungry," he said.

"Blinkers"

I said to him, "It's not a capsule I want, it's a pair of blinkers." For I thought, if I can see it I'll eat it.

He then said, "Now you're only young. Just try and think of how many old fat people you know."

This started me thinking, so I promised to give the diet a sincere trial for one month.

I thought to myself if it's no good I can do just what I've done with all the other diets I have begun.

When I first started it was very hard. Then I got to thinking of a very pathetic child I had seen who had polio and wore braces on her legs. Every time I felt I would turn the diet in I would say to myself, "I bet she would like to walk and run." And then I'd say, "You don't want this bit of food, so why have it?"

After two weeks, my ego was being fed by everyone saying how I was losing weight.

Then, when D-Day (as I called it) came, I went back to my doctor. To my surprise I had lost 23½ pounds.

I could hardly wait to get to work next day (Mrs. Kennewell is a presser in a dry-cleaner's) to tell everyone.

At this point I must tell you about my workmates.

They would check the morning tea list to see if my name was on it. Normally I would have four jelly cakes

or three buttered iced buns, and perhaps a pie or a sandwich. Not to mention my lunch of chips, hamburgers, pies, and ice-cream with flavoring.

So my diet became a real interest to all the girls, for they kept check on me.

After the visit each four weeks to the doctor I was losing just about a stone each month, but it became easier as I went along.

My clothes were all too big, and I never got sick of people saying how amazed they were.

One chap used to say to me each morning, "Good day, skinny." I loved every minute of this, it was like music to my ears after hearing children (and some adults) saying nasty and hurtful things.

Don't think me thin-skinned, because I have a really terrific sense of humor, and I made the most of being 22 stone—joined in all the picnics and fun whenever I could.

I was even asked to join the show one time to go travelling as the Fat Lady.

Then, as I went on, even my shoes became too big, so imagine my delight when I bought my first pair of pointy-toe shoes at 34 years of age. I felt like a teenager.

I bought new dresses and even had to have a slide fastener, because after all these years I found I had a waist.

Longer beads

I thought it was wonderful to buy pretty underclothes, and my stockings grew longer on me.

Beads that looked like choker beads became ordinary length, and I had to wear my wedding ring first on my next finger, then I had a piece taken out, and later I even had to wear a ring clip.

My frocks went from XXXXXXS to OS½ (I still have the ticket as a keepsake).

I cannot tell you what all these things meant to me.

Neighbors would stop and ask if I had been ill. Friends would walk past me in the street, and would wake up only when they had passed.

All this added to my keenness, and with my determination and new-found will-power I made my mind up to succeed.

My doctor was so pleased he has told me I should be written up in the "Medical Journal."

Even if I don't qualify for any prizemoney, I would just love to be able to help anyone and give them moral support, as, really, counting calories can be fun.

As you jot them down, and at the end of the day when the big count-up comes, it's like a game wondering if you are going to be up or down on yesterday's count.

Special tips

The best help of all on any diet is the encouragement you get from others, so that is why I never fail to keep reminding anybody on a diet how well they are doing.

If they are cheating (as I used to do), I tell them their bulges are showing.

It's marvellous when you are told that. It makes you get your back up and all at once you're determined to stick on a diet.

These three tips are my specials for support:

1. Keep in mind someone worse off than yourself.

2. Buy a nice expensive lacy slip that just fits you nicely. Make it your favorite, then when you stray from the diet it frightens you to think you may not be able to wear it and you might have to give it away.

3. Buy a set of bathroom scales and weigh at the same time every day. The scales don't lie, and they keep you very keen.

These were my measurements before my diet: Bust, 56 inches (wearing 56-inch bra); waist, 45 inches; hips, 60 inches.

My measurements now are: Bust, 43 inches (wearing 42-inch bra); waist, 37 inches; hips, 47 inches.

Before my diet I could not fit behind the wheel of the car. Since I've lost all those inches I've learned to drive, and have had my licence for 18 months.

SIX YARDS of material were used to make this enormous dress, which was Mrs. Kennewell's best. Mrs. Kennewell's sister, Mrs. Ruth Anderson, of New Lambton, has lost two stone on the diet, and a niece, Marilyn Anderson, aged 10, has lost a stone.



PARTY DRESS, right, worn by Mrs. Kennewell, was made from three yards of material. She now weighs 14 stone 8 pounds. Contrast inset picture taken 11 years ago when she was 20½ stone.





Elegant hair, beautifully held with Gossamer



YOU CAN TRUST GOSSAMER, THE QUALITY HOLDING HAIR SPRAY THAT ADDS LUSTRE AND LIFE TO YOUR HAIR
PURSE SIZE NOW ONLY 5/11, REGULAR SIZE 10/-, LARGE SIZE 16/6

LIZ TAYLOR'S WEDDING

"There will be no more marriages,"

Burton quoted

By MARGE BYERS

● Richard Burton cheerfully laughed as he said, "I keep asking her to marry me, and she keeps saying yes. But when, when, when? We once figured out it'd be eight years."

THE problems of the when, the where, and how must sometimes have seemed almost insurmountable. As Richard put it, "You ask two people and you get two different answers."

The French and Catholic Province of Quebec certainly appeared to be the least probable solution, but it was there, in Montreal, that the Ides of March brought the nerve-racking wait to an end just one week before they once again faced the United States.

The pressures on these two high-keyed, emotional people had been building steadily, and, worrying about both "Hamlet" and the wedding, Richard had lost 12lb.

The night before the wedding Elizabeth, sitting in their Toronto Hotel suite surrounded by huge, un-

framed pictures of herself and her children and a sketch of Richard, waited to go to the theatre just before the curtain came down.

Giggling and in bubbling spirits, she said: "No, I'm not nervous at all"—and gyrated in an amusing imitation of a very shaky female, kicking the cocktail table as she did so.

Her Irene Sharaff wedding dress, her shoes, the special hair-pieces with the flowers to be entwined in them were due to arrive at the airport at any moment. The hair-stylist was already with her. And Thomas, the tiny, bouncing terrier, quietly munched a few leaves of foliage and just as quietly threw up.

Unfazed, Elizabeth quickly and calmly cleaned up the tiny mess with a piece of face tissue, then raced to do her make-up before meeting Richard.

Privacy for the long-

awaited nuptials was of paramount importance to them, and afterwards they were incredulous at eluding the Press. Richard whooped, "We made it." Elizabeth was stunned. "It's a miracle. I just can't believe it."

To throw everyone off the track, two seats were reserved on a Sunday afternoon New York-bound plane in the name of Mr. and Mrs. James Benton (he is Richard's secretary). Then a plane was chartered in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Hume Cronyn (manager of the "Hamlet" company), as was the suite at the fusty and proper Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal.

Elizabeth and Richard rode down the freight elevator in Toronto's King Edward Sheraton Hotel and slipped undetected out a back door. The party of 11 rushed into three waiting cars, none of which was the usual limousine so easily spotted.

Her planning

Three cars awaited them in Montreal, with a single police car to escort them into town.

No one caught on to the elaborately planned ruse. A day after the wedding, proud of working terribly hard to keep it a private ceremony, Elizabeth laughed as she said, "I feel like Mrs. James Bond."

Richard had left all the planning to her, and there wasn't a hitch. In their eighth-floor suite at the Ritz-Carlton, no unauthorised person could get to them. The champagne, the bouquets, and dahlias and irises were waiting.

The scheduled 2 p.m. service was just 20 minutes late. Elizabeth wore a yellow chiffon dress with organza collar, yellow crepe underslip—and a diamond-and-emerald pin given to her by Richard a year or so ago.

Her hair was magnificent—a 34in. coil intertwined with Roman hyacinths and a velvet bow at the end of the elegant pony-tail. Two other flower-entwined crescents topped her coiffure. Twelve ounces of real Italian hair were used in the coil alone



● Back view shows Liz's magnificently picturesque—perhaps Ophelia-like—hair-do as she talks to the groom and (obscured) his agent. Her hair-stylist was a guest.

COLOR PICTURES
OVERLEAF



● Liz Taylor looks radiant, Burton thoughtful at the reception with a few friends after their marriage in a Montreal hotel room.

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“For you”, said
the minister,
“the world
is a stage...”

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 8, 1964



● Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor Burton smiled to the photographer who was admitted to their suite after the wedding in a Montreal hotel, and she glowed up at the bridegroom. Her coiffure had been embellished with about £110 worth of Italian hair, entwined with hyacinths. Burton had lost 12lb. playing "Hamlet" eight times a week and getting ready for the wedding—his second, her fifth. To be married by a Unitarian minister in the hotel room, Elizabeth engineered a spectacular escape from all the Press. Back in Toronto that night the cast of "Hamlet" showered the couple with wedding gifts—rolling-pins, mouse-traps, and a tiny coffee pot. "I don't know how to make coffee, except instant," said Liz. "But I can learn." The second Mrs. Burton will follow "Hamlet" from Toronto to Boston and then on to Broadway.



THE EASTER PARADE



ABOVE. Mr. Mac Thomson and Miss Annette McFadden at the Town and Country Ball, which was held at Princes to aid The Smith Family. The ball committee president, Mrs. Clinton Ayres, and Mr. Ayres welcomed guests to the ball.

AT RIGHT. Mr. Geoffrey Stephens and Miss Kay Vernon at the first Frensham Old Girls' Dinner Dance at the Chevron Hilton Hotel. Miss Vernon wore a full-length gown of mauve- and -green printed silk.

BELOW. Miss Helen Blundell and her fiance, Mr. Moncrieff Walker, were among the 300 guests at the Town and Country Ball. Miss Blundell's long gown of pale blue satin had a richly embroidered top.



BELOW. Mr. Tom Wenkart and Miss Katy Grant (couple on left) with Mr. Keith Stratton and Miss Marguerite Bulteau at the Frensham Old Girls' Dinner Dance. More than 600 guests were at the dance. Proceeds will aid the school's Clubbe Hall.



PRETTY country visitor Luise Morgan, of "Humeledon," Tarcutta, wore a leather jockey's cap and a checked wool suit to the A.J.C.'s Autumn Racing Carnival at Randwick.



GROSGRAIN ribbon edged the melusine kerchief hat which Mrs. I. A. Liatow wore. She pinned a 200-year-old velvet- and -diamond brooch to the lapel of her tailored tweed suit.



A HEAD - TURNING bishop's hat of stitched velour was the Ladies' Day choice of Miss Marie Toohey. Her slim-fitting oyster-grey Italian knitted suit was double-breasted.

BIGGER crowds than ever will be at the County Polo Club's Annual Carnival at Warwick Farm this year. The fact that eight of our own teams and the visiting Tortugas team, from Argentina, will be competing for trophies has lured the people who came to town for the Show and the Autumn Racing Carnival to stay on for a few more days.

The first three days' play will be on April 1, 2, and 3, and on Sunday, April 5, the club, in conjunction with the New South Wales Polo Association, will hold an international match between the Argentinians (who thrilled spectators at the Show with their fast play) and a selected Australian team, led by Sinclair Hill, who is also captain of the Quirindi team.

Teams represented at the carnival — County A member Ken Austin tells me they've all been practising hard — will be Queensland, Canberra, Goulburn, Young, Scone, Quirindi, and County, who will be fielding two teams.

In between matches on Friday, wives of the County players will give a luncheon in a marquee set up near the playing field for team members and their wives. Guests will include Geoff and Mary Ashton, Angus and Sally Munro, the Hector Kings, the Jim Maple-Browns, and Mr. and Mrs. George Osborne.

After the match on Sunday, the club president, Mr. Reg Farrell, and Mrs. Farrell, of "Yarraman," Cobbitty, and the president of the association, Mr. Ken Mackay, and Mrs. Mackay, of Dungog, will welcome more than 200 guests to a buffet dinner at Sid's Restaurant, Lansdowne.

I HEAR that Bede Tancred will be guest-of-honor at a farewell dinner party given by his wife, Jacqui, at their Mosman home on April 4. Bede will be flying out of Sydney on April 13 for a six-week business trip and one of his stopovers will be America, where he'll attend the New York Trade Fair. In London, he'll join his mother, Mrs. Myra Tancred, who has been in Europe for the past 10 months, and they'll be returning home together. Incidentally, Mrs. Tancred's daughter, Mary, who has been holidaying with her, will be staying on indefinitely in London.

IT'S going to be a mad-hatters' coffee party at Mrs. Cook Rudwick's Roseville home on April 16. The guests will arrive with "mysterious" hat-boxes containing not their favorite models but ones they hate! These boxes will be collected at the door and later each guest will choose one, and wear the hat for the rest of the morning. Mrs. Rudwick, who will wear a 100-year-old lace and lawn mobcap threaded with velvet ribbon, will give a prize for the most hysterical hat. Mrs. Rudwick, by the way, is a member of the Pied Piper Committee, and the morning will aid The Spastic Centre, Mosman.

ONE of the gayest just-after Easter balls will be held in Bathurst on April 3. Three hundred young people from surrounding districts, Sydney, Canberra—and as far away as South Australia—will be at the ball, which is being organised by the Bathurst Bachelors and Spinners' Committee. Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Hickson, Michael Stevenson, and Sprig and Lippa Kenny, all of Bathurst, are expecting "lots of house guests," and Sprig and Lippa will give one of the largest pre-ball parties for 80 of their friends at the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Blomfield. Ball guests will include Alex and Diana Orr, of "Stokefield," Carcoar—Diana has just returned home after spending Easter with her mother, Mrs. Sam Snider, of Point Piper.

MRS. IAN KINDERSLEY (formerly Queenslander Nancy Rennick), of Park Lane, London, and the Isle of Wight, is busy looking up friends she hasn't seen for 30 years. She'll be here for three months and plans to visit Adelaide, Melbourne, and her home town, Brisbane. At the moment she's staying with Mrs. W. J. Lloyd, of Bellevue Hill. When she leaves in June, Mrs. Kindersley will go via New York, where she'll meet her husband, and daughter, Clarissa, who'll travel home with her.

ANN VAN BOCHOVE and Josephine Hundy will be flying down to Melbourne on April 4 to say farewell to English friend Felicity James, of London, who has been holidaying in Melbourne for the past six months and is leaving for home soon. Ann and Josephine will be returning to Sydney in Ellinis on April 7, but as they plan to attend a dinner dance on board the same night they won't be leaving the ship until next day. Sumptuous food will be served at the dance, which will aid the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia. The menu will include several Greek dishes, among them Mousaka — a tasty dish made with eggplant and minced lamb, topped with a yoghurt sauce.

ADMIRING the setting of the beautiful engagement ring being worn by Kim Hudspeth, who has just announced her engagement to Richard Hill. It's an oval-shaped sapphire set in a sparkling crown of diamonds and was designed by Kim herself. Wedding plans aren't settled yet, but Kim says the wedding will probably be held near Christmas.

—ITA BUTTROSE



DRAPED jersey trimmed the striking velvet bowler which Mrs. Philip Hearn wore to the races at Randwick. She teamed it with a full-length Thai silk coat and a slim crepe dress.



ABOVE. Mrs. Peter McAuley's unusual pope's hat of fine wool matched the fringed woollen tie which she wore with a checked wool dress. A pert white leather Peter Pan collar and cuffs accented the dress.



CONTRASTING fur hats were worn by Mrs. Edward Esdaile (left), Mrs. Monica Read, and Mrs. S. St. John Grace (right) to the Ladies' Day Meeting. Mrs. Esdaile chose a head-hugging mink beret, Mrs. Read an ocelot turban, and Mrs. St. John Grace wore a beaver Jules et Jim cap. They wore them with slender classically cut woollen suits.



AT LEFT. Foursome, from left, Captain Peter de Bunsen, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, the director of the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. W. N. Parry-Okeden, Mrs. Strath Playfair, wife of the president of the Society, and the Hon. Catherine Sidney at the official opening of the Royal Easter Show by the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, at Sydney Show-ground. Afterwards Lord De L'Isle and Miss Sidney were guests at an afternoon tea given by Mr. Playfair and R.A.S. Councillors.



ABOVE. Miss Caroline Adams (left) with her sister, Miss Susan Adams, and Mr. Richard Lawson, of "Padthaway," Naracoorte, South Australia, at the formal dance which Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams gave for Caroline at their Wahroonga home. And, AT LEFT, Mr. Warwick Barker with Miss Dianne Klippel, who recently returned from overseas, pictured in the marquee which was set up on the tennis court at Mr. and Mrs. Adams' home. They were among more than 130 young guests at the dance.



STABLE LUNCH. Miss Gayl Galbraith (centre), with Miss Trisha Crouch and Miss Mary Wheeler (right), at the buffet lunch which the women's committee of the Postgraduate Medical Foundation held at the William Inglis and Sons' Newmarket Stables, Randwick. More than 350 guests attended the lunch, which was held after the annual preview parade of yearlings.



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"There will be no more marriages"

from page 7

and, before anything is done to it, it costs 300 dollars (£A130) a lb.

She carried a bouquet of freesias, a sprig of which was plucked for Richard's buttonhole.

The robed Unitarian minister, the Rev. Leonard Mason, began the ceremony at 2.20 p.m. Indicative of all their difficulties, he had to be coaxed for hours before he agreed to perform the ceremony — and he impressed Richard and Elizabeth mightily.

A day later, Elizabeth was still ecstatic. "It was so moving and so personal and so beautiful. It was so lovely how he got in about my being Jewish — and he looked right at me."

"Wasn't banal"

Mr. Mason may be considered a brave man to risk the criticism of his church, his city, and his country, and, to his credit, he conducted a dignified and memorable service.

"Richard and Elizabeth," he said, "for you the world is a stage. There are times when you leave that stage to be together person to person. Such a time is now."

"We are conscious that you come here to Montreal at a time of reluctant spring, at a time also of preparation for Easter, and also when Jewish people remember their Passover."

"This imposes solemn obligations on you to remember the time and the occasion of your marriage."

"And behind us I would recall a corner of Wales, an England to which I belong, the west coast of this continent, and a Mexico of simple people."

"With this behind you and the days ahead unclear, we wish that you find in each other the depth of understanding which consecrates marriage."

Both principals were touched and delighted by the ceremony, and grateful. Elizabeth said: "It was so beautiful and so personal." Richard echoed with, "It was marvellous, just marvellous. It wasn't banal."

Elizabeth was the traditionally beautiful, happy, and outwardly serene bride. Richard looked exhausted and numb, drained of almost all emotion.

Under the double strain of a strenuous, demanding theatrical part and a difficult personal situation and a mountain of publicity following his and her every move, his role was the more poignant.

His personal and professional lives had simultaneously been laid bare. And there was the hint of ghosts in that room, the ghosts of Sybil Burton, of Eddie Fisher, of absent children.

Each guest had done his part. Those in attendance were Hugh French, Richard's agent; John Springer, who does public relations for them both; Jim Benton, Richard's secretary; Bob and Sally Wilson (Bob, Richard's dresser, served as best man); Edna Cummings, Elizabeth's

maid; Ronald De Mann, Elizabeth's hairstylist; Bobby Lasalle, Richard's loyal bodyguard; Lou Herman, their Toronto lawyer; Montreal attorneys and bondsmen Max and Edward Bernfeld, father and son; Alicia Rodriguez, long-time secretary of Mexico City lawyer Figueroa, who flew to Montreal to assist with the application for the licence.

All those present truly wished the new Richard Burtons all happiness, but too many nerves, too much tension, too much turmoil had gone into the preparations to make it relaxed.

There was no loud hilarity, none of the flushed excitement common to wed-

turned to Toronto on the same chartered plane early the next afternoon, and immediately went to a studio, where Richard recorded the ghost scene with Sir John Gielgud.

With barely time to catch breath, and Richard dozing fleetingly in a chair, the newlyweds were off to the theatre. There they found his dressing-room awash with gag presents from the "Hamlet" cast.

Elizabeth was like a birthday child, excitedly opening each one, stopping only to repair Richard's stage make-up.

He good-humoredly put up with her excitement, and with moments to go before he took to the boards again

delighted with a tiny coffee pot.

"I don't know how to make coffee, except instant, but I can learn," she said.

Showing off her loot to anyone who dropped in, she refused to take them simply as gags and insisted, "Some of the things I can use."

All were gestures of affection by the working "Hamlet" professionals, who could, but don't, resent her.

A few were addressed to "Betty and Rick," which caught Richard off guard: "Who're they? Oh, that's us," Elizabeth howled at a white toilet brush trimmed with fake pink, white, and red flowers. "I think that's so gorgeous."

Mrs. Burton was a whirling, twirling, excited bride, who, each time Richard momentarily disappeared, would happily cry, "Where's my husband?"

On the dressing-room mirror was a tiny red lipstick heart, and Elizabeth, pointing it out, said: "Do you see that arrow? It's a white hair out of my head, given me by Richard Burton."

Richard paced quietly, waiting for the curtain to go up, and the tension heightened when, over the loudspeaker backstage, came "There will be a slight delay. We have a jam at the box office."

No giggles

He worried. "How can I go through all that wedding talk tonight? There's that endless wedding talk. What if they laugh?"

There is indeed much wedding talk at the end of this particular "Hamlet," Part One — the famous "Get thee to a nunnery" speech.

Elizabeth also wondered about the audience reaction, and stepped to the wings to watch and listen. Richard brought forth no nervous tee-hees. He was magnificent and the applause rang out.

After the regular curtain calls, with Elizabeth again watching from the wings, Richard stepped forward to ad lib: "I'm going to quote: I say there will be no more marriages."

The audience laughed and applauded in appreciation, and Elizabeth ran to kiss him and catch his hand as he came off-stage.

The cast was immensely relieved and pleased. Said one, "He gave a beautiful performance. All the pressure's off. This is going to be a blessing and a relief."

And another: "Tonight he played as if ten thousand burdens had been lifted from his shoulders."

Richard himself felt it. "It was going on nerves alone. We did some things differently and it was exciting. I only hope we can keep it up."

There was a party after the performance. The bridal couple circulated easily, and the bride sighed, "Oh, I'm so happy, Mr. Richard Burton, I love it, I love it."



• A relaxed picture of the couple at the reception. In most photographs taken at that time, Burton shows signs of strain.

dings. There was quiet pride in a job discreetly and well performed. Each person in that suite had had a small or major part in it.

When it was over, the deed done, there was a natural let-down, a quiet that could almost be physically felt. The fervent sigh of relief was almost audible. Mission accomplished.

The guests sipped the champagne and kissed the couple. Elizabeth was glowing. "I like being Mrs. Richard Burton."

Some time during that evening, bridegroom Richard Burton drew a heart and scrawled on the mirror of their living-room, "E loves 'er."

Elizabeth says, "We sat and talked and giggled and cried till seven in the morning."

The wedding party re-

he laughed as he said, "I've never known a girl who liked presents more than this one. You give her a postage stamp and she does a back flip."

Elizabeth was tickled with every gift — measuring spoons, rolling-pins, a feather duster, a tearless onion chopper, pot-holders, mouse-traps, a scouring pad, hard-boiled-egg slicer.

One friend gave a first-aid fact finder, with the note: "Dear newlyweds: Statistics show most domestic mishaps occur in the kitchen, bathroom, and law courts. Hoping this is of help in the first two."

Bubbling with excitement, Elizabeth decided a scrubbing brush was a dandy clothes brush. She was particularly pleased with a typical tourist plate, "Souvenir of Montreal, Canada," and

Theirs was a brief happiness

● Viewers all over the Commonwealth who have shared many joyous occasions with Frank Partridge, V.C., now join his sad wife, Barbara, in her sorrow over his death.

THE fortunate die young, it is said, leaving behind them splendid memories untarnished by the relentless tread of time. It is hard to reconcile Frank's death with this philosophy.

He had a hard life, enriched by his own courage and fortitude. At 36, on January 22, 1962, when he first appeared on TV, he looked much older. His wins on TV enabled this simple, sincere man to marry Barbara Dunlop years before he had hoped.

Thank goodness it did. It gave him 13 months of happiness, crowned three months ago with the birth of his son, Lachlann.

Today he is buried not many miles from the lovely home the Partridges never lived in — torrential rain last year held up its completion and a difficult pregnancy kept Barbara in Sydney, unable to make the move.

Just prior to his death in a car accident, her trousseau and their wedding presents were sent to the house to await the arrival of Barbara and baby Lachlann.

Now it will all be packed away with the dream of life with Frank that was never fulfilled.

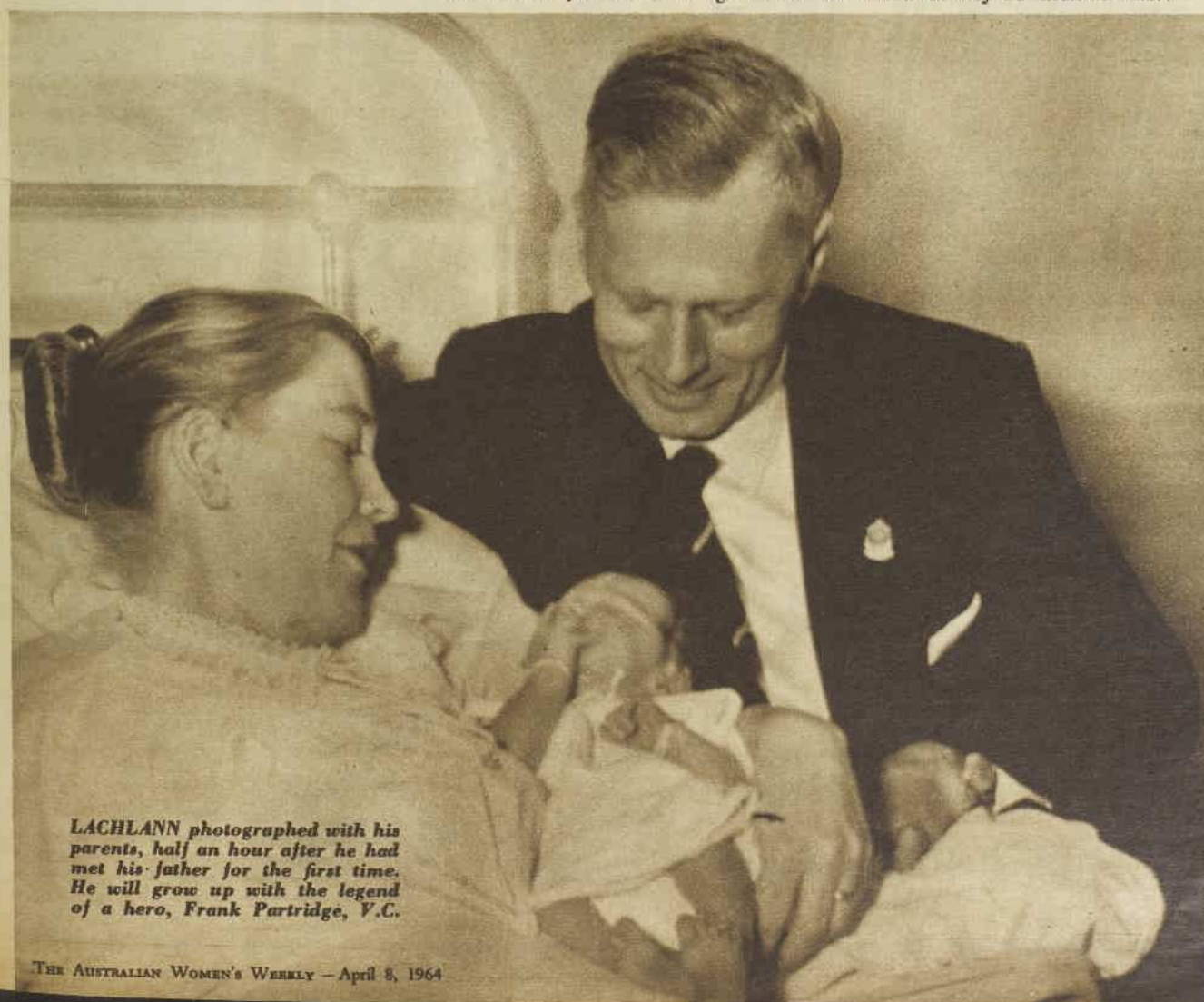
— NAN MUSGROVE



ENGAGED. One of the engagement pictures of Frank Partridge and his bride-to-be, Sister Barbara Dunlop.



TELEVIEWERS who had followed the Partridge romance on TV packed the church for the wedding. Frank was killed exactly 13 months later.



LACHLANN photographed with his parents, half an hour after he had met his father for the first time. He will grow up with the legend of a hero, Frank Partridge, V.C.



My mother asked the doctor
The doctor approved

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This is the sort of report we receive about today's teenagers. More and more, they're turning to Tampax at a younger and younger age.

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Tampax may be purchased in your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). One of them is right for you. Available in the standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

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The "fairytale" that came true

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Once upon a time" and all the fairytales that have ever started that way are justified by Monaco and its royal family — the most unreal reality I have ever encountered on TV.

LIKE everyone else, I've read all about Monaco and reams about the romance of its Prince Rainier III with former film star Grace Kelly, but the real fairy story quality of the tiny principality never struck me until I saw "A Look at Monaco."

"A Look at Monaco," to be shown on TCN9 at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 1, was filmed in color two years ago. (See color pictures overleaf.)

It is a tour, replete with galas and fireworks, of Monaco, guided by Princess Grace and Prince Rainier.

As if this was not enough, it has Princess Grace as its main narrator.

You don't often see a princess with years of film experience behind her, but you have only to watch Princess Grace for five minutes to know that those years have given her a poise and presence before the TV cameras that the most gifted and high-born amateur lacks.

Watch Grace move from Point A to Point B, and you see really beautifully trained movements, with the head held this way or that for good camera angles.

Grace's speaking voice is interesting. The only American touch is the way she phrases her sentences. She doesn't sound American, she sounds more like a European who has learned to speak English in America.

Private zoo

So does Rainier, who, in color and doing a job he likes, is surprisingly attractive. He was particularly good showing the famous Napoleonic collection and in his private zoo with the children. In this sequence the Prince wears what looks suspiciously like blue jeans with his black turtle-necked sweater.

Caroline is the most excitable and talkative of the children (who look exactly like American children out of the pages of a glossy magazine). She was hopping round calling out to her brother Albert, "Albie, Albie."

Most fascinating are the scenes in the Oceanographic Museum, where the curator is famous oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau. I saw the film in color though, and I feel a lot of the detail in this strange underwater world may be lost in black and white.

One of the surprising "details" in this sequence is Prince Rainier, photographed

deep underwater, skin-diving and collecting specimens for the museum.

I couldn't help thinking after I saw "A Look at Monaco" that Grace must spend at least part of every year expecting to wake up from a dream of herself as a princess and everything that goes with it.

Grace is seen first welcoming viewers as she looks over the battlements of the outer

palace wall. She wears a superb yellow tweed suit made by Balenciaga.

What struck me immediately as not very princess-like was the chunky junk necklace and earrings she wore with it. I missed those simple rows of priceless pearls that generally go with a royal presence on TV.

But there was nothing missing when Grace arrived at the opera gala, later in the film. She looked superb in white satin with orders, diamonds, and that fair hair piled high.

Part of Monaco's fairytale atmosphere comes from its Army.

"I'm sure you would like to see the changing of the guard while I drive to the palace," Princess Grace says as she leaves the outer wall.

It was wonderful. There, led by an officer, was the guard (all six of them) marching like toy soldiers in red and white with wonderful

hats with long red and white feathers waving in the breeze.

I couldn't help thinking that the changing of the guard at Monaco would never have done for Christopher Robin and Alice, but I enjoyed it, as I did everything about this very interesting, well-produced show.

★ ★ ★
ABC-TV's "Steptoe and Son," even in repeats, is entertaining to a degree that few shows achieve.

Recently, when old Albert Steptoe and his son, Harry, were searching in the dark for the keys that old Steptoe had thrown away, they heard something rattle inside an old suit of armor they moved.

They were like two naughty children frightening each other with suggestions of what it might be. Finally Albert took off the leg and shook out an upper set of old false teeth. It was a delightful, out-of-period touch that reduced me to helpless laughter.

Back to the schoolroom

I WAS disappointed in ABC-TV's new fortnightly series, "Science Question Time," when I caught up with its second edition. I found it much more interesting to read about than to watch.

I was quite agog to hear what would happen to me if I was dropped into a hole bored right through the

centre of the earth from one side to the other, to find out how a fly lands on the ceiling, and what is heavy water, but I didn't want to find out in a schoolroom atmosphere.

I don't subscribe to the view that your schooldays are your best days, and "Science Question Time" took me right back to school. It was like being "learned" again, instead of being entertained.

There were no fewer than five university professors on hand for "Science Question Time." Professors aren't supposed to be in show business I know, but they are when they consent to be on TV.

The facts revealed were interesting when you got to them.

If I was dropped down that hole, for instance, I'd only fall as far as the middle of the earth and then rotate endlessly; you could drink heavy water with your whisky without harming your health.

I don't believe "Science Question Time" will ever be a real success until the people associated with it realise that it is show business, and should be presented entertainingly.

I haven't a vision of Professor Baxter dropping a scantily clad dancing girl with a provocative "tail" of feathers down a model of the globe, but I do remember Professor Sumner Miller and his entertaining presentation of "Why is it so?"



PRINCESS GRACE of Monaco and her son, Prince Albert, aboard the royal yacht during "A Look at Monaco."

Television

Investment Guide THIS WEEK: FOOD

by MARY BROKER

● Queensland has possibly the most enormous undeveloped and semi-developed assets of any State in Australia.

TO "get the State going," as they say, is going to need vast resources of capital and—you guessed it—labor.

People are the ones who in the end bring all dreams to fruition, from top management at a big desk in a big city, to the miner on the lowest level of the mine.

And these armies of men are going to need—food!

Thus, I thought it would be fitting to tie up our discussion of Queensland with a review of the most basic of all basic commodities — food.

Provincial Traders Holding Limited is possibly the widest known of all the Queensland food stocks, and is heavily traded in Sydney as well as in Brisbane.

The group's original activity was the production of "Kirrabelle" margarine, which it has been carrying on since 1929, although the company, as it is now, was formed as recently as 1950.

I believe the margarine interests still bring home the lion's share of the profits.

However, profits are going up very rapidly now, and I think the biggest money-spinner in years to come could be the broiler chicken side of the business.

Over the past few years, little shops have sprung up everywhere selling nothing but chickens, and in supermarkets and chainstores, and even in butchers' shops, there are now special freezers laden with chickens.

Eating more

This is a habit copied from the United States where, one is led to believe, everyone eats poultry because half a pound of steak costs close to £A1.

However, no one can deny that this habit is not an agreeable one, let alone those companies who saw what was coming and set about supplying the demand.

And this demand is growing. Over the past three years Australians have increased their poultry consumption from 5lb. to 8lb. a head, compared with 35lb. in the U.S.A. Plenty of room for improvement there!

Provincial Traders was one of those companies shrewd enough to "get in on the ground floor."

Until early 1960 a thriving fertiliser business had been carried on. This asset was sold to one of the larger fertiliser companies and thus the funds were raised for a sally into the broiler chicken industry.

This grew to the extent that, by 1962, Provincial Traders claimed to be Aus-

tralia's largest processor of chickens.

I believe that claim still holds. The company markets under the "Dixie" label throughout the eastern States — Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria — and is said to produce about 50,000 chickens a week.

As I said above, chickens are not the only income-producer the company has.

There is the soundly based margarine business, a new "Dixie" frozen vegetable operation; and Provincial Traders also owns several N.S.W. grazing and wheat properties, plus a big Queensland hardware and plumbing business.

Profits rise

The company's finances are extremely sound, management is said to be excellent, and profits show a steady trend upward.

Earning rate last year was 22.1 per cent., and the chairman has expressed confidence in 1963-64 results.

Sales last year were a record, and trading in the first quarter of 1963-64 was buoyant.

One hundred 5/- shares at the present price of 18/3 would cost you £93 and your dividend return at the current 10 per cent. rate would be £2/10/- a year.

The other company I wanted to mention briefly is Queensland United Foods Limited, which was formed in 1960 to bring together the businesses of Pauls and Peters in Queensland.

Queensland United Foods' main business is in bottled milk and cream, ice-cream, milk powders, and butter.

Other interesting and varied aspects are frozen vegetables and fruit juices, commercial refrigeration equipment, rum, fishing lines and rods, building materials, hardware, and timber.

As you can see, the company is well placed to take part in Queensland's bigger food consumption, building expansion, and increased leisure.

Queensland United Foods is bent on expanding to meet increased needs. Three new ice-cream and frozen foods depots were set up last year, and three new milk distribution depots. Total capital expenditure was £315,000.

Directors feel that an increase in profits is likely in the current year, and results for the first quarter do point to this.

One hundred 5/- shares would cost £75 at the current price of 14/9 and return you £2/15/- on the dividend raised last year to 11 per cent.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 8, 1964



DID YOU KNOW?

Television

BRYAN DAVIES

FRANK IFIELD



● Frank Ifield was a smash hit when he returned to London television in his own "Frank Ifield Show" last month.

FRANK could obviously make a weekly TV series any time he chooses, but he is sticking to his old rule of keeping in touch with his public.

He is now on an eight-week tour of Britain before beginning his first starring film role — in a film still unnamed. Frank will play an honest, straightforward young Australian writer who brings a play to London.

The film will be scripted by Peter Myers and Donald Cass ("The Young Ones" and "Summer Holiday") and directed by "wonder boy" Christopher Miles, who has been nominated for an Academy Award for "Six-Sided Triangle," which starred his sister, Sarah.

★ ★ ★
WITHIN a week of his arrival in Britain, Australian Bryan Davies was signed up to represent Australian teenagers on the No. 1 rating programme, "Ready, Steady, Go." Bryan has signed a year's contract with E.M.I. and expects to make his first record this month.

★ ★ ★
PATTY DUKE, the 17-year-old star of her own weekly television comedy show, plays two look-alike cousins on the show. And to get into the swing of the act she has two dressing-rooms — one for each cousin. One cousin is a cool New York teenager named Patty; the other, Cathy, a more subdued young woman reared in Europe.

★ ★ ★
A NEW quiz show — open only to millionaires as contestants — is under consideration for American television. Tentatively titled "How I Made a Million," the quiz programme is pencilled in as a replacement for the "Judy Garland Show." Each contestant will try to guess how his opponent made his million. The show depends on finding enough millionaires willing to participate.

★ ★ ★
THE BEATLES did what Ben Casey couldn't do — they knocked "Beverly Hillbillies" out of the No. 1 show spot in the U.S. ratings. The Beatles boosted Ed Sullivan's variety show from a good but unspectacular position into the lead spot. Producer of "Beverly Hillbillies" has announced that his show will do a takeoff on The Beatles this month, with the petticoat girls turning "ladybirds."

★ ★ ★
BOB HOPE and Eve Marie Saint will co-star in "School for Bachelors," a spoof of contemporary "girlie" magazines and key clubs, to be shown this month on U.S. television. Louis Nye and Jackie Coogan will also appear in the comedy about a beautiful candidate (Miss Saint) for Congress whose entire election campaign is levelled against the editor of a popular magazine for bachelors.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I'm a little tired of hearing that expression, 'Nothing is impossible.' Of course certain things are impossible — for instance, it would be impossible to put the toothpaste back in the tube, or to open a can of beer with a banana. But if you think those things are impossible, try this . . ."

Mamma's moral . . . Have you ever tried to read a doctor's prescription written in the back seat of a second-hand car using a post office pen?

ONLY
6/6

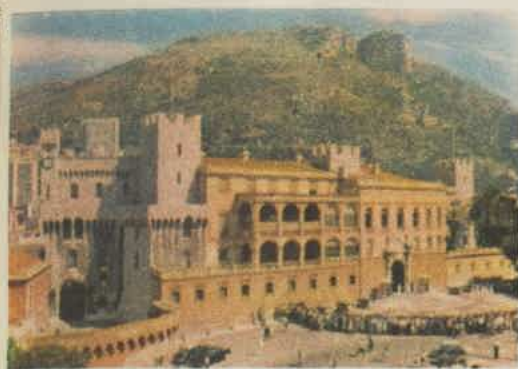
Join the happy throng of Australian housewives who have fallen in love with Mr. Sheen. They love Mr. Sheen because he's the quickest, handiest helper they've ever had in the house. Mr. Sheen makes cleaning, waxing and polishing just as easy as dusting. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen and then wipe over for a mirror shine.

Everyone knows how wonderful Mr. Sheen is: with furniture, but you should see him with venetian blinds, refrigerators, washing machines and almost everything you clean. Mr. Sheen gets them gleaming as they've never gleamed before.

A LOOK AT MONACO

"A LOOK AT MONACO" may be seen on:

TCN9, Sydney, on Wednesday, April 1, at 7.30 p.m.
GTV9, Melbourne, on Saturday, April 4, at 7.30 p.m.
QTQ9, Brisbane, on Wednesday, April 8, 7.30 p.m.
NWS9, Adelaide, on Monday, April 6, at 7.30 p.m.



THE PRINCE'S PALACE, home of Monaco's royal family, is ancient, battlemented.

● Their Serene Highnesses, Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace of Monaco, take viewers on a personally conducted tour of their tiny principality in "A Look At Monaco." Monaco is tiny, just a little bigger than Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo, and clings precariously to the mountain that runs down to its toy harbor (see story page 15).



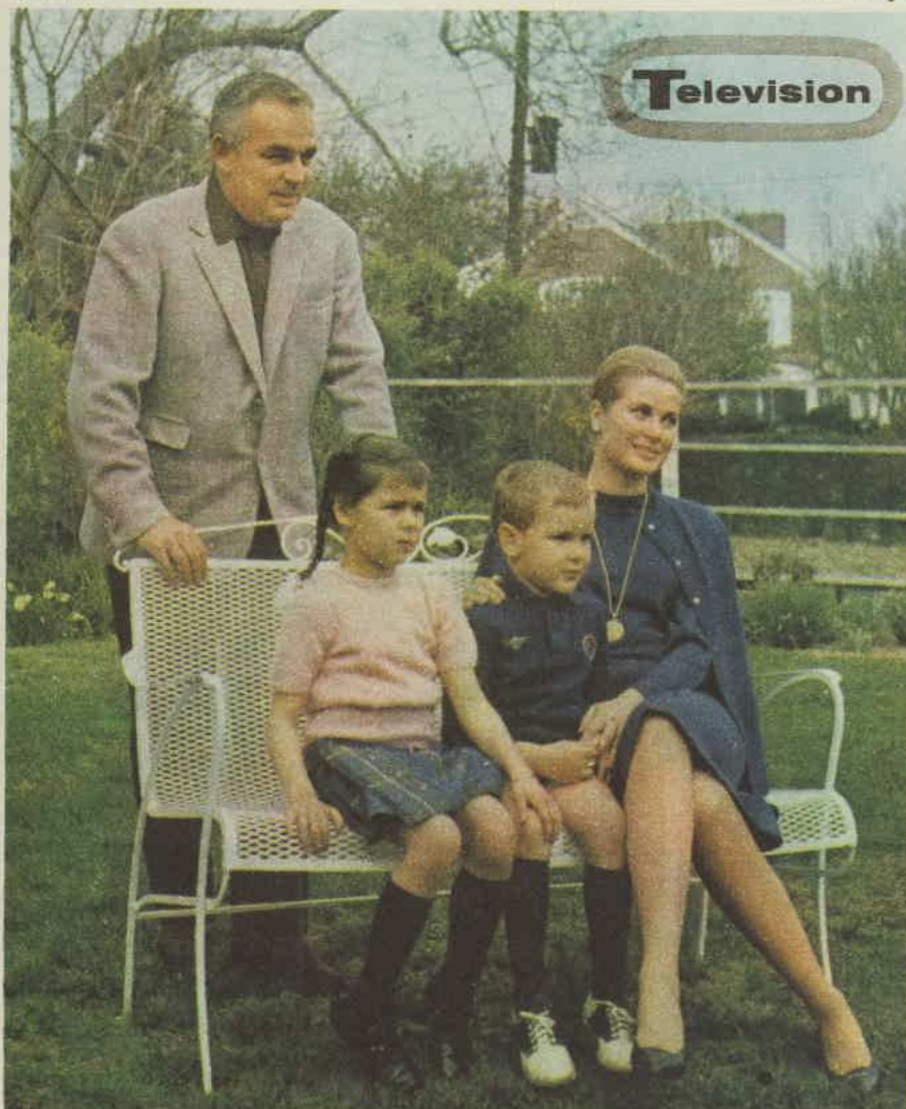
GENERAL VIEW of Monaco. "The only place left to go now is up," Princess Grace says.



GAY MACAW in the Prince's zoo which he started in 1954.



ACROBATIC monkey is favorite of the royal children.



OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT, the Rainiers like to relax. "I'm an immodest mother," Princess Grace says. "Of all Monaco's stamps, I prefer the one showing our children."



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Australian dreams of home

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London office

● Arthur Boyd, the artist, famous for his skilful and beautiful Australian landscapes, tramps through the gentle English countryside and longs for his own.

"IN a year, perhaps, I shall see Australia again," he said, and with a faraway look as though scanning its horizon added, "I'm a man with my heart in two places."

Soon Arthur Boyd hopes, also, to have a home in both.

"I do believe that these days one can live in two countries. But it will take me about another year to find exactly the English house I want. It will be somewhere near Cambridge, I think."

Then, with his roots down in England, he can return to Australia, where he has a house and studio at Beaumaris, about 14 miles from Melbourne.

"And when we come back we will not have all the trouble of finding a place."

A typical Boyd painting, "Wimmera Landscape," is reproduced in color on pages 76 and 77 of this issue.

The painting is one of seven new landscapes, typical of present-day Australian art, specially commissioned for the Viscount Collection by Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd.

The collection is being shown at public exhibitions in every Australian capital city, and possibly in leading country centres as well.

Each painting is also being presented this year in a double-spread display in The Australian Women's Weekly in a seven-month series.

Godfrey Phillips is making available to the public good - quality reproduction prints, suitable for framing, of the paintings.

The displays in The Australian Women's Weekly give instructions how to obtain these prints.

Arthur Boyd has been only five years in England. Though a contemporary of Sidney Nolan and Albert Tucker, he came to Britain long after his compatriots were established there.

He was already 40, and recognised in Australia as a painter of importance.

But his fame then was nothing to the impact he made on London on arrival.

"Rave" reviews followed one after the other as he exhibited, first at the Zwemmer Galleries, then at the Whitechapel, and the Tate, with other Australian painters, and, with a Retrospective Exhibition of his work, he had arrived.

Prices soared, commissions flowed.

One of his paintings he swapped for a Rolls-Royce (a vintage one, but, nevertheless, a Rolls), another, a landscape, was commissioned for the new ship for the South-east Asian run, Centaur.

He was asked to do decor and costumes for Stravinsky's ballet "Renard" for the Edinburgh Festival, and Robert Helpmann, liking his colors and the way he uses them, asked him to do the sets for his controversial ballet "Elektra."

"It is fun sometimes to do a ballet," the painter said. Then, as his fame spread and he was hailed as the greatest Australian artist to hit London for a decade, he went from one medium to another, and turned again to ceramics.

He is currently doing 20 tiles to form a gigantic mural of "Romeo and Juliet" for the Shakespeare Festival Exhibition, part of the celebrations for 400 years of Shakespeare.

Rich color

Arthur Boyd's ceramics have an enormous emotional impact.

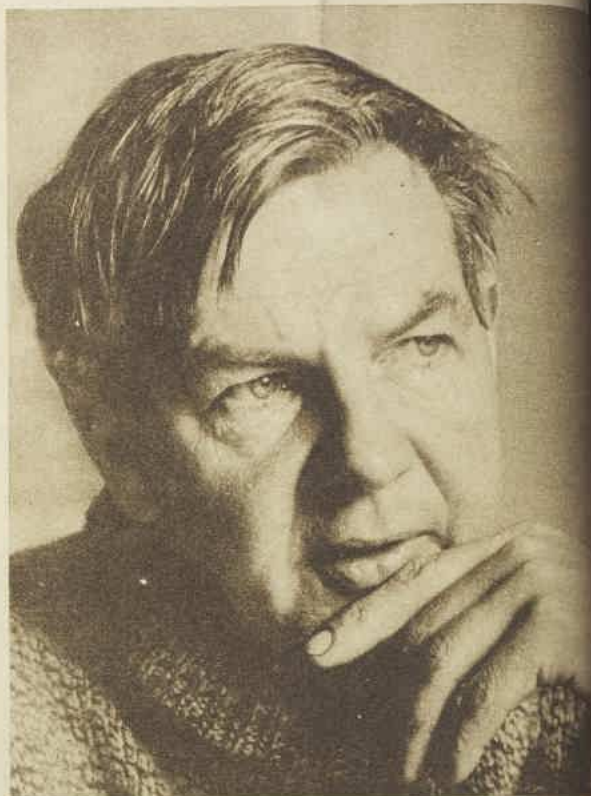
Dishevelled and wild figures caught up in a frenzy, old legends, new imaginings, all in colors that are opulent and glow, are characteristic of his finest work.

Boyd achieves his results with metallic oxides mixed with soft creamy clay, which he paints on sheets of plate-glass which are then fired at a high temperature (1000deg. C).

Even while he was talking, close to his furnace in the garden of his Hampstead home, he had to rush off. "I've something cooking," he said.

They were his Shakespeare tiles, which were in the oven for a period of four to five days.

It is during the cooling that the network of minute cracks appears in the glaze and the chemical changes in the oxides take place, and these produce the color effect the artist so painstakingly anticipates.



● ARTHUR BOYD

Arthur Boyd, whose work was represented at the Adelaide Festival of Arts, comes from a cultured, artistic background.

He was born in 1920 at Murrumbidgee, Victoria, the son of William Boyd and the former Doris Gough.

His father was a potter, sculptor, and painter. His grandfather, also Arthur Boyd, was a painter, too. His great-grandfather was the first Chief Justice of Victoria.

At 16 young Arthur went to live with his grandfather, having left State school at fourteen to work in an uncle's paint factory and to take lessons in art at night school.

"While living with them I became absorbed in the watercolors my grandfather and grandmother did on their Grand Tours of Europe," he said.

"When I arrived in England — thanks to an uncle, Martin Boyd, a writer, who came to Australia and gave me the fare — I visited many of the places they had painted."

Since walking was always his hobby, Arthur Boyd strolls through the English countryside in search of the places he first saw as watercolors.

"Some parts have not changed at all, particularly down in Cornwall and in Wiltshire, where my family have their roots."

He travels extensively in Europe, too.

He is married to Yvonne Lennie, herself an artist, and their children, 17-year-old Polly, 15-year-old Jamie, and a second daughter, Lucy, 5, are all gifted.

Jamie has sold pictures in London in the local Hampstead gallery. "At an earlier age than I did," his father commented dryly.

First to catch the eye was Arthur Boyd's Retrospective Exhibition at the Whitechapel Galleries, after he had made his mark here, worked intensively, were magnificent landscapes.

Of these, "Wimmera Landscape" was singled out by a leading critic as one of his best. "He makes me feel that at heart he is primitive," the critic wrote.

Other paintings in the Viscount Collection are:

"Ceremony at the Rose face," by Russell Drysdale; "Burke" (of the Burke and Wills expedition), by Sidney Nolan; "Summer in the You Beut Country," by John Olsen; "Gippsland Explorer," by Albert Tucker; "You-Yang Pond," by Fred Williams; and "Government Reserve, Rumbourne, North W.A.," by James Wigley.

Sidney Nolan's painting "Burke" (of the Burke and Wills expedition) will appear in the May 6 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

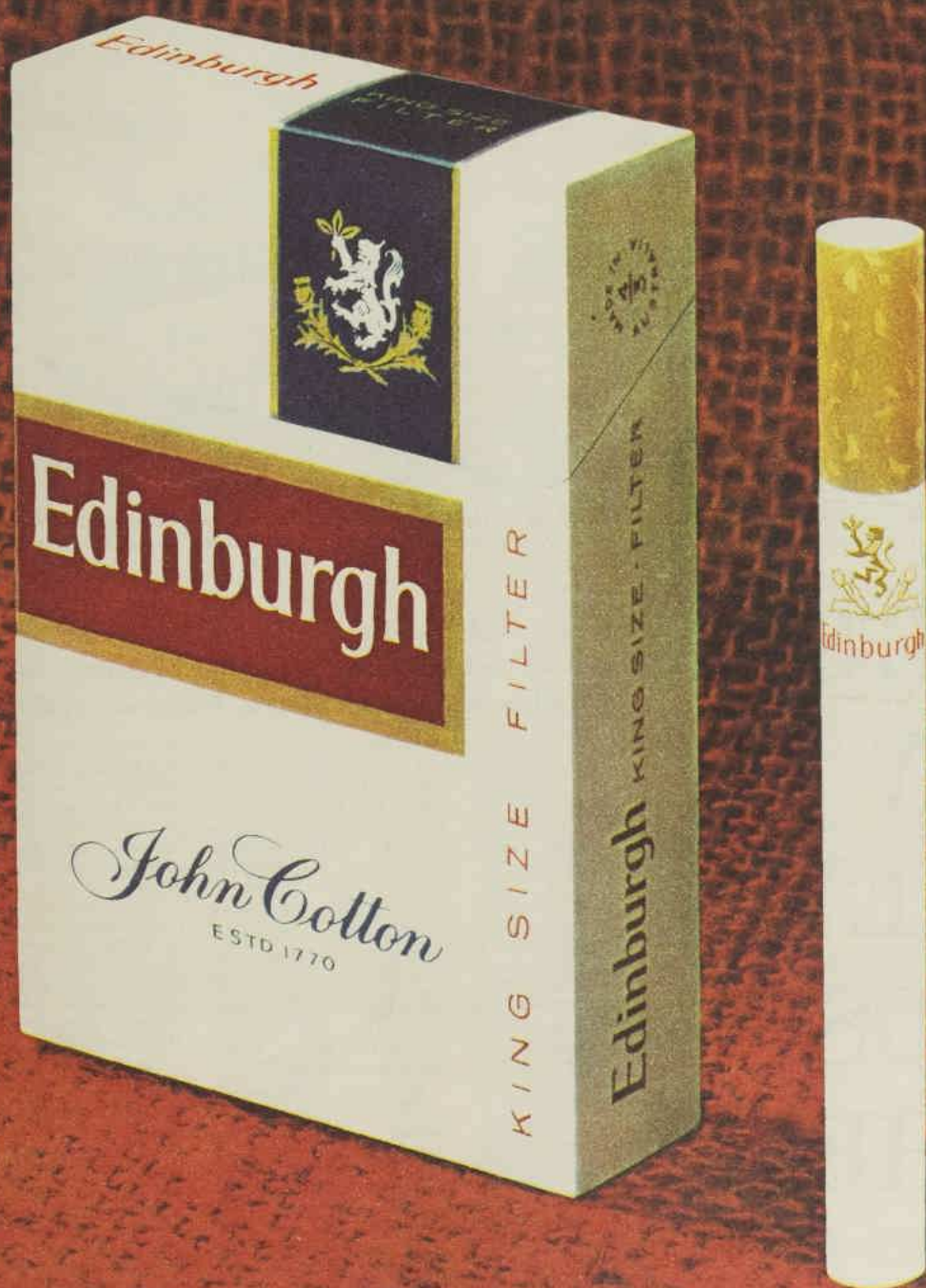
● The VISCOUNT COLLECTION of paintings can be seen at:

Farmers Blaxland Galleries, Sydney — April 1-9 (inclusive).
McWhirters, Brisbane — April 20-24 (incl.).
Allan & Stark, Brisbane — April 27 - May 1 (incl.).
Myers, Toowoomba — May 5-8 (incl.).
Brownells, Hobart — May 18-22 (incl.).
Launceston Bank for Savings, L'ton — June 1-6 (incl.).
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Boan's Claude Hotchkin Art Gallery, Perth — July 13-25 (incl.).

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CONGESTED northern approaches to the Sydney Harbor Bridge, photographed in morning peak-hour period, looking south. In centre of picture, across the Harbor, the Opera House is under construction. Luna Park is at right of pylon.

HERE'S WHY SYDNEY NEEDS ANOTHER BRIDGE

By ITA BUTTROSE

Pictures by Wal Harrison

● Although the Harbor Bridge has done as much as even the Harbor itself to spread the name of Sydney to the world, as far as its job is concerned it is a boy failing miserably to do a giant's job.

THE bridge's deficiencies are among the few points on which all parties in State Parliament and the other interested authorities agree.

The big questions are:

1. How is the bridge to be helped to carry its rumbling burden of buses, trains, motor-cars, and trucks? and
2. When is a start to be made on providing this help, whether it be a submarine tunnel, more bridges, or both?

To the hundreds of thousands of North Shore motorists who daily drive across the bridge to work, the situation is desperate.

Bus travellers know the bus is going to take up to ten minutes to do the approximate 600 yards.

The same bottleneck occurs with the summer rush of weekend motorists to Sydney's northern beaches.

But the possibility of relief in the immediate future is out of the question.

The extra traffic lanes and additional approaches provided for the bridge, the opening of the Cahill Expressway, and the new bridge being built at Gladesville will help a little.

These figures tell a story:

When the bridge was opened in 1932 there were 213,834 cars registered in New South Wales. On the latest figures, taken in June, 1963, there were 1,288,380.

N.R.M.A. figures further illustrate this point:

In 1932 a daily average of 13,000 vehicles crossed the bridge. Today's figure is 95,000.

When the bridge was opened, Sydney's metropolitan population was 1,283,880. By June, 1963, when the last census was taken, this figure had gone to 2,256,110.

In the same period the approximate population of Sydney's north side has grown from 259,919 to 528,290.

Mr. E. A. Huxtable, Traffic Engineer of the

N.R.M.A., says that a new crossing over the Harbor must be built, that the bridge has reached capacity, that it is impossible to push over more cars than is done today.

"The need for a new bridge becomes more urgent as traffic increases on the northern area, particularly in the Manly/Warringah district, where there is no suburban train service," Mr. Huxtable said.

Future plans

With no decision about a new harbor crossing in sight, the Department of Main Roads is hoping to ease congestion with new expressways and by-passes, some already under construction.

Within the next six years the Department plans to have completed 1.8 miles of the Warringah Expressway (the first section from North Sydney to Cammeray), a section of the North-western Expressway from Drumm Street to Wentworth Park, the Tarban Creek Bridge and its approaches at Hun-

ter's Hill, the Taren Point Bridge, tunnels under William Street and Taylor's Square (part of the Eastern Distributor), and the by-passes round Parramatta, Sutherland, and Penrith.

Undoubtedly the first stage of the Warringah Expressway will help speed the bridge traffic.

It will help clear the streets of North Sydney and will take the bulk of the traffic away from the present congested shopping centres. But even this relief is three-and-a-half years off.

Mr. Huxtable says the Expressway is like other stop-gap remedies, and will give only temporary relief.

"It will feed more traffic on to the bridge," he said. "The bridge's capacity will still be governed by the number of its traffic lanes. These are already nearing practical limits, so the expressway will eventually cause worse congestion."

"There will be increased economic loss — more vehicles standing, more



LOOKING NORTH, picture shows the bank-up of traffic waiting to cross the Sydney Harbor Bridge to the city side. In foreground, The Rocks. Luna Park is seen across the Harbor at left of arch.

drivers and passengers waiting and wasting time.

"And a further factor. There is such a demand waiting to use the bridge that, as soon as there is even a suggestion that more room is available, more cars appear on the road. People erroneously believing that the situation has improved begin to drive to town each day."

Mr. Huxtable says that the North-western Expressway, which will give an alternate route to the city through Hunter's Hill over the Gladesville Bridge, and the expressway over Darling Harbor also will bring only temporary relief.

"It will alleviate congestion for only one or two years before we'll be back where we started," he said.

Professor W. R. Blunden, Professor of Traffic Engineering at the University of New South Wales, believes progress on the north side is being held in check because investors and other people are waiting for a new bridge to be built.

"When the present bridge was opened it spurred development on the north from the Lane Cove Valley to North Sydney and right up to Hornsby," he said.

"When a new bridge is

built, a great spurt of development will begin on the north side, and the need for a third bridge would possibly arise."

With Mr. Huxtable, Professor Blunden believes that if another bridge were available, there would be far more traffic to use it than there is now.

"Many people are discouraged from using their cars because the present bridge is so bottle-necked."

An American traffic engineer, Mr. B. W. Marsh, who was in Sydney recently, and made a two-hour aerial survey of morning peak-hour traffic, said afterwards that Sydney badly needed another harbor crossing.

Mr. Marsh is the director of the American Automobile Association's Traffic Engineering and Safety Department. His main impression of Sydney's traffic was the congestion on all main approaches to the bridge.

An American firm of consultants, De Leuw, Cather, and Co., who made an extensive survey of Sydney's traffic problems for the State Government in 1960, recommended new expressways and a new harbor crossing.

They suggested a bridge from Greenwich to Birch-

grove. Authorities agree that this would be an ideal site, as it would link with the present bridge and the Warringah, North-western, Western, and Southern Expressways, enabling people from the north side to by-pass the City of Sydney.

MORNING peak - hour traffic on the Pacific Highway at Crows Nest on the way to the Bridge. (See KEY.)

KEY

1. Pacific Highway
2. Berry Street
3. Monte Sant' Angelo College
4. McLaren Street
5. North Sydney Demonstration School
6. Mater Misericordiae Hospital

More pictures, page 23





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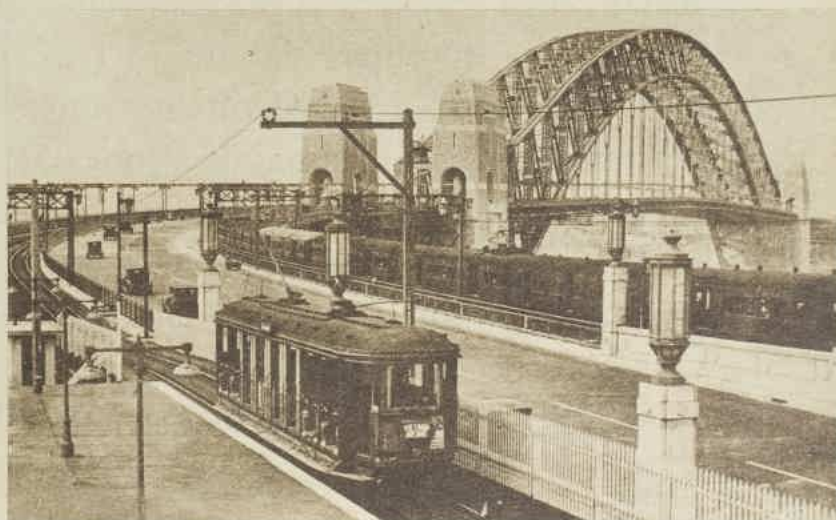


PANORAMIC view showing a large area of the business heart of Sydney and the curving Cahill Expressway. Sydney Cove and Circular Quay are at right. Picture taken from the east. (See KEY.)

- KEY**
- 1. Cahill Expressway
 - 2. Conservatorium
 - 3. A.M.P. Building
 - 4. I.B.M. Building
 - 5. Pyrmont Bridge



PUNTS transported cars across the Harbor before the bridge was built — they were called vehicular ferries. Here cars of 1920s vintage, loaded on Koondooloo, leave Milsons Point dock.



SYDNEY HARBOR BRIDGE as it was in the '30s, with tram tracks and only two traffic lanes, which have been converted since into six (narrower) lanes. Two more replaced the tram tracks in 1959.

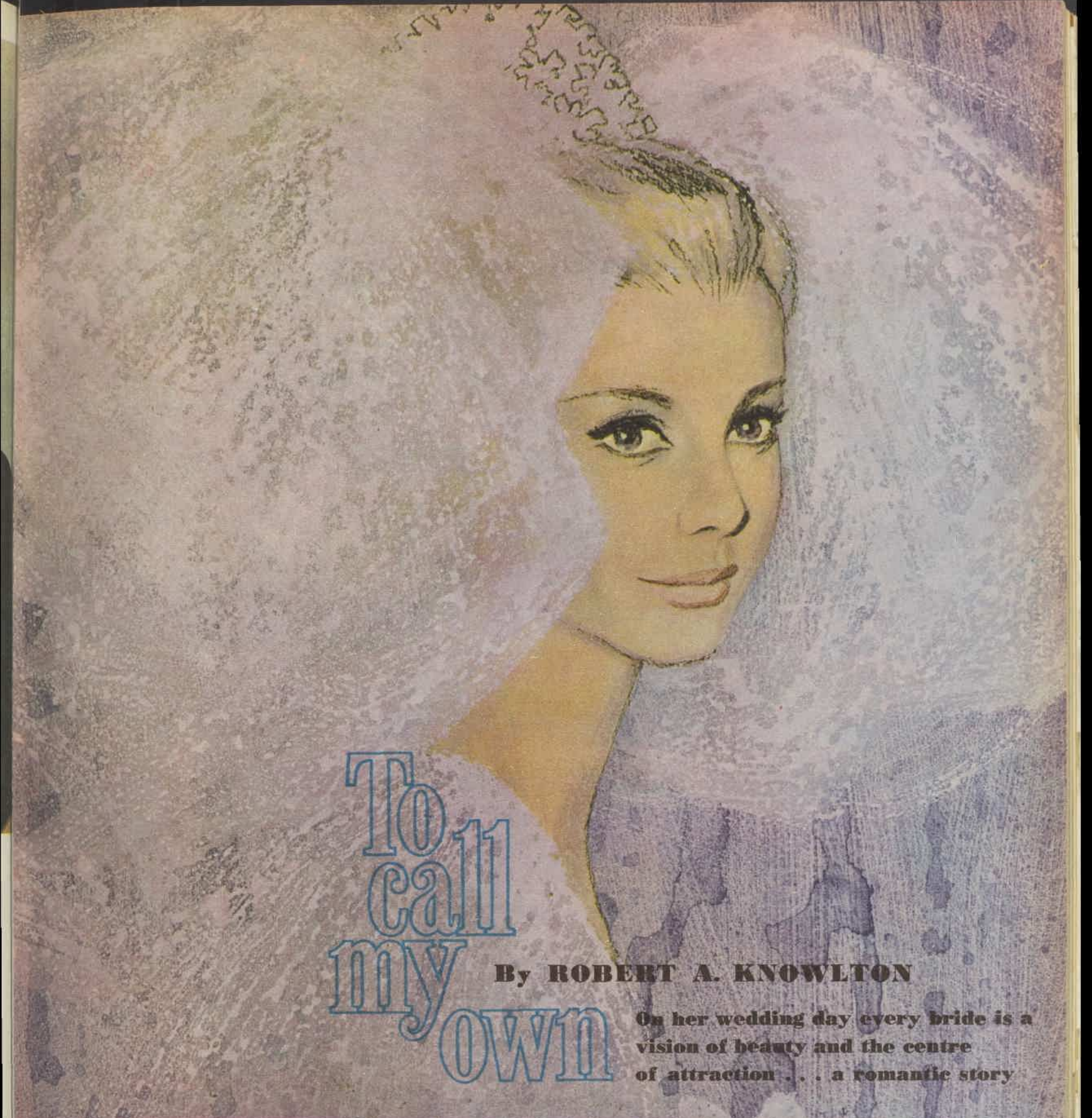


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To call my own

By **ROBERT A. KNOWLTON**

On her wedding day every bride is a vision of beauty and the centre of attraction . . . a romantic story

THE past is deceptive; we recall what should have been rather than what was. The snowflakes that swirled so lightly through the evergreens last Christmas gradually turn into blizzards. The auburn-haired girl seen once on a bus becomes a lost and longed-for love. Nothing survives in memory without its cover of illusion, not songs or sunsets or the sound of familiar voices. Not even weddings.

In the five years since we graduated from college, my classmates have married at a spectacular rate, warming the hearts of mortgage bankers and college magazine editors, and I remember — I think I remember — that all these ceremonies were blessed by June weather and solemnised in chapels banked with gladioli.

The bridesmaids were invariably beautiful, it seems to me now; the families were delighted; and from the first engagement party to the minister's "Dearly beloved" not a doubt nor an argument marred the general joy.

But this, of course, is fantasy. This is a picture compounded of stories read and scenes imagined, and what I've been trying to forget is the comic opera of the first wedding I ever had a part in.

True, I was barely sixteen at the time, all clown feet and sweaty hands; and of course I was neither bridegroom nor best man but an usher, one of the cutaway army my sister's fiancé apparently thought would be necessary to police the guests.

Until then I had attended weddings only as a bored and reluctant spectator. Now I actually had a part in the performance, and if my small supporting role smacked of burlesque, you certainly couldn't blame the script-writers.

I should have known that was the last summer we'd all spend together — my father, my mother, my sister Dell, and I — in the old grey-shingled house where the elbow of the Cape juts into Nantucket Sound. The presence every weekend of Jeff Dickson, bumping his dark head on the lintels and calling my father "sir," was a recurring reminder that Dell had been engaged since Easter.

To page 46

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTS

PETER STUYVESANT THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

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RETURNING to Corramundi, SARAH ROBINS takes up her old life there. Her parents go on a trip, leaving her a housekeeper-companion, MRS. THEDA BERRY, who had worked for their neighbors, HUBERT and KATIE WAKEFIELD, and their daughter, DEBBIE.

Sarah had renewed her friendship with WILLIAM HUXTABLE, and it appeared he was prepared to forget her marriage and divorce, but his attitude is cold when he calls in for her parents' address. Then Sarah, visiting Debbie, finds her busy with arrangements for her marriage to CONRAD APPLETON. She is astonished to see Hubert hide a letter addressed to him in Mrs. Berry's writing.

Driving Mrs. Berry to her niece's, they stop in town for Mrs. Berry to shop. Sarah calls on ROLY

LOVAT, an agent, and, overhearing a conversation with his clerk, NORM KERRIGAN, realises Norm is Mrs. Berry's nephew. Next she calls at the library owned by PAUL and LAURETTE O'HARA. Back at the car, she is annoyed when Mrs. Berry says she has more to do, and will get a bus later.

Returning home, Sarah finds William at the door. Soon after they are inside they are amazed when a crystal ball rolls down the stairs. William allays Sarah's fears, then leaves without explaining why he has called. Later she notices a pair of scissors Mrs. Berry had taken that day to be sharpened. They had been used to force a lock, and her mother's jewellery is missing. Sarah tells Debbie, who goes looking for Mrs. Berry. Sarah is startled when the doorbell suddenly rings. NOW READ ON:

COME SEE ME DIE

Second instalment of our murder mystery serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

NOT knowing whether to be relieved or embarrassed by the arrival of a visitor, Sarah went quickly along to the door and opened it.

Like some recurring, wished-for and yet dreaded apparition, there stood William Huxtable!

"Oh!" Nothing could have been less cordial than her tone. "Oh, it's you!"

The light from the hall falling on his face showed her once again the cold, still expression which had been clamped on it lately, an expression in such hurtful contrast with his personality, with his cheerfulness, likeableness, good temper, the everything about him that she'd fallen in love with so wholeheartedly.

She held the door wider and he came in.

He said: "I hope I'm not disturbing you at dinner?"

"No, that's quite all right — at least, one moment, I've just put some coffee on." She turned and hurried back to the kitchen and he followed.

"I always seem to be entertaining you in the kitchen," she said, switching off the coffee. "I don't suppose it's any use offering you any again, but if you don't mind I'll have mine." She threw him a swift glance, but got no response, and went over to the refrigerator and took out a bottle of cream. "Coffee snobs would frown on me for putting cream on it, but really it's so good in this little town that—" She broke off.

He was looking down at the table with the dinner things still on it: two chicken plates, two pudding plates, knives, and forks.

She found herself saying quickly: "Debbie's gone to look for Mrs. Berry, she's just left. We had dinner and she's driven out to see if she's at her niece's."

"Why? Is she staying there?"

"She always spends her day and night off there."

He nodded, looking at her curiously.

"Then why—" he said again.

"Why has Debbie gone to look for her?" she ended for him.

"Yes. Do you want her for something?"

To page 61

Comfortingly, Conrad put his arm around Debbie as Grogan spoke to them.



CHANEL-TYPE WARDROBE FROM ONE PATTERN



SPORTS jacket and matching skirt (above). Jacket has stitched trim and patch pockets. Blouse is matched to jacket lining. The straight skirt is slender and easy.



PLAID WOOL two-piece suit has easy-fit collarless jacket, single-breasted fastening, and set-in uncuffed sleeves. The skirt is finished with two slit pockets.



EVENING ELEGANCE is expressed in this sleeveless overblouse and matching floor-length skirt. A cardigan-type jacket in flowery silk completes the ensemble.

● This six-in-one Chanel-type pattern is chosen for the home dressmaker who likes to follow current fashion. The designs include styles for day and night; the smart, simple lines allow for a wonderful variety of fabric and color. The pattern includes every fashion illustrated here. Butterick pattern 3005 is in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust; the price 6/6 includes postage.

HOW TO ORDER

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Butterick patterns are also obtainable in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.



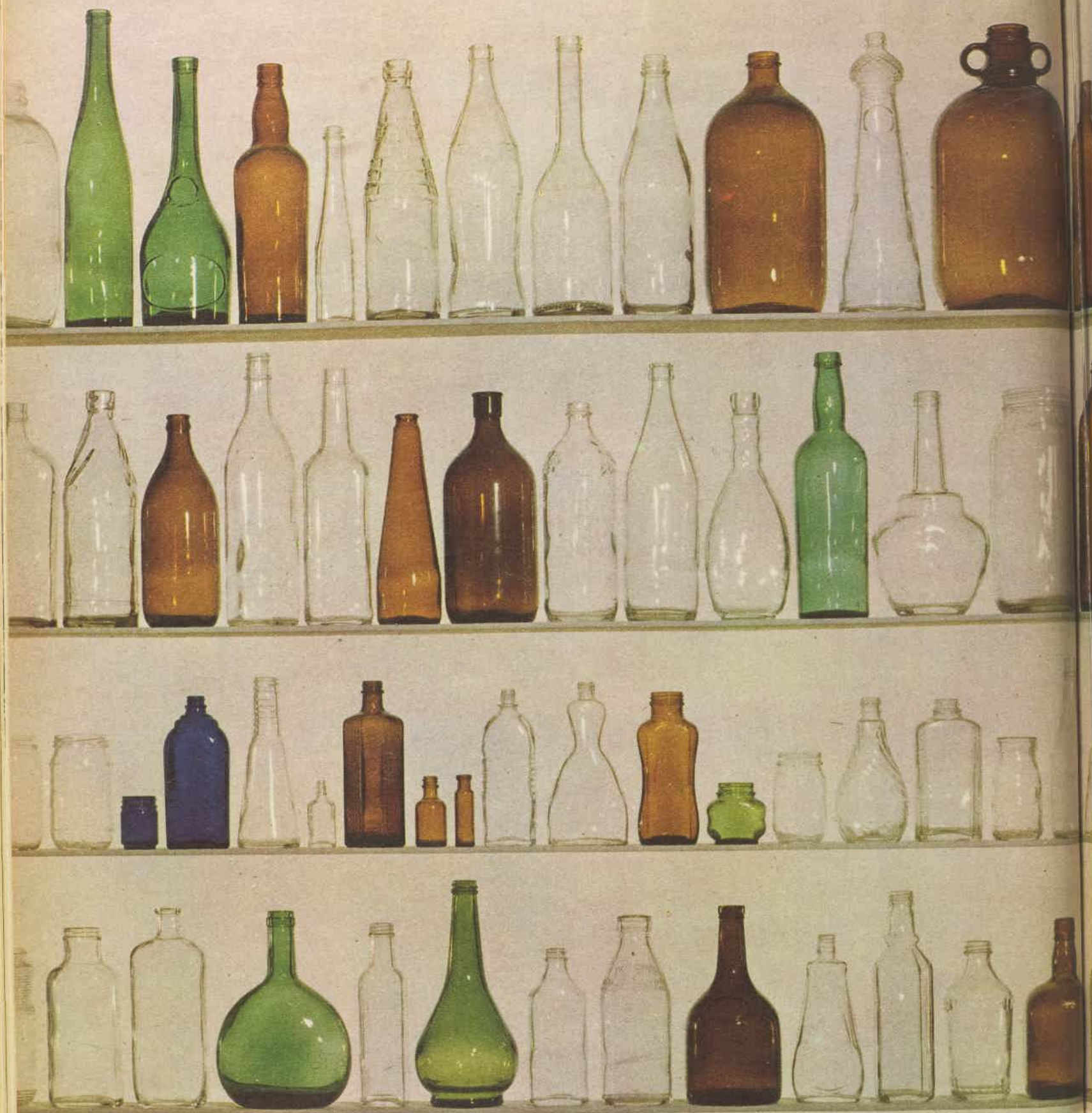
BRAID-TRIMMED suit (above) has four pockets on the cardigan-type jacket. The skirt has eased fullness and twin pockets, top is sleeveless.



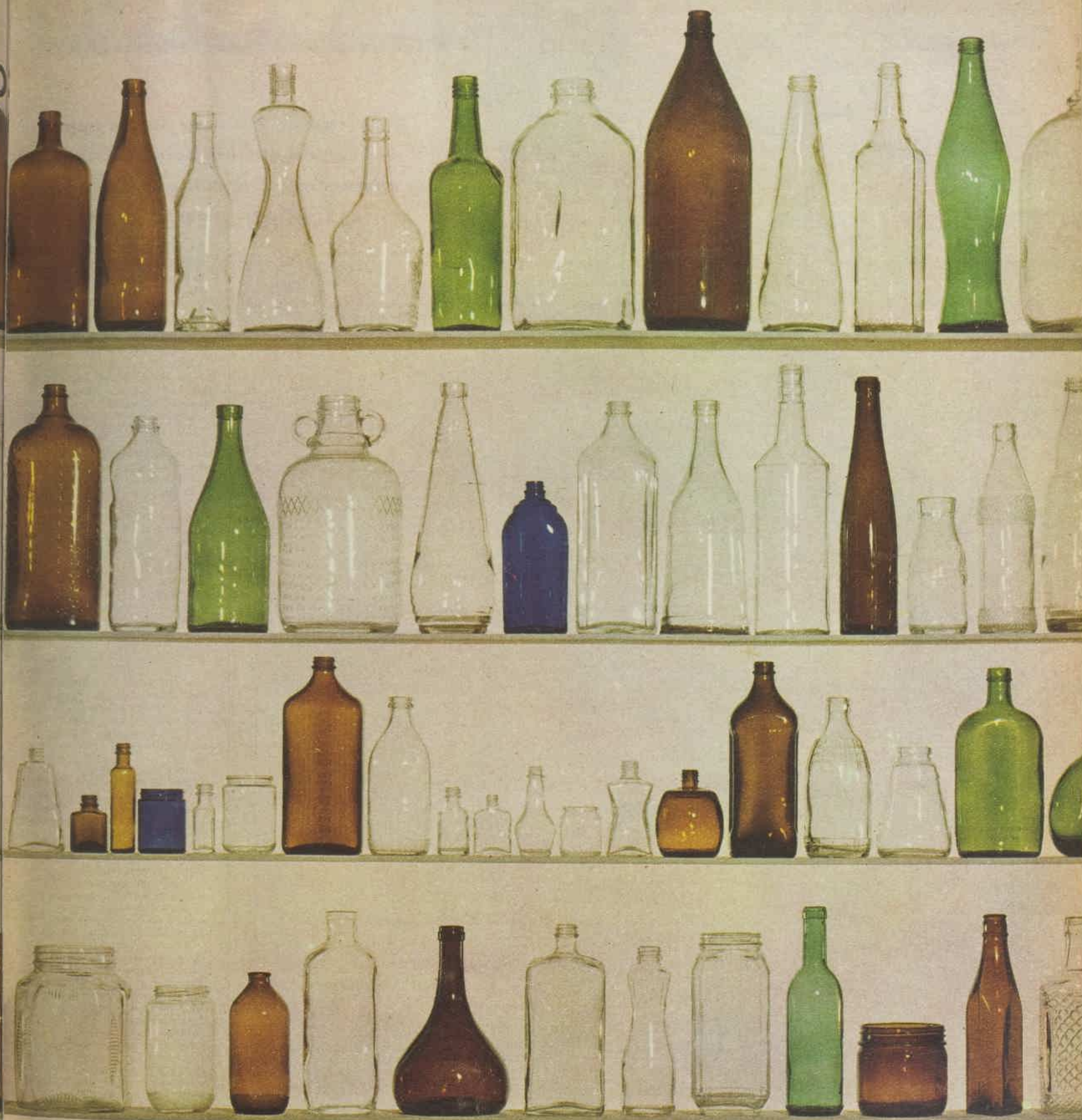
DRAMATIC afternoon suit is made in black-and-white print. The perfectly tailored jacket, minus a button closing, is worn over a neat tuck-in blouse. The skirt is belted in wide black patent leather.



TRIO OF COLORS add interest to this smart box jacket with contrasting binding. The skirt is matched to the jacket trim. The top is gold.



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LUCKY

With canine cunning Jason happily carried out his role of Cupid to bring romance to Duncan and Rosemary . . . a light-hearted short story



DUNCAN ROWAN gazed with mixed feelings at Jason's latest haul. The slippers had been deposited triumphantly by Jason in the middle of Duncan's living-room floor and belonged without a shadow of a doubt to the occupant of the next-door flat, Rosemary Bates.

Jason's lightmouthedness had never come to the surface until the arrival of Rosemary Bates to the flat next door.

Rosemary had entered Duncan and Jason's lives one bright sunny morning two months ago. She had taken up residence in Flat 2A. Duncan and Jason shared 2B.

She had been a little younger than their last neighbor, and Jason had fallen for her from the very first pat. Not that Duncan blamed him; he had fallen for her, too.

Now, two months later, he was sure of his feelings. Not that he showed it. In fact, Duncan went to the other extreme. He tried to ignore the fact that right next door there was the most wonderful, lovable, friendliest girl he had ever known. If he had rushed over with flowers and invitations she might have taken him for a wold.

To be truthful, he just didn't want to scare her away. But he had found himself beating a nightly path to Rosemary's door, returning gloves, handkerchiefs and stockings that the pup persisted in bringing home after each visit.

At the moment, Rosemary seemed to take it all in good fun.

"You see," she had explained, "Jason is just trying to make me tidy. I mean, if I didn't leave things around he wouldn't be able to bring them home to you."

She was so sweet about it all that it seemed to make it worse.

Duncan picked up the slipper. Rather reluctantly, he would have to make his way over to Rosemary's door again. At this hour, she would be cooking her dinner.

Rosemary's dinners were something that seemed to delight Jason. After all, very few bachelors like Duncan could produce such mouth-watering smells while they were preparing their meals.

Duncan knocked at the door and proffered the slipper as it opened.

"Yours," he said simply. The food smelt even better with the door open. Jason, the lucky dog, was lying on the kitchen mat, practically drooling at the mouth.

"Oh, dear, not again," Rosemary said laughingly. "It seems as if I'll never learn, but I am trying, and thank you very much, Duncan, for bringing it back."

He was just turning to go when she said, "You wouldn't like to stay for dinner, would you, Duncan? I've made rather a dreadful mistake. Forgotten to divide the ingredients correctly, and I've easily enough food for two."

So Duncan stayed for dinner. He gave Jason a good talking to when they arrived home.

"Look, Jason," he explained, "what I'm afraid of is that Rosemary will think I'm training you to pick up things and bring them home so I will have an excuse to go over and visit her."



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of you. Wear it and see how smoothly it shapes your dresses. How softly, lightly, naturally it makes the most of you. Formfit's new Dress Shaper 285, with embroidered cotton cups laminated with a lining of Spun Dacron and framed in elasticised Lycra. In white, A 32-36; B 32-38; C 32-38. At 42/6. See it now at all fine fashion stores.

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Formfit

DOG

By MARILYN LONGMUIR



She didn't answer.
"Don't you want to own half a dog?" he said.
"Yes," said Rosemary softly, "if his name is Jason."

Duncan kissed her. He had been waiting just over two months to do it. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Jason surveying them contentedly.

"You know, Jason," he said with a grin, "you're not the only lucky dog around here any more."

(Copyright)

Jason listened carefully to the lecture and promptly went back again the next day. Before Duncan knew where he was, he soon had a small cache of stolen goods, but this time he decided to wait until the weekend to take it all back.

Thursday evening he had a surprise visitor.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Duncan," Rosemary said, "but Jason wouldn't have brought a pair of glasses in a case over here by any chance? Mrs. Hunter was visiting me last night, and she called by tonight to see if she had left her glasses in my flat. I've pulled the place to bits, and then I wondered if Jason had picked them up."

"Not to my knowledge, Rosemary," said Duncan. "I haven't seen much of Jason tonight, he has been digging in the garden —" Duncan's voice trailed away as a horrible thought came to mind. Suppose Jason had buried them in the garden?

Rosemary seemed to reach the same conclusion.

"You don't think?" she asked.
Duncan nodded. "He might have. I will just go and get my torch and we'll start looking."

They seemed to search for hours. Jason refused to take any part in the search. He just stood on the lawn wagging his tail. Duncan even dug up part of the garden, but there was nothing.

"I think we might as well wait till the morning, Rosemary."

They were just turning to go inside when Mrs. Hunter came round the side of the flats, wearing, of all things, her glasses.

"Found them in my own flat, dear," she called to Rosemary.

"What a relief!" Rosemary sighed.

"Yes," Duncan nodded, "but it certainly made me face up to something. Sooner or later Jason is going to take something and hide it. At the rate he's going nothing is safe. I think I'll look around for another flat. Somewhere he can't annoy other tenants. Thank you for being so considerate and understanding."

Suddenly Rosemary turned pink.

"Dun-Duncan," she stammered, "you can't blame Jason. After all, it wasn't till I came here that he picked up the habit."

"That's right, but I can't blame you."

"Oh, yes you can," she said. "Didn't you ever suspect that I taught him?" Rosemary said in a rush. "You see you just ignored me when I moved in. Just a quick nod when we passed, and when Jason was so friendly I had this great idea of teaching him to carry my things around. I had a feeling he'd start taking them home, and you would bring them back, and then — Well, anyway, Duncan, don't think of moving. I'll be leaving instead."

Duncan began to grin. She'd really wanted to know him better, and he'd sat there in the flat next door and ignored her, secretly envying that lucky dog of a Jason.

"Rosemary," he said as she turned away, "I want to talk to you. You can't teach my dog tricks like that and get away with it. You'll just have to cure him of that habit, and I'm offering you ownership of half a dog to do it."

"Duncan," Rosemary said amazed.

"Marry me," he said simply, "and half of Jason is yours."



Tahitian Hues — a sun-drenched coral and a wild, native red

Now, the glow of the tropic sun brings a lovely, radiant warmth to your lips. It's a wonderful way to look, especially as Tahitian Hues are colour-cued to Autumn's fashion shades. And, the joy of it is, that Angel Face Lipsticks really stay lastingly lovely, creamy-smooth thanks to a completely new formula. See Angel Face Lipsticks today — in 12 tantalising shades (particularly the Tahitian Hues — they're news.) Angel Face Lipsticks still only 7/11.

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WILD MANGO



Angie Dickinson, Star of Universal International Pictures' "Captain Newman, M.D." says, "I love Lux — it makes my complexion so radiantly clear."

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too...



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Remember . . . you have an audience too. Look your loveliest for him. Make Lux your beauty soap.



Like 9 out of 10 film stars, trust only Lux, the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP



6034.—Circular cape in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Vogue pattern 6034, price 7/6 includes postage. Address order to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



● This high-fashion cape was chosen for a reader who asked for something smart for interstate travel. Part of the reader's letter and my reply are published below.

"I do quite a lot of travelling between Sydney and Melbourne, and as I represent a very good business I like to be well turned out. Do you think a cape would be right, or would it be too dressy? I make my own clothes and would like a pattern for the style you suggest."

A cape with the right clothes can look very casual and chic. The cape illustrated can be made in two lengths—above the knee and street length. The design is circular in cut, and has a double closing below a shaped collar, and vertical arm openings. A paper pattern is available for the design. See details and how to order beside illustrations.

"Could you suggest an arresting color for a wool stole to be worn with a pale pink dance frock?"

You could either have purple or a deep shade of mulberry.

"My husband and I have been asked to a function taking place at 8.15 p.m. Could you please advise me what would be correct attire at this hour?"

If it is a formal occasion, and I imagine it is, you should wear a short or long evening dress. Your husband should wear a dinner jacket.

"Have you a pattern for a simple frock and coat suitable for a night wedding? I want it just street length."

Yes, we have a pattern for a dress with scooped neck, short sleeves, and a matching single-breasted coat finished with a small collar. The pattern is in sizes 10 to 16. Price 6/- includes postage. If you would like to order please quote Butterick pattern No. 2457 and address order to Box 4, G.P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"Is it correct for a bride in formal dress to carry a small bunch of flowers?"

A small nosegay of flowers for a bridal bouquet is quite correct. I suggest you finish the bouquet with streamers or loops of white satin ribbon.

"Is it correct to wear jewellery with casual clothes?"

It is now accepted as correct to wear gold jewellery with casual clothes. Choose tailored designs.

"What is the most flattering hat shape for a girl who has to wear glasses?"

Don't wear anything eccentric. A classic, small-brimmed or brimless design is a good choice. If you are tall you can wear a classic shape with a wide brim.

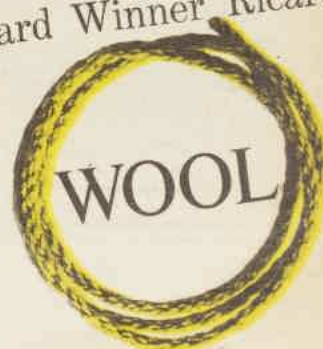
LUX
toilet soap

Sulky young
colours for
being a
devil in,
for being
adored in,
for being
perfectly
beastly in,
for being
pampered in,
for stopping
the traffic
in
etc.



SULKY YOUNG COLOURS

For being warm all over in. Here are colours soft and gentle with a smouldering, sulky undercurrent that makes everybody look marvellous. Sulky young colours are in wool alone, see them in wool knitwear and handknitting yarn departments everywhere. Shown here: A cardigan by Crestknit and jacket by Supreme Award Winner Ricardo





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Buy now for big Centenary savings and valuable prizes! Remember...with any new machine or appliance in the Singer "Gold Seal" range you get a valuable redeemable bonus worth up to £10.

2 Free £3,000 Centenary Competition



3 Mini-Minors

40 CONSOLATION PRIZES

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...and
Old Machine Owners! Enter

SINGER OLD SEWING MACHINE QUEST

Win! Fabulous Singer Slant-O-Matic & 12 Style-O-Matics

If you own an old Singer treadle or electric machine, you could easily win a brand-new Singer automatic model! Open to everyone. Hurry to your Singer Centre for free entry form...or send coupon.



We regret that 'Gold Seal' Bonus is not available where it contravenes a local State Law. Centenary Competition entry conditions may vary where required by a local State Law.

Most sewing
machines
are still this
HEAVY!



Only a SINGER can be this LIGHT!

Who's the first to bring sewing machines out of the old "blunderbuss" era into this modern lightweight world? Who else but Singer!

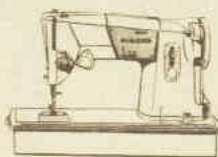
The new lightweight Singer range has been made possible by revolutionary new designs, manufacturing materials and techniques. The miracle is that all this weight-saving has even added to their strength and durability!

If you're still lugging around an old cannonball of a machine...isn't it time you took pity on your poor strained muscles? Trade it in (you'll be surprised for how much!) on a new lightweight Singer.

Discover how easy it is to lift, to carry, to stow away tidily on a cupboard shelf. And don't forget...when you buy a Singer machine, you get the quality, value and life-time service that only Singer can promise. You also get the finest in features to make all sewing automatically easy — even for a beginner. For your own sake, please don't wait. You can own a Singer lightweight on the lightest of terms — just shillings weekly.

And, because it's the Singer Centenary Year in Australia, there's a double birthday bonus for you — including a chance to win a Mini Minor. Read all about it on this page.

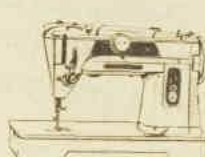
3 famous models...all Singer 'lightweights'



Singer Style-O-Matic.*
Australia's top selling automatic. Australian-made, amazingly light, so easy to use. Does hundreds of fancy stitches effortlessly. Value priced at 69 gns., 13/- weekly. Optional case 5 gns.



Singer Thrift-O-Matic.*
New zig-zag model with automatic features yet priced as low as an ordinary "straight stitch" machine. Australian-made. Thrift-O-Matic is a Singer lightweight. Only 64 gns., 12/6 weekly. Optional case 5 gns.



Singer Slant-O-Matic.*
The last word in sewing with the revolutionary slant needle that makes it easier to see, sew and thread. So automatic, it practically "thinks for itself"! Slant-O-Matic is a Singer Lightweight. 119 gns., 19/6 weekly.

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3347

THE GUARDED SANDS

By ENID CONLEY



Jean grasped Jerry's hand as they frantically made for the sandhills.

THE great cliff creaked. It teetered and shuddered. Boulders crashed, smashing against each other in a mad avalanche of flight. Seams cracked open, dirt poured from gaping rust-brown wounds, small stones scurried and scattered.

The whole cliff-side fell, and dust hid the moon. The frightening, thunderous rumble was a terror-filled sound.

Joan shivered violently. Even the sea drew back to escape the mad fury, till the small exposed beach was covered with rocks and the waves had a new shore to pound. From the sand dune where she stood, the whole scene was weird and unrealistic. Joan groped for reality in this nightmare sequel to a weekend of shattered hopes.

It began with Jerry's search for the bones. Other enthusiastic anthropologists searched for bones, but not the way Jerry did — fanatically, thoroughly, tracking down old aboriginal haunts, prying, poking. Unearthing even a shred of evidence sent him into a frenzy of activity.

It all tied up with his job at the museum. And Joan, who understood this driving urge, also became involved. So that, because of Jerry, she was cowering there, breathless, frantic, while the great cliff tumbled.

Only a week before, on a bleak afternoon, they had stood on that wind-swept cliff and watched the violent waves gouge out the sandy cove.

"We'll come back here," said Jerry, looking down on the little beach, "next week, when the seas subside and the tides are right. I know this is the place. Down there we'll find the bones."

His enthusiasm was contagious. They decided to camp near the small lagoon formed in a grassy flat, back beyond the cliff, away from the salt-laden breeze from the sea. This isolated lagoon held some significance for Joan, also.

Since her marriage to Jerry she had studied native legends and they both had reason to believe that here had been a meeting place of now extinct nomadic tribes and the small beach had been their sacred burial ground.

Down below, seawards of the cliff, the waves thundered on to the crescent of sand where the shoreline receded. The only way in to the little beach was from the low side, coming in by the lagoon, across some sand dunes, sparsely creeped, and around the rocks where the great cliff curved down, almost to the water's edge.

During that week, following their visit to the cliff-top, winds and gales and heavy rains made the idea of camping unthinkable, but Jerry still carried on with his plans.

He was a sturdily built man, with thick dark hair, swarthy complexion, a happy smile and the health and stamina of an athlete.

After he and Joan married he became gentle and protective toward her, so that she coped with the camping and expeditions far better than she had expected. But she still sometimes found the strange bush noises unnerving.

In spite of the preceding stormy week, the weather cleared on Friday, and when Saturday came they did manage to find a fairly dry place to pitch their tent. When everything was orderly, Jerry shouldered a shovel and together they trudged through the sandhills and around the base of the cliff.

It was heavy walking for Joan, who was rather small and slightly built. Rugged in her winter jacket, the heavy hood almost obscured her flushed cheeks and brown hair.

"Let's see what the storms have done to help us," said Jerry hopefully, urging Joan on.

To page 50

WHAT TYPE OF WOMAN ARE YOU?



Are you the type to adopt a proved scientific technique to make your skin look smoother, fresher and years younger?

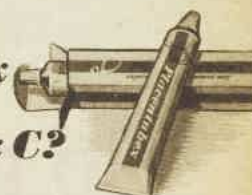
If so, PLACENTUBEX is the answer—the original biological formula which re-activates the skin cells, irons out lines and wrinkles, tightens slack skin. PLACENTUBEX Gelée is for nightly application on face and neck. Hands, too.

Or are you the type who prefers to combine anti-wrinkle treatment with daily beauty care?

If so, PLACENTUBEX C is your choice—a wonderfully soft, delicately perfumed cosmetic cream with the same biological activity as Placentubex itself. PLACENTUBEX C enriched with vitamins, is the foundation cream that genuinely rejuvenates and preserves the skin.

Which is for you?

Placentubex
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Placentubex C?



Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., 6-8 McLachlan Avenue, Artarmon, N.S.W.
Special Cosmetics



"VITAPOINTE has made a world of difference to her hair!"

"Remember how dull it was? The ends looked brittle."



VITAPOINTE care gives hair new supple beauty. Every strand gains new health because VITAPOINTE's nourishing care penetrates right to the roots.

For shining, easily manageable hair use VITAPOINTE regularly. Even the first application (takes only a minute) gives your hair new life, more body.

Get VITAPOINTE cream beautifier and conditioner today.

Vitapointe

A 7/6 tube lasts two months.

VP4

Page



So gentle it won't harm the petals of a rose...
or so vigorous it washes the grimeiest overalls spotless!

ONLY HOOVER KEYMATIC HAS 2 WASHING-ACTIONS

No other automatic gives you this! Not just 2 speeds, but 2 entirely different washing-actions — one gentle for delicate fabrics, one vigorous for sturdier fabrics. And Hoover Keymatic automatically chooses the correct washing-action to use for each of its 8 wash-programmes!

Gentle Washing-Action. So careful even a fragile rose could be washed in it without any harm.

That's why you can trust your most delicate fabrics to Keymatic. The exclusive washbowl creates currents of warm, sudsy water that gently swirl through the garments easing out soil with all the care of hand-washing.

Vigorous Washing-Action. Gives you the power-washing extra-dirty clothes need! In this washing-action Keymatic's exclusive pulsator combines with the washbowl

movement — creates extra-turbulent currents of near-boiling water that surge through every fibre, flexing out even the most ingrained dirt and grime. The most thorough washing-action of all!

Keymatic promises longer life to clothes, too, because it washes by water-action only — it has no damaging paddles or fins to slap and drag clothes. Water-currents do the work!



8 WASH-PROGRAMMES!

A complete & perfect programme for every fabric! Select desired programme from keyplate, click it in!



CLEANEST RINSING!

Deep immersion rinses at reducing temperatures. The final rinse-water is clean & clear as drinking water.



10 lb. WASHLOAD!

Most compact of all automatics, yet takes a bigger washload than most — 10 lb. family-size capacity.



HOOVER Keymatic

AUTOMATIC WASHER

FREE DEMONSTRATIONS NOW
 AT YOUR LOCAL HOOVER RETAILER

WASHES CLEANEST — CARES FOR CLOTHES



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Copper as a cure

I WOULD like Mrs. Collins (Qld.) to know that the copper "cure" for rheumatism is known on the other side of the world. I recently came from Scotland, where many ladies wear copper bracelets, some jewelled, some filigreed. Men wear plain polished bands of copper on either the wrist or ankle.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary Smith, Oakleigh, Vic.

YES, I have heard of the so-called copper disc "cure." Also the wearing of a penny in the shoe, and a potato carried in a pocket. And the patient still has rheumatism.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Olive McInnes, Oakey, Qld.

A RELATIVE of mine wore both a copper and a zinc disc—the copper one on the left arm and the zinc one under his right sock. He said it caused an electric current, which he claimed cured his rheumatism. He wore these from early adulthood to the ripe old age of 90, and was straight as a die and had no rheumatism as he had when young.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. C. Macdonald, Maryborough, Qld.

WHILE nursing in the U.S. recently I often came across negro patients wearing copper wire round wrists or ankles. Their reasons were many and varied, but they would not part with them—not even if the illness they were suffering was not their reason for wearing them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. L. Bardwell, East St. Kilda, Vic.

THE old-time swaggie who humped his bluey through the outback always carried copper wire to ward off rheumatism, and even today there are many old folk who still believe in its value.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan Starr, Newtown, N.S.W.

MY 86-year-old great-aunt also believes in copper as a cure. On her last visit to Australia from New Zealand she insisted that her bed be earthed with copper wire, claiming that she was then not troubled with rheumatism.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. A. Watts, Bexley North, N.S.W.

MY late aunt tied a piece of knitting-wool around my uncle's wrist to "cure" his rheumatism. When the wool broke, the rheumatism returned, and from that day to this my uncle wears a wool bracelet.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jeannie Day, East Geelong, Vic.

Separate rooms

MY husband and I are thinking of buying a new house to give our two young sons a room each. Do other readers think it would be wise to give the boys separate rooms so they can develop their individuality or to have them share one room so they can learn to get along with other people?

£1/1/- to "To Share Or Not" (name supplied), Hampton, Vic.

Gifts for mother

THOUGH the family always ask me what I would like for a gift, no matter what I say I always receive something of their own choosing—and always in the wrong size or color. I have suggested that they pool the cost and buy one article, but no, they never will. Do other mothers have the same experience?

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Davis, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Beautiful for grilling — or is it?

COULD any experienced housewives please tell me what part of the beast is the one "beautiful for grilling" and "equal to rump"? Though intrigued by these tempting signs in butchers' windows, being cautious by nature, I have never been game to buy and try.

£1/1/- to "Am I Mistaken" (name supplied), Kirrawee, N.S.W.

Waiting-rooms have individuality

HAVING been in them all, I have noticed that the waiting-rooms of doctors, dentists, and veterinary surgeons seem to have characters of their own. At the doctor's everyone seems to give you the once over, as though trying to determine what is wrong with you. At the dentist's there always seems to be strained silence, while the vet's is usually relaxed, with everyone friendly and quick to admire and inquire after the pet attending.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Thompson, Brighton Beach, Vic.

Dealing with Beatlemania

I AM watching my children going through the Beatle craze. But — as with Elvis, the twist, the stomp, and the surfs — I console myself with the thought that everything will be all right so long as I don't openly disapprove. Go along with these crazes, and your children will finally come down to earth. If you can't bear 'em, join 'em. I even find myself humming "Love Me Do," which the kids think quite funny.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Pat Ward, Alderley, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

HIRE PURCHASE is to be taught in schools in N.S.W., and I think it is a sensible idea.

The children will spend many future years paying things off. So the sooner they get into the proper frame of mind the better.

One of the early lessons, I hope, will give them tips on signing a hire purchase agreement.

When I first did this I got into trouble because I forgot to bring my wife.

They put me in a little cubicle and asked me questions about her. Where was she born? When? Did she know I was buying this vacuum-cleaner?

A good rule when you start hire-purchasing is always bring your wife (or husband as the case may be). It makes it easier to answer questions. Also she (or he) has to sign things.

Schoolchildren cannot be expected to have wives or husbands, but they can act as dummy ones for each other. In co-educational schools any boy and girl who are going steady could practise signing H.P. agreements together.

PAY-AS-YOU-LEARN

Above all, pupils must be taught to keep up their monthly payments. Headmasters should deal firmly with any of them who get into arrears.

I have in mind a boy named Jenkins, who is summoned to the headmaster's office.

"Jenkins," says the head, "I



understand your transistor radio has been repossessed. This is a disgraceful thing for a boy who is doing Hire Purchase for the Leaving Certificate. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I ran out of money. You see, I'm getting a record-player and a motor-bike on hire purchase, too."

"But you were taught last term about the dangers of being over-extended in credit buying."

But of course!

• The Mayfair jeweller who sold the ring which English businessman Mr. John Ambler bought for Princess Margaretha, of Sweden, said: "All three diamonds are brilliant cut and, of course, pure white."

Stones that aren't blue, nor yellow, but white, Stones that are brilliant, reflecting the light— Oh, the wonderful world of "Of course!"

Chinchilla and sables and Rolls-Royce cars And first-class plane seats and pubs (four stars) And dresses from Paris, of course.

Kids that are blessed with the highest I.Q.s And listen with care to their parents' views, Which they take as a matter of course.

Oh, it mightn't be me and it mightn't be you, But it's terribly nice and it's terribly U In that wonderful world of "Of course."

Where nobody uses the word "afford" Or strikes any cautious, conditional chord. Well — it's fun to imagine, of course.

— Dorothy Drain

Unique 21st birthday

WE celebrated the 21st birthday of our eldest son with a small family dinner which I think may have been unique. Seated at the table were grandfather, father, and son, all with the same name—John—and with 25 years separating grandfather and father and another 25 years separating father and son.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. W. Head, Baradine, N.S.W.

Auntie doesn't know best

WHY do devoted aunts and grannies always go through the "hasn't-she-grown" rignarole when they meet children? Though this is well meant, most youngsters hate it, and it's obvious that there would be something wrong if they didn't grow.

£1/1/- to "Child Victim" (name supplied), East Bentleigh, Vic.

Then — a deadly silence

A KINDERGARTEN teacher friend smiled at a gentleman sitting opposite her in the bus, and thinking he had failed to recognise her smiled again. Then, suddenly realising her mistake, exclaimed, "Oh, I'm sorry! I thought you were the father of one of my children." There followed one of those deadly pauses.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Gunton, St. Lucia, Qld.

EXPERT ADVICE about relief from VARICOSE VEINS

Some women with varicose veins are reluctant to wear surgical stockings. They feel, mistakenly, that these adversely affect appearance. A few have sought relief through ordinary, heavyweight stretch nylons. They've been disillusioned. These stockings cannot provide the support needed for real relief.

The solution is Scholl Surgical Stockings. Light and seamless, these stockings cannot be seen under ordinary nylons, yet they give substantially accurate support. Exclusive soft-grip top and instep afford complete wearing comfort. With Scholl Surgical Hosiery you can get genuine relief without spoiling your appearance. All fittings in either nylon or elastic yarn, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl

KIDNEY TROUBLES? like this!



Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or your suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 7/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

For Finger tip Glamour

Women with long strong glamorous finger nails have long been envied by their less fortunate sisters. Don't envy a day longer — buy a bottle of "HARD AS NAILS" from your nearest

Chemist or Department Store (only 12/6). The first application of "HARD AS NAILS" makes

nails firm and seals the edges against peeling or chipping. Easy to use, you can apply it by itself or under or over your nail enamel. Try "HARD AS NAILS" today—one application and your nails will refuse to break.

Is your baby bottle-fed?

Baby knows by instinct this Maw's Teat conforms with the shape of nursing mother's breast. Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped for correct feeding action. The tender softness of pure rubber allows baby to control the flow of milk instinctively.

A world-famous baby health authority pronounced one teat only to be entirely satisfactory for bottle-feeding — a Maw's Teat! Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Your chemist has a full range of Maw's baby-feeding needs.

Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks. Maw's Sterilization Outfit keeps baby's teats and bottles germ-free... spotless!

T13

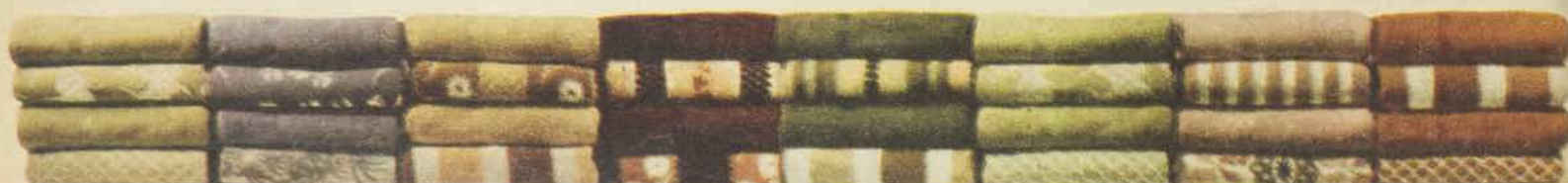
Any bathroom can be more beautiful with

"Colour Harmony" Dri-Glo TOWELS

Now you can decorate with towels . . . lush, downy-soft Dri-Glo towels in rich, solid colours and sparkling patterns made for each other. Your bathroom can look sunny-sweet in the blending lemon, chestnut and honey shades shown. Or spring-fresh in a garland of greens with daisy-white. Soft and pretty in pinks. See *all* the beautiful combinations at your favourite towel counter . . . and remember, when you're choosing a set for your bathroom, what a heavenly gift this would be for someone else!



Bath towels in patterns or plains. Matching *and* harmonizing plain colours in bath and guest towels, bath mats, face cloths



A husband's story

The wives — they never retire

● For at least 10 years before my retirement, the regular lunchtime discussion between my friends and myself was what we'd do with our time when we were at the age to give up work.

MEN, like big boys, generally regard the motor-car as their favorite toy. For this reason it was pretty general comment that there would always be jobs to do on the car.

Then there was gardening, lawns to cut, a variety of jobs around the house and in the workshop, days out motoring, fishing, swimming, and reading. All these things would be time-consumers.

Yes, there were a great number of things to do, places and people to see, as our discussions proved without doubt.

But the strange part about our lunchtime chats was that not once, at any time, did anybody even ask or mention just where our wives fitted in with any of the suggested plans.

It was more or less taken for granted that whatever we did she would do also if necessary.

No thought was given to whether she would enjoy what we were going to do, whether she would have time to fit in with our plans, or whether it interfered with any arrangements she may have.

And why should this have been a problem? After all, we'd been at home before, on occasions such as annual leave or sick leave, and our wives had always fitted in with our plans. So what would be different now?

Wives not considered

We didn't consider that now we would be home day after day. We didn't think that our wives, who might have been able to change their routine and neglect certain jobs for a short while, could not do so indefinitely.

About a year ago, however, I began to learn what things really have to be considered when a man retires.

Yes, it's hard to believe that since I retired on a full company pension, more than a year has passed. But what a year of discovery, astonishment, surprise, and dismay it has been. It was like starting life all over again (at the age of 60-and-over!).

I had been with my company for more than 38 years, and during that time I'd always gone to work about 7 a.m. and returned home some time after 5 p.m.

I'd been married more than 30 years, and every morning I'd said goodbye to my wife and gone to work, usually giving very little more thought either to her or my home once I became absorbed in the day's events.

It was different if my wife was sick, of course. And when she was really sick, it became necessary for me sometimes to stay at home. But this had always been for the absolute minimum of time, as the "all-important job" needed me badly (or so I thought).

My poor wife, after a day or so, would just have to get well the best way she could. Looking back now, I wonder how, but all this was fairly typical of the attitude of most married men, I think.

Most wives are left largely to their own devices during the working years of a man's life.

They have their own work to do — cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, shopping, and the thousand and one jobs involved in looking after a home, husband, and family.

Left to themselves

If their days aren't filled with all these things, they have to entertain themselves as best they can.

They have their friends, they go shopping in town, and they possibly take up some charity work. But whatever their interests, they can never include their husbands, because they're away at work.

Is it any wonder then that when the man retires and is home day after day with only his wife's company, he discovers that she is totally different to the woman he married or the spouse he spent his holiday with only a few years ago?

He now discovers she has lots of little habits and mannerisms that are foreign to him. Her ideas on a number of subjects are totally different to what he expected. Her opinions on people, places, and things astonish him.

In many ways she is almost a stranger. Her days are planned — certain days for certain things — and she is by no means free every day to suit his.

What has happened to the girl he fell in love with and married those years ago?

By OSWALD HANDLEY

The answer is simple. She is what he has allowed her to become — because he was either not sufficiently interested or was too busy with his own affairs, to care how she'd moulded her life in the years she was alone so much.

It is not until you are home every day and don't speak to a soul except your wife that you realise how different this world seems to the one you've been accustomed to at work. Yet this is the world your wife has lived in for years. Is it any wonder then that she's developed new habits, new thoughts, a new character?

Most men have usually been married a good number of years before they retire, and as they're no longer young they're often fixed in their views and not very susceptible to change. This also applies to the wife.

They both see the changes in each other, but fail to see the changes in themselves.

Where is that reckless, devil-may-care lover of bygone years? Where is the man who never had an ache or pain, who was thoughtful, lighthearted, and sympathetic, who shaved regularly, who was always neatly dressed, with well-groomed hair and a big smile?

He, of course, has changed with the years.

He should just look in the mirror and remember he is the man who is going to spend his remaining years with a wife who he now discovers is partly a stranger, a woman who has a mind of her own, and for years has been "King of the Castle" for five days every week of every year she has been married.

She was free to eat lunch any time she liked, to go without her lunch when out shopping. Now there is lunch to prepare every day, as well as morning and afternoon tea, and her whole routine is upset.

Plan for happiness

Retirement is not all as simple as it seemed and is largely because insufficient thought is given to the wife's side of the question.

The man and his wife must learn to live together all day, every day. They must learn to do this if they hope to obtain the maximum happiness in their remaining years.

This may all sound very exaggerated, but in my opinion it is what is failing the majority of married people when the man retires.

The woman never retires. She still has the same old housework, cooking, etc., to do, and though there are many things a man can do to help, the bulk of this work still remains with the woman.

A planned retirement should not only include what a man can do to fill in his days when his wife is occupied with household chores, but what a man and his wife can do together.

To plan well for your retirement, you should discuss it often with your wife not when you retire but long before that day arrives.

In this way you'll be able to foster mutual interests and get the maximum of pleasure out of your retirement instead of a lot of irritation.

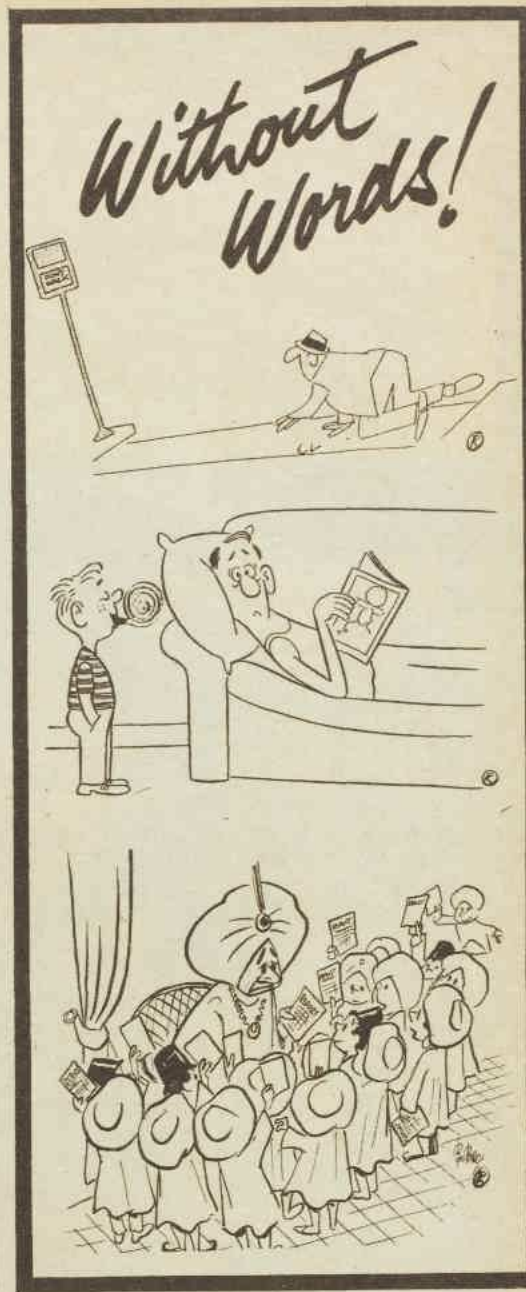
The old saying that "a trouble shared is a trouble halved, and a joy shared is a joy doubled" is true all through life, but particularly so during your retired life.

Make the most of these "golden years," which are your last and most leisurely, and don't waste one day. Together, plan with your wife to make each day better than the one before.

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"REDWOOD," Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parker's Japanese-style home, is built on a promontory jutting out into the Nerang River at Surfers Paradise, Queensland. Pictures by Brendon Cummings.

Japanese-style house where

YOU CAN SWIM INTO THE LIVING-ROOM

● One of the most intriguing houses at Surfers' Paradise, holiday centre of spectacular design, is hidden behind a plain, brick wall and two garage doors.

IT belongs to designer-builder Arthur Parker and his wife, Rose, who have built a Japanese-style house and have carried out the Japanese concept that a house should show its most humble side to the public.

In an area where gimmicky architectural styles have been given free rein, the Parkers' house stands out as one that is restrained, original, and perfect in every detail.

Go through the high, wooden trellised gate into the cool and secluded garden and you have left bustling Surfers' Paradise and entered a serene, tranquil world.

Five years ago the Parkers took a cruise to Japan to escape their high-pressure life in Hobart managing five retail stores.

So profound was the effect of the Japanese on them that when they returned to Hobart they put their business in the hands of their grown-up children and returned for a nine months' stay "to make sure it wasn't too good to be true."

It wasn't. They absorbed what they could of Japanese culture, philosophy, architecture, taste. They avoided the beaten tourist track; they went to the public baths, where the affairs of the day are discussed during a leisurely soak; they took part in the traditional tea ceremony; they went on picnics with Japanese friends just to see the cherry blossom in bloom.

"The Japanese don't distinguish between the beautiful and the practical," said Mrs. Parker. "Their matchboxes, the way they arrange food or tie a parcel—all are made to look as beautiful as possible."

Here Mr. Parker took over.

"It would take a lifetime to begin to understand the Japanese outlook on life, but for us the Japanese influence has meant the continual finding of little things that delight. We notice things around us that we have never noticed before."

Back in Australia Mr. Parker threw himself into designing his Japanese-style dream house on the Nerang River at Surfers' Paradise.

It took 11 months to build, and each day he and his wife rowed across the river from a house they had rented on the other side.

Mr. Parker said that in designing their home they had tried to assimilate some Japanese ideas — not imitate them.

"To build a completely Japanese house here would be phony," he said.

The house is surrounded by water on three sides. It is called "Redwood" because of the beautifully grained Californian redwood that has been used in the panelled ceilings, doors, and walls.

Everywhere the materials used have been left as much as possible in their natural state.

The inside walls are mainly of grey rough-textured concrete blocks. Across the front of the house and over the swimming-pool are huge clear glass panels and screens set in heavy redwood frames.

The beautiful living-room does not reveal itself all at once — after sitting there for three hours I noticed at my feet a flat slate stone with soil in the slightly hollowed-out centre, and two tiny ferns curling out.

Two heavy chains hang from the roof into the pool. They are placed so that water trickles down them all the time.

The Japanese know you can't hit high C too many times in a song or it will all be screeching, so the free-formed swimming-pool doesn't pour itself into the greater part of the living-room, it peeps in — just a few feet — a glint of turquoise in a room of muted colors.

Cream vinyl carpet is used in the sitting-room and bedrooms and is impervious to splashes from the pool or strong sunlight.

To protect its delicate color and to preserve the Japanese tradition, the Parkers keep a row of scuffs and thongs inside the front door for guests to change into.

All the Manila cane furniture was bought in Hong Kong. Chair coverings are of smoky-grey raw silk.

The long narrow kitchen is concealed behind a black-and-white matchstick bamboo curtain. The small stove is mounted on a table that can be wheeled outside for a barbecue, and redwood shelves are backed with bronze Japanese rice paper.

The Japanese think a bath should be a time for meditation and relaxation, so the Parkers have placed their bathroom right at the front of the house and the front wall, overlooking the river, is one-way glass.

The garden has been so designed that not everything can be seen from the one spot. You have the feeling all the time that beautiful things are hidden over the hill.

— Audrey Chapman

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 8, 1964

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



SCHOOLGIRL RUNS OWN SHEEP STUD—pages 8, 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

Letters

Teenagers are very unstable

I HAVE come to the conclusion that teenagers are a very unstable section of the community.

First we find the rockers, who are suffering from inferiority complexes and claim to be heirs to the true era of good music. Then we find the jazzers, who, coming from middle- or upper-class families, must distinguish themselves by being really "cool" and "intelligent."

Finally we find the surfies, perhaps the most unstable of them all. This most recent grouping insist on showing off their exhibitionist natures by bleaching their hair.

These surfies must be distinguished from the surfers, who actually do surf rather than sit on the beach baring puny physiques to the world.—*Michael Loftus - Hills, North Balwyn, Vic.*

Helpful fun

ALL through the year classes at my school take it in turn to put on functions for charity. We put them on at lunch time, and they may be concerts or even just toffee stalls.

My class had a fashion parade, with a "girl from last century," a rocker, a surfer, and a "square." We showed how they would dress at a dance or on the beach. The girl from last century caused a riot in her swimming costume.

This year we're going to mime records, and girls are going to dress up as The

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Beach Boys and The Beatles, etc.

The school usually gives about £50 a term to charity — all raised by those means. The shows are a lot of fun, too.—*Elise Metcalf, Berowra, N.S.W.*

Food for thought

MEALTIMES seem to be the most popular dating times for young and old couples, yet I never cease to wonder why.

Most people look anything but captivating when they eat, and many otherwise attractive girls are downright ugly eaters. Also, one usually feels uneasy when eating with strangers, so why dinner for a first date?

I feel that a movie date with no meal attached is an ideal first date. Do other teenagers share this opinion?—*Lynne Herington, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Foot-note

WHAT has happened to the good old weekend sport of hiking? Most teenagers of today are content with lazily lying around beaches in summer and driving around the countryside in winter.

The club I belong to often goes hiking and I find this, as well as being a cheap pastime, very good exercise. We often travel up to 18 miles, thus seeing a good deal of the country.

This hobby is definitely

one of endurance and a test of real outdoor skill and initiative, as we have to carry on our backs, among other things, our food, cooking utensils, and sleeping gear — making 20lb. the average weight of a pack.

You may think that this is only for the hardy types, but we are all girls, our average age being 17 years.—*"Hiker," Carlisle, W.A.*

Put it there!

SOME people judge others by their looks or by their clothes, but I can generally judge a person's character by his handshake. I am 15, and nothing gives me the creeps more than a limp handshake.—*"Firm Grip," Bemboka, N.S.W.*

Night life-saver

MY fiancé and I have found that we can save money but still have an occasional night out.

Each payday we each put 2/- into a sealed coffee jar with a hole in the lid. When it's full we open it, count the money (it holds quite a lot of 2/- pieces, by the way), and decide where we want to go.

Last time we went to dinner in a city restaurant and then on to see a current stage show, thanks to our jar.—*Miss Denise McCann, Seven Hills, N.S.W.*

Car-er girl

I AM a girl who has a great interest in the mechanical side of cars. I would love to learn all about the mechanics involved and build up an old bomb of my own. Whenever I can I get beneath an old car and tinker around.

What would boys say to having a girl-friend

with a hobby like this? I hope they would think it a case of two heads being better than one.—*"Car Crazy," Hazelwood Park, S.A.*

Heartache cure

HERE is some advice to teenagers who think they are in love: take a holiday (the longer the better) and try to enjoy yourself. When you return you may see him (or her) in a very different light.

I was dropped (to put it bluntly) by the boy with whom I was madly in love. For about two months I stayed at home, contenting myself with tears and memories.

But gradually I began to come back to life, though this boy was always at the back of my mind.

Then I heard that he was to be at a certain party and I wangled myself an invitation.

I nearly fell through the floor when I saw him. He was holding up the bar — a familiar pose, and one I realise now that will become a permanent one.

I just stood there and thought, "How could I ever have gone out with THAT, let alone imagined that I loved him?"—*"Anabelle," East Melbourne, Vic.*

Fading tan

SUMMER is over and I can't help wondering whether all the time and effort some teenagers spent obtaining a suntan was perhaps wasted.

The boys and girls I speak of are those who spend the day on the beach with a bottle of suntan oil, neither going for a swim nor talking to their friends.

Yet this "invaluable tan" fades away to nothing in a relatively short time, leaving a milk-white complexion once again.

Surely those teenagers who went down to the beach to have a good time enjoyed themselves more.—*"Wondering," Heidelberg, Vic.*

NEXT WEEK . . .

- Two pages of special Beate color pictures — you'll see the boys having a dip, relaxing, and eating
- Latest styles in short coats for day and night
- Pin-up of and story about Cilla Black, the Mersey girl.

Hat hatred

THIS is a protest which I feel sure will be echoed by thousands of teenagers throughout Australia. It is against school hats and caps of any description.

Boys, in particular, look absolutely ludicrous in little caps which are either perched right on the backs of their heads or pulled down over their eyes. Their hats, boaters or otherwise, are beyond description.

And girls! Right from the day their hats are bought, they are ironed, pushed, pulled, and turned up so as to make them as least like their original shape as possible.

They are worn in a variety of styles — as cowboy hats, boaters, tam-o'-shanters, or just in mangled messes that have been kicked, shoved, and generally mishandled. It's only tradition that keeps them on our unwilling heads — and an out-moded, unattractive tradition at that. — *L. Parker, Malvern, Vic.*

Racial plea

AS a young married woman, still a teenager, still attending university, I would like to say this to those teenagers who have not met any colored students and who will be doing so this year.

Please don't treat them as strange, inferior, or different. Remember that they have come here to learn so they can go back to their homes and help better their own countries.

I have mixed with many, both male and female, and have never found one inconsiderate or impolite. Most, if you'll give them the chance, will become firm, honest friends.

Don't fear them, but react to them as you would to fellow-Australians. — *"Friendly," Sandringham Vic.*

Pupils' ideas

HIGH school pupils often have ideas which could be of benefit to the school or mean a better deal for the students. A school sugges-

tion committee, which could consider and pass on ideas to the teachers, would be a good idea. — *"Teenager's Mother," Beenleigh, Qld.*

Teenagers' help

A TERRIFIC effort was made recently by the teenagers of this town, who organised a stomp ball to help raise money toward a new hall being built for the town.

During the past 12 months many functions have been held to raise money for this cause, and teenagers took a great interest in helping to organise them.

Teenagers work every bit as well as the senior residents and twice as hard as some. I hope that many of those who complain about the younger set take a proper look and follow their example. — *"Admirer," Nimmitabel, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"Happiness is being too sick for school but not sick enough for bed."

When should teens be able to drive?

● Skill, not age, should determine eligibility for a driving licence, claimed A.M. (T.W., 29/1/64). But some teenagers had their doubts, and other ideas.

I AGREE that the present system of giving driving licences only to teenagers of 17 or over seems unfair.

A better system would be for a teenager, on reaching a certain standard, to be given a probationary licence which would enable him to drive — but under a constant check.

This system would encourage teenagers to drive carefully so as to retain their licence, and it would be most probable that by the time they had reached the age to be eligible for permanent licences, careful driving would have become second nature. — *"One Year To Go," Lindisfarne, Tas.*

RECENTLY I attended a driving school conducted by the police.

Besides teaching the fundamentals of driving and the rules of the road, the police instructors impressed upon us the need

for concentration, courtesy, and safety.

I feel that this course of instruction in safety, driving skill, and general attitude should be made available to every teenage driver, and, preferably, be made compulsory. This course should be accompanied by a practical and theoretical test.

Failure to attend, or to drive according to the required standard, should result in the withholding of a licence. — *"Earnest," Woodville, S.A.*

THE system of training young drivers at high schools should be extended, as it has proved an overwhelming success at schools where it is now part of the curriculum.

Some of the money collected by the Road Safety Council could be added to by the Government and school committees to buy secondhand cars for teaching. I am sure the resulting decrease in the

road toll would more than compensate for the money spent. — *Philip Michod, Burnett Heads, Qld.*

IN Victoria 18 is the minimum age to obtain a licence, and I feel that this age should not be lowered, as 17 — let alone still younger — is far too young to hold the responsibility of other people's lives.

At present the most lethal age for drivers is under 25 years.

Supposing the age limit were removed and the only determining factors were "driving skill and responsibility towards other road users," as A.M. suggests.

Insurance companies would increase their already-too-high rates to cover the claims from drivers as young as 12 or so.

How, in any case, can the police assess "a sense of responsibility toward other road users"? — *D.X.B., Rosebud, Vic.*



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1964-04-08

Page 46

Missing Page, Supplement: Teenagers



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TRAGIC BOY GENIUS KNEW ABC AT SIX MONTHS

● You don't need to be a student of history to know that fashions and customs are constantly changing, and that today's teenagers differ from yesterday's as much as yesterday's differed from those of the days before that.

FAMOUS TEENAGERS

● This is the first of a series in which GEORGE MAXWELL tells the stories of people who were world figures from childhood and teens.

BUT you may not have realised there is one trait of the human make-up which remains pretty constant throughout the years.

This is the spark of genius, inspiration, magnetism or enlightenment—call it what you like—which bobs up from time to time, setting a youth apart from his generation, and making of that youth a leader of men, a forerunner of certain knowledge, a fountain of creativity or a maker of history.

Looking for a compact explanation of this human phenomenon, we are tempted to label all such youths with the word genius.

In most of us, however, this word usually conjures up a vision of a head crammed with nothing but brains. And genius, of course, is much more than that.

It can be, and often is, found in those with no greater preponderance of brains than anyone else possesses. Consequently it becomes necessary for us to look for other motivating forces in the lives of those famous ones we revere.

One such force, undoubtedly, is an ability to drive through in support of an original idea or creation in spite of all obstacles and opposition encountered along the way. This is why accomplishment at the genius level is so often characterised by a saturation of sheer energy.

Fitness needed

A constant supply of this energy, incidentally, is invariably ensured and sustained by good bodily health and care. It is a biological axiom, in fact, that gifted children, as a group, are generally physically superior to other groups.

In case this is all too discouraging to the prospective leaders among readers, though, it must be added that youngsters of less than genius talent or intelligence, or even health, can also leave their mark on history through a sensitivity to human needs, and an ability to keep the mind's door open wide for

the admittance of new scientific habits of thought.

Genius, of whatever creation or fashion, however, cannot be forced. It must be allowed to find its own way.

A classic example of how not to treat genius occurred in the United States only this century.

A Professor of Psychology at Harvard University had a son, who showed such early mental promise that the Professor decided to fashion the young brain in the mould of genius.

No playmates

At six months, William James Sidis, born in 1898, could pick out all the letters of the alphabet. At the age of two he could read textbooks. At four he was writing stories in French and English.

At five he wrote a treatise on anatomy. Later he wrote a text book on geometry—in Greek. His photographic memory enabled him to read a page of a book merely by glancing at it.

To achieve these prodigious feats of genius the boy was deprived of all playmates. He didn't know what it was to swim or play football. All he knew was study, constant study.

Outwardly the teenage Sidis dis-



"What should you wear with it? Why not a T-shirt?"

played all the earmarks of a smashingly successful academic. As an undergraduate at Harvard he lectured to an audience of professors on the Fourth Dimension!

But inwardly the boy's tortured mind was beginning to rebel—and later began to show signs of cracking.

In the middle of a weighty discourse, for instance, he would sometimes begin to giggle shrilly, without reason or meaning, then shake himself and proceed.

Eventually he did, in fact, break down completely, and was placed in a sanatorium.

In the sanatorium Professor Sidis fought to continue the battle for his son's mind, and the boy later returned to Harvard to complete his studies and graduate—just before his 16th birthday.

Social misfit

After that he took a teaching job in an effort to escape his father's influence. This one-sided education and upbringing, however, had made him a complete misfit among normal people, and he soon grew to hate society as much as he now hated his father.

He took a job as an ordinary clerk at 23 dollars (about £10) a week, drifted from this to a succession of equally lowly positions. He faded gradually into obscurity, and died in 1944 at the early age of 46 from the complications of a bad cold.

In the misguided battle for a brilliant mind, therefore, both father and son had lost.

The story of William Sidis, happily, is one of the exceptions to the general rule which allows genius and success to flower unhampered.

In the weeks ahead we will take a look at some of the more happily adjusted teenage makers of history—the geniuses, the leaders, the benefactors, and the inquisitive—and see what inspiration we can glean from their intensely interesting lives to help us in the tasks that lie ahead in our own.

They're FLY-ing high!

• With the phenomenal success of The Beatles, insects in the guitar twanging and singing world have multiplied.

MELBOURNE'S contribution is The Flies, a group of four young men who openly admit they have jumped aboard The Beatles' popularity bandwagon.

The group, with no leader (Beatle-style), comprises Johnny Thomas, 20 (lead guitar), Ronnie Burns, 18 (rhythm guitar), Themi Adams, 18 (bass guitar), and John (Hank) Wallis, 19 (drums).

Avid Beatles fans, The Flies got together last November and have been entertaining in featured spots throughout the southern capital.

The group does all The Beatles' numbers at public appearances, and even bases presentation on the four Liverpudlians.

Own sound

"After all, they are the current craze and Beatle songs are what the teenagers want to hear," said Johnny. "When we sing their numbers we try to sound like them, but in our act we move around and jump about more than they do."

However, on their own numbers The Flies are striving to develop their very own sound, admittedly



THE FLIES: Top, John Wallis; front, from left, Johnny Thomas, Ronnie Burns, and Themi Adams.

By SCARTH FLETT

similar to The Beatles', but none the less able to be distinguished as individual.

Lady Luck seems to be nodding in their direction for, billed as "Melbourne's leading Beatle group," they made their television debut on HSV7's "Variety 7" and are booked for appearances on GTV9's "In Melbourne Tonight."

Their first record (of their own compositions), on the W. and G. label—"Like I Love You" with the flip side "An Untrue Love"—has just been released.

Most "Beatley"-looking of the group is Ronnie, who adorns his fingers with a succession of rings (for good luck).

Ronnie fills in time during the day doing interior display work and at night, when not performing, practises with the group for more than 30 hours a week.

Johnny, stocky and with the dark brooding look of George Harrison about him, is probably the most experienced Fly, having helped form (and worked with) well-known Sydney

group The Telstars, before making tracks for Melbourne.

Johnny and Ronnie share the credit for being the group's composers and song-writers, with their new record's "Like I Love You" Johnny's work, and "An Untrue Love" composed by Ronnie.

Snakes alive!

Selling furniture is Johnny's daytime occupation.

Tallest and lankiest of the quartet is six-footer John, better known as Hank, who is an illustrative and commercial photographer, with the curious after-music hobby of herpetology—in simple language, studying snakes!

To assist with his strange studies Hank has, housed in boxes in his back garden, carpet snakes, brown snakes, black snakes, and other reptiles.

Comedian of the group is Themi Adams, who was born while his French-born parents were midway to Australia.

He is a third year Com-

merce course student at university.

Hovering around in true Brian Epstein fashion is The Flies' manager, promoter, and agent—tall, dark, and suave Evan Dunstan, 27, who combines looking after The Flies with a very healthy theatrical career of his own.

Evan, whose haircut is just a little removed from the Beatle style, has worked in television, radio, and many stage plays, including "Nina" with Edward Everett Horton, "The Sound of Music," "Lock Up Your Daughters," and "Little Mary Sunshine."

Of the hordes of female teenage fans and their hysteria that greets The Flies on public appearances Johnny said, "You think they are mad to scream, but if they don't you wonder why!"

"Boys, 'officially', don't like us—they usually throw pennies. But if they care to admit it, you often find they like our music."

Themi confessed he still found it a little embarrassing when screaming teenage girls grabbed his feet!

GIRL WHO RUNS HER

By FREDIA IRVING

● The owner of a stud flock of Lincoln sheep, whose wool brought a record price at the Melbourne sales last month, is a Victorian school-girl aged 13.



THE price of 88½ lb. is believed to be an Australian record for wool from Lincoln sheep.

The girl is Margaret Fogarty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Terry Fogarty, of Toolern Vale.

On our cover she is pictured with the top ram of her flock, Jason of Argonaut—known more familiarly as Wally.

Margaret runs her 200 Lincolns on her parents' 900-acre property, "Kuloomba," alongside 16-year-old brother Terry's Dorset stud, and her father's crossbreds, but quite independently of both.

Dad helps —when asked

"Of course, I often ask Dad for advice," she said, "but unless I do he leaves me to run things myself."

And run things she certainly does. During shearing she works as a sweeper in the shed, and picks up fleeces, works in the yards, and classes the wool.

She also does the lamb marking . . . "that's one

time when I do look to Dad to help me decide which ram lambs should be kept, and which not" . . . and keeps a complete register of her stud, which has "Kuloomba" as its registered name.

So that Margaret can be on hand at all the most important times of a sheep's year, her stud is geared to her school holidays from Clyde, Woodend.

For instance, shearing and lambing are timed to fit in with the August-September break.

Margaret has had the stud since 1960, when her father gave her a start with a ram and 30 ewes, which cost £300.

During the past four years he has given her two more lots, bringing the total capital outlay to £1200, all of which she has now paid back with her wool and lamb sales.

She's been selling wool for three years, starting with one bale, an output which has increased to five bales at the recent sales.

This year from October

on she will have her stud at a sufficiently high standing to sell stud rams and ewes.

Another highlight for her this year will be showing at the Royal Melbourne Show for the first time.

As well as all her work with her sheep, Margaret does the harvesting of 125 acres with brother Terry, and helps her mother in the house. (She has most adequately cooked for the family and the shearers when her mother has not been well.)

Youngest ever in wool course

She also designs and makes her own clothes in the dressmaking class at school, loves riding, and "quite likes" painting.

This year she's doing the Intermediate, but not content with this normal school work, she has just started a correspondence course in wool-classing, sheep husbandry, and wool marketing.



CURLED UP in a rounded bamboo chair on the front lawn, Margaret relaxes with a spot of painting after a busy morning in the paddocks of "Kuloomba."

R OWN SHEEP STUID



PERCHED on a fence of one of the yards on her parents' property, Margaret Fogarty takes a tally of some of the five-month-old lambs in her flock of 200 Lincoln sheep.

This is run by the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, and she'll work on it during weekends until September.

An official of the institute said that Margaret is by far the youngest student ever to enrol for the course, and this year is one of only two girls among the 25 students.

To cap it all, Margaret

has just won a five-year scholarship which will take her through her schooldays.

She plans to go to Melbourne University to do law and commerce.

But what about her stud?

"Oh, I'll still carry on with that always," she replied in a quietly determined way.



CARRYING a 50lb. bale of hay with the ease of a veteran, Margaret strides through one of the paddocks she and her brother Terry harvested during the Christmas holidays.

Below, she waves a cheery goodbye as she sets off from the homestead on a tractor for a day's work with her sheep. Pictures by photographer Bruce Anderson.





Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Rosy future for great young singer

● One of the youngest artists to appear in a Sydney nightclub, at 21 Wayne Newton is also one of the greatest.

HIS exciting in-person act somehow cannot be captured on records and for this reason I was surprised and tremendously impressed when I caught his show recently.

His first hit in Australia, "Danke Schoen," is not typical of the songs Wayne generally features. He prefers up-tempo numbers which really swing.

"Bandstand" viewers who saw his appearances on that show will know what I mean.

Wayne is partnered by his brother, Jerry, and the two boys have been in show business professionally for six years.

Most of that time was spent working in Las Vegas clubs where they often did six shows a night. This, of course, was valuable experience.

And when Jackie Gleason saw their show and signed them to appear on his television show, Wayne and Jerry were ready for the big time.

On their first TV appearance Bobby Darin spotted Wayne as a promising new vocalist and the result was the hit "Danke Schoen."

Despite the international success of that disc I do not think Wayne belongs in the pop field. He is much more at home with standards.

And for this reason he will probably enjoy a longer and more successful career than many big pop stars of today.

Yet another "Royal" baby

AS everyone knows, 1964 is proving to be a boom year for babies. There are four Royal births in England — and across the Atlantic America's queen of the pop field, Brenda Lee, following the



WAYNE NEWTON

Royal fashion, will become a mother for the first time in mid-May.

Just a few months ago Brenda moved into a new house she and her husband, Ronnie, have built on the outskirts of Nashville, Tennessee.

It stands just a few hundred yards from the mansion once occupied by President Andrew Jackson.

Reports from the States say that Brenda is a new girl. She has never been happier or looked fitter.

"Having this baby is the best thing that could have happened to her," friends say.

Apparently Brenda will be happy with a son or a daughter. She has no preference and is too busy preparing for motherhood to worry about it.

Having a family will not cause Brenda to forsake her singing career, although her devotion to her baby may curtail it a bit.

She will undertake no tours until September, when she goes to England. Her husband will accompany her.

He is well over six feet tall and 19 years old.

Brenda describes him as "quite a guy."

Her latest release, a slow ballad entitled "Think," is now available in record stores across the country.

WORTH HEARING

MENDELSSOHN: Italian Symphony

THE music and scenery of Italy fascinated composers of all countries during the romantic 19th century; a long list could be made of Italian-inspired works by most of the leading composers of those days.

Three of the finest of these foreign tributes to Italy are grouped together on a disc issued not long ago by the World Record Club. They are Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" for solo viola and orchestra, and Tchaikovsky's familiar "Capriccio Italien." They are warmly and skilfully played by conductor William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

The major work here is Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," which he conceived (and partly wrote) during a visit to Italy in 1830-31. Mendelssohn is a composer who was rather looked down on not so long ago as being rather stuffy and "Victorian," but nowadays his best qualities — his splendid craftsmanship and fine melodic sense — are better recognised. This symphony is an undoubted masterpiece, full of movement and glowing color.

The "Italian Serenade" is one of the very few instrumental works left by Wolf, whose fame rests on his songs. It is a charming, delicately made piece.

The Tchaikovsky "Capriccio," again the record of a visit to Italy, is a good deal more popular and robust than the two German works; its catchy themes and brilliant instrumentation have made it an enduring favorite.

— MARTIN LONG

Don't miss Disc

The great new live-page pop music review in Everybody's magazine

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UP-TO-THE-MINUTE U.S. BRITISH
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Unhappy about run of "hits"?

"LET ME GO LOVER" is the third hit in a row for blond beauty Kathy Kirby — and how does she feel about it? Well, Kathy doesn't like it at all!

"The thing is, I just don't get excited about that record at all," she commented recently.

"That sounds terrible, doesn't it? I mean, talking about my own record like that. But the truth must come out. It just didn't hold the same thrill for me that 'Secret Love' did. I loved those big, fat high notes.

"This one leaves me cold, quite honestly. I really love big, round songs where I can go into the studio and just sing my heart out."

After that startling admission Kathy went on:

"The only song that I would really have liked to record of anything written in the past two years is 'Anyone Who Had a Heart.' (This is a hit in Australia for Dionne Warwick and in England for Cilla Black.)

"Funnily enough my record company was offered the song while I



BRENDA LEE

was away, but they turned it down for me. I suppose it sounds easy to say I would have jumped at the chance to record it now that it's a smash hit."

Despite the fact that Kathy dislikes her new hit, the public doesn't.

And on the strength of her popularity with all age groups she has just been signed to star in her own television show in England.

Sure shots

"Hey Bobba Needle," Chubby Checker (Columbia); "Mexican Drummer Man," Tijuana Brass (Festival).

Men behind The Beatles

• Everyone knows about The Beatles, but hardly anyone knows much about the main man behind the fabulous four — manager Brian Epstein.

AT 29, this rather shy young Englishman has climbed to the very top of the music-business ladder with a trail of major successes that would take columns to list.

Brian Epstein wanted to be an actor, but his father was keen to see him enter the family furnishing business. So when Brian left Wreken College, in Shropshire, at 16, he began a five-year furniture salesman course at £3 a week.

At 21, his love of the theatre diverted him to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for 18 months before he returned to his family's Liverpool store.

The story of how he found The Beatles virtually on his own doorstep is now history. From their first disc, "Love Me Do," Brian Epstein never looked back.

He launched Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, the Fourmost, Tommy Quickly, and Cilla Black, all of whom have repeated "the particularly happy moment" he experienced when his first group broke into the charts.

He has an amiable nature, but is shy and difficult to interview.

'Magic' touch

He prefers to stay out of the limelight, making long-range plans to keep his artists in the forefront for years, not just nine-day wonders.

He is anxious to produce, and perhaps act in, a West End play.

Another of the people behind The Beatles is George Martin, their recording manager. Martin has produced every one of their smash hits and his magic touch has proved invaluable to the boys.

It was he who suggested bringing a new drummer into the act after he heard

their audition. Hence the arrival of Ringo Starr.

This is what he thinks of the boys: "They're intelligent chaps, easy to work with, and conscious of requiring a tremendous team effort in this complicated business of making records. Yet they still manage to be relaxed and full of fun. That's why I always look forward to all their sessions."

This is what The Beatles think of him: "We can't praise him too highly," they say. "He's bubbling over with constructive ideas. He knows exactly what he wants and how to get it in the simplest possible way. Above all, he's one of us. He doesn't act like a schoolmaster in the studio."

Rival's loss

George Martin discovered The Beatles when Brian Epstein took a tape of the group into a record store to have a disc cut. The engineer who did the job was so impressed that he tipped off George.

Martin contacted them and arranged an audition at E.M.I. That was when he learned they had already auditioned for a rival company — and been turned down!

But George Martin decided to take a chance and introduce the Mersey Sound to the world. It proved to be the best decision he ever made.

Martin has a reputation in the trade for being an off-beat producer. He has produced all those hilarious and wildly successful comedy records for Peter Sellers, Bernard Cribbins, Charlie Drake, and Spike Milligan.

His influence also extends over the work of Shirley Bassey, Gerry and the Pacemakers, and Cilla Black.

— BOB ROGERS



"THIS is a drive-in movie?"



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1964-04-08

Page 54

Missing Page, Supplement: Teenagers



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1964-04-08

Page 55

Missing Page, Supplement: Teenagers

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Age for dating

"I AM a boy of 17, and would like to know at what age you think a boy should start to take girls out. My mother has said she would have no objection to my taking girls out, but says that I have plenty of time to do so later on in life. Most of the boys at work call me a square (this does not offend me), as they take girls out, but some of the girls at work agree with my mother. If you think I'm old enough to go out with girls, do you think I should go steady if I find the right girl, or just keep the dates on a friendly basis?"

"Curious," N.S.W.

I think you're old enough to take girls out occasionally — if you really want to. But I don't think either boys or girls should begin dating because their friends of the same age do so. Real interest in the opposite sex develops in young people at different ages, depending on their personality, background, career ambitions — all sorts of things.

When you meet a girl you'd like to know better, ask her out by all means. But don't start going steady too soon! Give yourself a chance to mature and learn something about women before you plunge into a serious relationship. THAT'S something you've plenty of time for later on in life.

Bashful beanstalk

"I WOULD like your advice on how to correct a stupid mistake I've made. I am very much in love with a rather pretty girl who used to be in my Sunday School class. However, as I am extremely tall (known to my friends as 'Stringy' or 'Storky'), and not too handsome, there was never much chance of her liking me. Also, even though I am in fourth year at high school, I am not very mature for my age. My friends apparently noticed my liking for her and told me I was a nut as I could never win her. So, like a fool, I denied liking her and even went so far as to say I hated her. I only see her on the station when we pass each other sometimes on the way home from school, but

as my friends are with me I have to snub her to keep what little name I have among my friends. Therefore, I don't ever get the chance to show her that I do love her. Please help me."

"Storky," N.S.W.

It's impolite — to say the least — to snub a girl you know, whether you're attracted to her or not. You'll just have to put up with any scathing remarks your friends may make if you want to become friendly with her again.

Start by smiling and saying "Hi." Then at the first opportunity ask her how she is these days, what course she is taking at school, etc. (You've a good conversation-opener in your old Sunday School class, too.)

And fight that inferiority complex of yours. Don't be too influenced by what your friends may think or say. Admit that you lied before and really do like the girl. If they have any sensibility they'll respect you for having the courage to say so — and to speak to her.

Incidentally, it's no disadvantage to be lanky. You'll learn later on that most girls prefer tall men.

Cowboy types

"WE are two sisters aged 15 and 17. We live on a farm and ride at all the gymkhanas, etc. Our boy-friends are excellent rough riders, and as we have known these

boys for quite a while, we have become the 'cowboy type.' When it comes to parties and woolshed dances, we don't know whether to act like young ladies or carry on in the cowboy fashion. What do you think we should do?"

"Cowgirls," N.S.W.

Leave your cowboy behaviour at home along with your jodhpurs when you go to dances and parties. They're your big chance to blossom out and show the boys that you CAN be feminine and glamorous. Try it. You'll probably gasp at them.

Bridging the gap

"EVERYWHERE you go, kind people say, 'Why don't you wear a happy smile?' Well, I like to see happy smiles, but every time I smile (which is not very often) my two front teeth, which are about an eighth of an inch apart, get me so depressed I could cry instead. I am wondering if getting false teeth is a good idea, so I would like your opinion, please."

"Depressed," Qld.

I think you'd be foolish to get false teeth if your own are sound. Go and have a talk to your dentist. He'll be able to tell you if anything can be done to improve the appearance of your teeth without replacing those two front ones with a partial denture.

Sister's safety

"I AM a 13-year-old girl and I have a sister of 17. She goes around with slobos who call themselves surfies. I am scared that she will have a car accident or something like that. She gets such stupid ideas and that makes it worse. I know you'll think I'm just silly, but please try to help me overcome my fears."

"Scared Sister," A.C.T.

I don't think you're silly. You worry about your sister because you love her. But perhaps you've let these fears grow out of propor-

A word from Debbie . . .

● Girls, does your beau . . .

- Remember your birthday?
- Know your favorite perfume?
- Know the color of your eyes?
- Remember your favorite song?
- Know — and appreciate — your favorite author?
- Remember the day you first met?
- Bring a small gift to your mother sometimes?
- Always open a car door for you?
- Remember your telephone number without having to look it up?
- Think of your diet — and not buy you too many chocolates?
- Plan special outings as a surprise?
- Buy you flowers sometimes, for no reason at all?

If he does, hold on to him — he's a boy in a million. And you're a very lucky girl!

tion because you've kept them to yourself. An old saying goes: "A problem shared is a problem halved."

Have you told your mother how you feel? Try to explain your fears to her and she'll probably be able to reassure you quite a lot. If you talked to your sister, too, I'm sure she'd be touched that you are so concerned about her, and it might make her a little more careful about risking her neck with reckless young drivers.

Catchy slang

"I AM a 14-year-old girl, very fond of pop music and modern dances. Like most girls of my age, I love listening to pop music on the radio in my spare time. My father, being a teacher, dislikes these things immensely; one reason is the term 'yeah' instead of yes, which often appears in the songs. I often say 'yeah' at home and get picked up about it, and if it comes over the radio I am told to turn it off. Do you think it is fair of my parents not to let me listen, at least for an allotted time?"

"Modern Miss," N.S.W.

Your father is right in trying to keep you from picking up poor speech habits. If you can convince him that you realise that the place for slang is in these songs, not in your speech, he probably won't mind your listening to the radio. Concentrate on speaking grammatically and without slang to please him, and he'll soon soften up about pop tunes.

Incidentally, don't forget that irritation is a two-way business. Just as he irritates you, you irritate him.

Forgettable fellow

"MY problem began 19 months ago, when my girl-friend introduced me to a nice boy. We had lunch together for a week; I began to like him very much. The following week I was going to a dance and invited him. We went out often for about ten months, then we broke up. I fell in love quite deeply, even though we were of different religions. I finally forgot him, until two weeks ago, when he took me to lunch and told me he was engaged. Everything came back to me; I began to cry and ran away."

J. McC., Vic.

You don't have a problem—only the heartache of getting over losing him all over again. You were right to put him out of your mind before, and if you allow yourself a little time now you will be able to forget him again.

The best thing to do is to start going out with other fellows—don't sit around and mope over a boy who has committed himself to some-

DON'T FENCE ME IN(JURIOUSLY)!

● The ancient custom of duelling over a lady's honor has made a come-back.

UNIVERSITY students in England recently have fought with swords.

In the latest duel, an Oxford man tried to foil, literally, a fellow student who had annoyed him by insulting a date.

They slashed away for three minutes without doing any damage and declared honor satisfied.

Apparently, each used an epee (pronounced ay-pay), a blunted sword used in fencing.

If duelling becomes really widespread once more, the duelling scar might become again a fashionable badge of male courage.

I don't suppose, though, that the trend would have mothers as much in stitches.

Not all lads, of course, will be able — or want — to have the real thing.

So, I suppose, a new famous teenage request will be aired. A boy going on a date will ask his sabre-marked father: "Dad, can I borrow the scar?"

Understanding girls, of course, it's hard to decide whether it would be better to lose or win a duel of honor.

Her perverse instincts might make a belle sympathetic toward the wounded loser — even though the winner was her champion.

Thus, while the loser was smiling faintly and saying, "It's only a cut, lass" — ouch! — the winner would be fuming, "Curses, foiled again!"

Duelling, you know, is illegal in most countries. You could always beat the rap, though — by hiring Parry Mason!

It will be interesting to see if any girls duel over boys. Such behaviour would win a girl flattering praise from boys. She would be known as a truly slashing sort.

I think girls should duel, anyway.

For don't females always boast that it's the woman who always epees?

- Robin Adair

one else. And don't be bitter about the engagement. He thought it would hurt less hearing it from him.

Unpaid sister

"I AM a schoolgirl of 16 who would like to know how to go about asking for some kind of payment for babysitting three small children and also how much. I have been doing it from 8 p.m. to midnight on Saturdays, and have not been paid. I have tried to ask several times, but have chickened out."

R.P., N.S.W.

Babysitting is a responsible job, and most people are happy to pay for it. Your only difficulty is that you have been doing it for these people for nothing.

Why not tell them that you have

decided to earn some money for a special project—maybe a holiday or a hobby. Say that you would be happy to babysit for them if they paid you, but if they were unable to do so, that you would have to find a paying job for Saturday nights.

If you speak to them courteously and frankly, I'm sure they will understand your position.

Pay rates differ — ask your friends what they are getting. It wouldn't be less than 4/- an hour, plus transport.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

GERRY MARSDEN

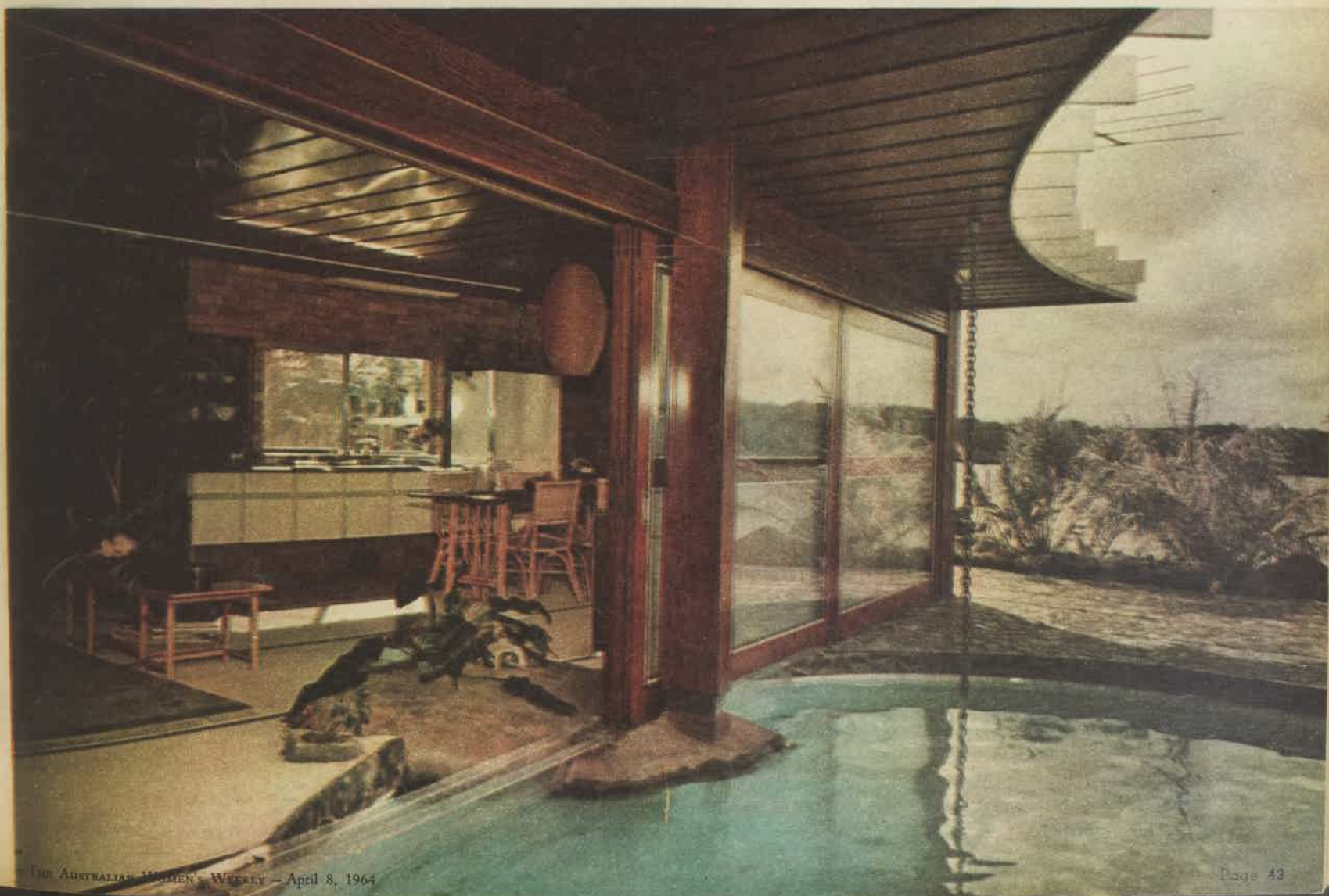
Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

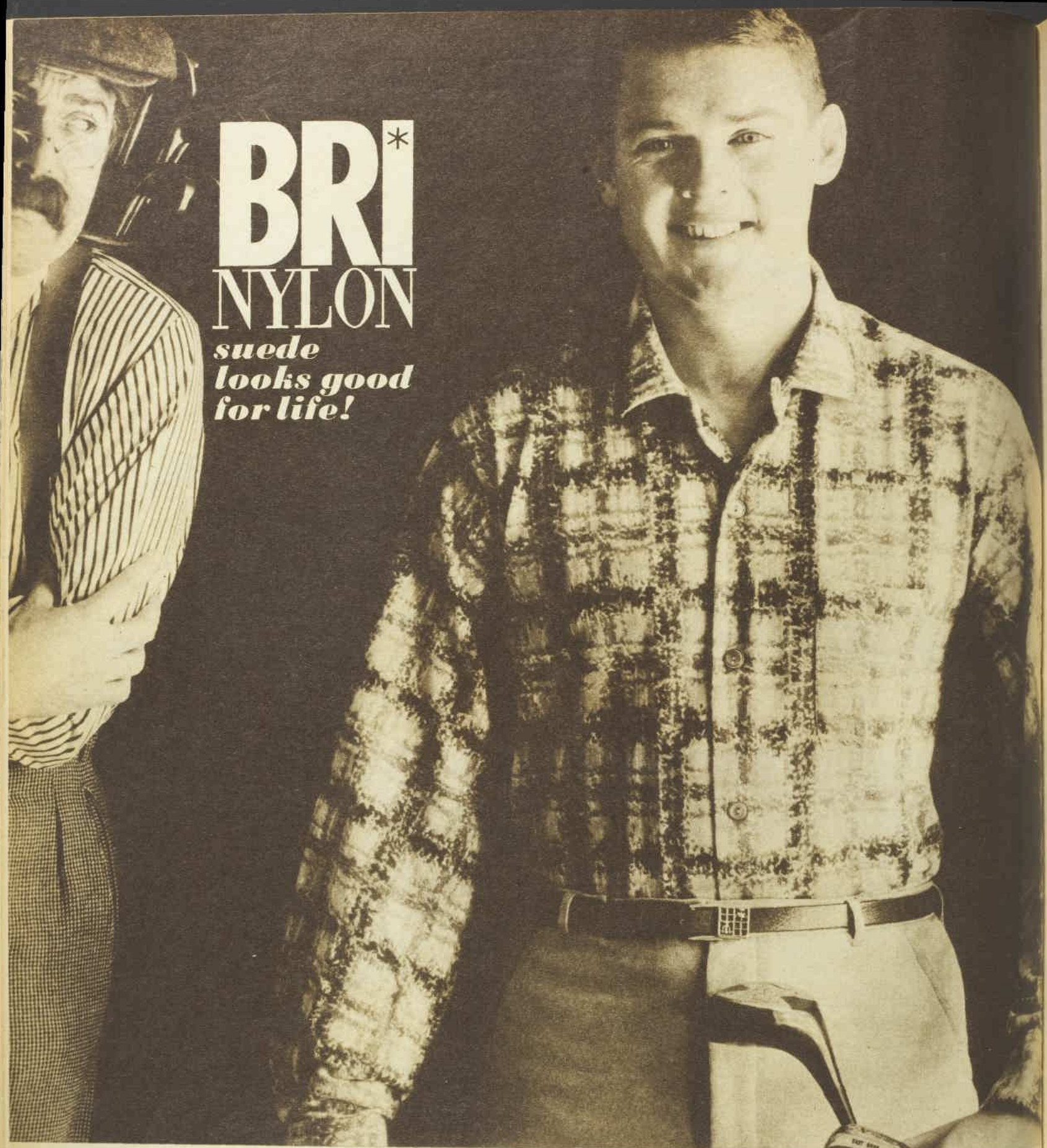
Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 8, 1964



DRAMATIC CURVE of roof (above) shelters pool. Slate terrace is broken by lines of small, white stone chips. Huge boulders with smaller rocks and ferns are arranged in Japanese style.

FREE-FORM swimming-pool and paved terrace (below) can be made part of living-room by opening sliding glass doors — you can swim right into the room. Note decorative hanging chain.





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The new kind of warmth for men on the go!

Warmth? 'BRI-NYLON' suede gives a man like yours all he wants — yet it's so light he won't know he's wearing it. Here's a shirt with a heap of fashion, a power of performance. A man's shirt that takes every kind of punishment and comes back fighting — unmussed, immaculate. And 'BRI-NYLON' suede b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for comfort in action. Machine-washable, too! This is the easiest shirt he'll ever own — or you'll ever look after. Like to bet he'll live in it? Styles follow the new, clean-cut line. Colours come subtle, exciting. For men with a yen for the different, some 'BRI-NYLON' suedes in the collections will be patterned. ***The BRI is your protection.*** For top value, tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name!

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PEONIES

—capricious beauties



HERBACEOUS BED with peonies (the variety is General McMahon) and irises. Peonies come in a host of glorious colors and make outstanding displays.

Gardening Book — page 291

● Peonies, the joy and despair of many a gardener, are among the loveliest and most capricious of plants. Often they are hard to grow, but if they do happen to like the conditions, then, in the words of one expert, you "can't kill them with an axe."

THE Australian climate is not ideal for either the herbaceous or tree peonies. Even in districts that have the required cold winters the summer is apt to be too hot, causing burns on the tender buds.

The herbaceous types are the most widely popular; tree peonies are available from some nurseries but are rarer and more expensive. However, increasing interest has been taken in them in the past ten years as new varieties are imported from Asia.

Tree peonies are deciduous shrubs about 4ft. high, with a rather untidy habit which is nevertheless quite pleasing. They are normally grafted, as they are not true to color from seed.

Many of the best varieties are the results of hybridisation between *Paeonia suffruticosa* and *P. lutea*, bringing wonderful gold and yellow shadings into the range.

When you pick tree peonies don't take more than three leaves on a stem. The stem would die back in autumn anyway, but the next year's flower buds are produced from the position of the fourth leaf.

All peonies do well in soil that is not too heavy but has been enriched with old manure and rotted vegetable

matter and dug over to a good depth (this is most important).

Both herbaceous and tree peonies should be planted so that the eyes or buds are not covered more than three inches. Place them 3ft. or 4ft. apart.

When transplanting root divisions in the autumn, cut out all but three eyes, leaving the strongest ones. The roots should be disturbed as little as possible, and subdivision once in about five years is sufficient.

Sometimes peonies do not produce blooms for a year or two after planting because the roots were damaged.

They do well in partial shade or a sunny open situation as long as they have shelter, but the position must not be really cold or overcrowded, as they must have plenty of space and light.

The peony family has many enemies, notably Botrytis blight and thrip.

The blight causes shoots to wilt suddenly and fall over, turning black and showing masses of grey-brown spores. Sprays of Bordeaux mixture or Phaltan will check this trouble.

Thrip does not attack every year—it depends on the season. If the spring is long and dry, safeguard with sprays of chlordane or strong nicotine. The evidence of ants on the buds denotes that thrip is about.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Gardening Book — page 292



LUCKY THIS YOUNG COUPLE KNOW ABOUT COLGATE

Cheek-to-cheek situations can occur anywhere, any time!



JUST AS THIS INVISIBLE SHIELD PROTECTED ME—SO NEW IMPROVED COLGATE WITH GARDOL PROTECTS YOU...

AS IT FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY AND STOPS BAD BREATH



New improved **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** with **GARDOL** STOPS BAD BREATH FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY

Only new, improved Colgate Dental Cream has exclusive GARDOL to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay as no other toothpaste can. And, there's still the same minty flavour you've always liked.



Buy Colgate with GARDOL today... get protection from the very first brushing.

More people buy Colgate than any other Dental Cream

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tourist rate—
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Ceylon

The Ceylon Trade Commissioner will issue you with a special Tourist Introduction Card enabling you to save on travel, accommodation, etc., while in Ceylon. A holiday in this tropical paradise with its 2,000-year-old cities, Kandyan dancers and coral gardens need cost little more than a holiday in Australia. Full details from your Travel Agent or THE CEYLON TRADE COMMISSIONER, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney.



Keeps baby happy all year round

Bouncinette

TAKE ANYWHERE CRADLE—
Safe, comfortable and practical—
indoors or outdoors. Gently rocks
as baby moves. Washable, feather-
light—for babies 2 to 18 months.

only 58/11 (Slightly higher
in country areas)

At leading nursery furniture
departments and stores. BB

CHILD "NERVY"?

Try this for
overnight recovery

If your child seems "nervy",
tired, or off his food, it may be
temporary constipation that's
upset his normal happy nature.
If it is, the safe, gentle remedy
is Laxettes. Give him one or
two milk chocolate Laxettes at
bedtime. Laxettes work gently
while he sleeps. Next day your
child can be his bright, happy
self again. Laxettes are the
safest, surest children's laxative
known. Easy to take—eaten
just like ordinary chocolate.
Only 3/3 from your chemist.
When Nature forgets, remember
Laxettes.

BBCT A.

Enjoy cushioning com-
fort at ball of foot
with Dr. Scholl's Ball-
o-Foot Cushions. Soft
latex foam forms a
shock barrier — pro-
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5/6 pr., men's and
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LOOK FOR DR. SCHOLL'S
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Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION

FEATURES
JOKES
FICTION

16

for all the
family in

Everybody's

Being engaged was such a nebulous state — more than friend, not quite family—that I forgot it wouldn't go on for ever. Jeff was quiet and amiable, and a good man to have in my boat for the Sunday afternoon races. It never occurred to me he might also be a threat to our whole way of life.

His time-bomb exploded early one Sunday morning while we were squatting on the dock folding sails. "Do me a favor, Jeff," I said, "and tell me how you always time your starts to reach the line just under the gun."

"Do me a favor," he said, coiling a sail into its canvas bag, "and be one of my ushers."

"Ushers where?"
"At the wedding, dope. August twenty. Dell decided on the date last night."
"No kidding, you and Dell getting married?" Here was an item of mild interest. Marriage followed an engagement, of course, but I still didn't see it would change anything.

"Dell and I are finally, thank heavens, getting married," he said, "and aside from the fact that I'd want you on my team, anyway, you might be useful. We'll need someone to ride herd on your side of the family—see that Aunt Minna ends up in the third pew, portside, and Uncle Chauncey doesn't trip over a hassock."

"I don't have an Aunt Minna. Or an Uncle Chauncey."

"You're literal-minded at the starting line, too," he said. "Timing isn't just time, but an intangible thing—a combination of wind and waves and the feel of your boat in the water. Remember that when we're gone." He rose. "Incidentally, ushers get to kiss bridesmaids. It's what they call a fringe benefit."

"Friends of Dell's," I scoffed. "Big deal." Then I realised what he was saying. "You just mean gone on your honeymoon, don't you? You'll be back before Labor Day."

"Not even in spirit, brother-in-law." He slung the sail-bag over his shoulder. "I think I can safely predict that come September the Labor Day regatta will be the very least of our concerns."

What sort of talk was that? People got married every day of the week—you just had to look at the newspaper—but our family had always been here for Labor Day.

I FOLLOWED him up the rocky path to the house, explaining that it wasn't just the regatta, it was the principle of the thing; but I might have been talking to the wind. As we crossed the lawn he turned and grinned at me. "I warn you," he said, "an ascot tie makes a man irresistible."

He disappeared through the front door, and I headed for the kitchen to see what I could find in the way of a second breakfast. Food always helped when I had a problem, but the way my father sat hunched on the edge of his chair, staring at my mother and Dell over a cup of coffee, told me I'd better not start banging around in the refrigerator.

"Three hundred people!" he was saying. The last word came out soprano. "We don't even know three hundred people."

Mother and Dell weren't listening. They both had that businesslike look women get when they discuss clothes, and as my father rattled his cup in the saucer Dell said, "I'll need at least a dozen nightgowns, don't you think?" "What have you been wearing?" my father croaked. "Burlap?"

Continued from page 25

"Don't forget you have to pick out a silver pattern, too," said my mother. "Something not too ornate, so you won't have trouble matching it later. We can do that when we order the invitations." She studied the sheet of paper in her hand. "Maybe we'd better make it four hundred, just to be on the safe side."

"Four hundred!" Coffee exploded all over the kitchen table.

"Oh, Daddy," said Dell. "Most of them won't come." "They'll come," my father said gloomily. "Furthermore, they'll send cocktail shakers. It's an article of faith that all brides are alcoholics. What are you going to do with four hundred cocktail shakers, might I ask? Give them to the deserving poor?"

Whenever Dell started to talk like a schoolteacher, it was a safe bet someone was being dense. "First of all," she said, "there's Jeff's family."

"What makes you think he's got any relatives?"

"Of course he has," Dell's eyes were bright. "I've seen him practically every day for the past year, and—"

"And how much do you really know about him, beyond the fact that he's a good dancer and seems to get paid for doing something in

family, and I was just a kid brother who got in their way."

With the house so full, Jeff had to share my room; but he wasn't the Jeff I knew before this wedding business began. He looked thinner and he jumped when you spoke to him, and once I caught him pointing at himself in a mirror and saying, "What makes you think you're ready for this responsibility?"

On the morning of the nineteenth the clouds finally broke and I couldn't wait to get out of the house. Even my mother was a stranger by that time, wandering through the damp hallways, staring at nothing, counting on her fingers, making notes on little scraps of paper.

I was so sick of girls and the constant ring of the telephone that I didn't stop for breakfast, but grabbed a couple of doughnuts and headed toward the dock. I thought I'd be alone there, and maybe find the answers to some questions that were buzzing around the back of my mind: why Dell was acting so nervous lately, screaming with laughter at stories that weren't even funny and the next minute snapping my head off, and why a whole summer had to be disrupted because two people wanted to get married.

TO CALL MY OWN

the panel jobs from our plant—oh, heavens." He was up and running. "My present to Dell," he called over his shoulder.

"There goes a good man," my father said thoughtfully. "All the right instincts—apprehension, bewilderment, panic. He'll make Dell a fine husband. Tried on your cut-away yet?"

"Sure. It fits fine, only I don't know how to tie the tie."

"Nobody ever does," he said, "except one usher. It's part of the Universal Plan that one usher always figures out how to tie them at the last minute. Want to walk back to the house?"

"Not particularly."

He nodded. "Overdose of femininity. I recognise the symptoms."

"It isn't just that," I said, and one of my problems suddenly broke into words. "Everything's changing so fast around here, only I'm not changing with it. Maybe it's because I'm too young, but I never felt so left behind in my life. I'm the invisible man in my own home."

He shook my hand. "Partner. My trouble is I'm too old. Why should they bother with someone who once met Calvin Coolidge?"

"Mother seems to know what's going on."

"It's just the highest-fi tape-recorder in the world, that's all," said Jeff. "Designed it myself, and had it built at the plant." A horn bleated outside, and he said, "That's Hobey's car! The best man's finally here!"

The door slammed behind him, and after a moment my mother asked, "Where are you going to put it?"

"In our living-room, of course," Dell's chin was stubborn. "Against that wall by the window."

Another silence, and my mother said, "It'll look nice there."

"It'll look awful," Dell said, "but he's so proud of it, the darling, and one thing I'm never going to do is deflate his ego."

"You're quite right," said my mother. "It won't take up nearly as much space as Grandmother's Empire exercise, either."

"Oh, Mother, do you mean it? That wonderful exercise?" Somehow during those thirty seconds they'd reached an agreement. "Maybe in about six months..."

THAT was the last we heard of the tape-recorder, because from then on the party began moving faster and faster until it seemed as if we were all running downhill.

Ushers arrived by plane and train, in new Corvettes and old MGs, and what with parcelling them out among neighbors and rounding up those who'd wandered off to go swimming with bridesmaids, we almost didn't make the rehearsal at the village church. It wouldn't have mattered a bit if we had missed it. These people had been to so many weddings that summer they were practically professionals.

So there went my first illusion. If we had to put on this show I expected at least a run-through of the main points, with detailed advice to the principals and general marching instructions for the extras, but as Hobey said, these things always sorted themselves out. And the second illusion was shattered when Jeff vetoed a bachelor dinner.

"I've known these guys since college," he said. "Why should I waste a perfectly good evening listening to their corny jokes? Let's have a dinner, sure, but for all of us—Dell, the girls, everybody. Nobody can have a bachelor dinner the night before the wedding, anyway—and this is a celebration, not a wake."

"Not me," said Dell. "The rest of you go ahead. I need my sleep. I'm supposed to look radiant tomorrow."

We ended up at a restaurant by the harbor. I was the outsider. I didn't know any of the people they mentioned, and the places they'd visited were just names to me.

With Dell staying home we had one extra man, me. It was my own fault; the jacket-box would play, and before I could work up enough nerve to ask a bridesmaid to dance she'd be out on the floor with someone else.

When I found myself alone at the table for the sixth time I decided to stop pretending. In spite of the cutaway hanging in my closet, in spite of the grin frozen on my face, this wasn't my world, and I might as well go home.

On the back of the menu I scribbled a note telling the others I'd left, propped it against a candle, and slipped out silently.

I never saw the couple sitting in deck-chairs by the porch railing till the girl spoke to me.

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electronics? What does he do, by the way?"

"You have to love people without knowing everything about them," Dell was in tears now. "There just isn't that much time."

My father stood up and ran his fingers through his hair, back to front. "I'm sorry, baby," he said. "I guess I panicked. He's a wonderful guy, and you can buy twenty nightgowns." He looked at me for the first time. "Dell has Jeff's day all planned," he said. "Need a substitute to crew for this afternoon's race."

"Sure do," I told him.

He slapped me on the shoulder. "We'll clobber them."

But something was wrong with our concentration, and we finished last. The next Sunday we were disqualified for fouling a marker, and the Sunday following we jumped the gun. After that, things began to get worse.

First of all, the weather turned rainy. We woke every morning to the moan of fog-horns, and spent our afternoons playing ping-pong on the porch. And if this wasn't bad enough, the bridesmaids arrived. Why they had to go into a huddle a week before the kickoff I couldn't understand.

But there they were, whispering and giggling all over the house, with their hair in curlers and their stockings hanging from the shower-rod. I'd known them for years, of course; I remembered when they had braces on their teeth and trouble with their complexions, but now we didn't seem to have anything at all in common. Suddenly they'd become Dell's friends rather than friends of the

But the dock didn't belong to me any more, either. My father was looking off across the water and smoking up a storm, and Jeff was sitting on the catwalk studying his sneakers.

For a long while nobody said a word. Then my father dropped his cigarette in the water and began, "Hundreds of otherwise normal people—people with jobs and families and summer places—apparently have nothing better to do in August than jump in their cars and drive all day to a wedding."

"I've been meaning to ask you, sir," Jeff said. "What do you suppose they get out of it?"

"A glass of warm champagne and a lot of glibble-gabble. The husbands show up because their wives insist, and the wives—have you ever noticed that women don't believe in a marriage they haven't seen with their own eyes?"

"There's an awful lot I don't know about women," said Jeff. "I wish I'd studied the subject more thoroughly before it got to be—"

He choked and turned red.

"Too late?" my father suggested.

"Oh, no, sir! That isn't what I meant at all. It never even occurred to me."

"Then you're the first man it hasn't occurred to," my father said. "Someone could make a fortune running an Underground Railroad to spirit bridegrooms out of the country just before the wedding. Fathers, too... What's that truck doing in the driveway? Another load of cocktail shakers?"

Jeff glanced at the red van bouncing through the sandy ruts. "Looks just like one of

"Ah, but she's a woman. A member of the club. It makes all the difference." He stood up and said, "We'd better go back, anyway. I want to see what Jeff gave Dell."

As we trudged up the path I asked, "When you got married, what was your present to mother?"

"Officially? That pair of Piranesi etchings over the living-room fireplace in the city. Actually, it was a moose head." He went on quickly, as if he was talking to himself, "I bagged the moose on a trip to New Brunswick—my last bachelor outing—and I was prouder of it than anything in the world till you children came along. Your mother was very nice about it, too. Dusted it, sprayed it for moths. Then one day it was gone, and there were the Piranesi..."

They were gathered around a huge packing case in the hall—Dell, my mother, and as many of the bridesmaids as could take time off from curling their hair and washing their stockings. Jeff was prying at the corners with a claw hammer, and as the last nail twisted out with a squeak, he stepped back. "There," he said reverently. "Isn't it a beauty, Dell?" He slid his arm through hers. "No other girl in the country has one of those."

It was square and shiny, about the size of a coffee table, with rows of push-buttons and dials, and it looked exactly like one of those tune-up machines they use in garages.

Dell swallowed and said, "Jeff, it's lovely!" She didn't ask what it was. She didn't have to. My mother beat her to the punch.

PEONIES continued



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Gardening Book — page 293

HERBACEOUS

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SIMMONS

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SLEEP PRODUCTS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 8, 1964

"Going?" she asked. They sounded alike. In thaterness I couldn't tell one from the other. Without waiting for my answer she said, "I don't want you. It must seem senseless to you now, but a day will come—your day—and when it does you'll be king of the world."

That was a big help. I didn't want to be king of the world, I just wanted to be—no? Myself, of course, but my old self, spending the summers with a family I was used to, in a place I loved.

The night was cool and I talked fast. The obvious thought didn't occur to me until I reached our front porch and saw a croquet ball shining in the moonlight; what if there wasn't any way back to old self? Dell was leaving, she had deliberately chosen another life, and didn't at mean the time might come when I'd have to choose, too?

The croquet ball was one I had dipped in phosphorescent paint the year before, in the days when seemed as though nothing could change and the four of us would return to the Cape every summer till the end of time.

The idea was that we'd be able to keep on playing as the shadows spread across the lawn after dinner, and like most of our ideas, we hadn't allowed it through. Now it seemed to be part of our past, the past that was so much kinder than any future I could imagine. I picked it up, tiptoed to her door, and knocked.

"Dell," I whispered. "I'm not asleep." She pushed aside the dictionary that lay open on her lap. "I've read twenty pages of this thing, but I doubt if I'll ever sleep again."

"Remember those croquet balls we painted?" I dropped on the bed.

"I'd forgotten," she said softly. "We never did get around to using them, did we?"

"Why don't we shoot a game now? It may be our last chance."

"Don't say that! I'll come back. Maybe not this year, but next summer—for a week-end or two, anyway."

"An old married woman... Dell, we've had a good time here, haven't we?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "There's never been any place like it."

"Then why did you go and spoil everything? Jeff's a nice guy, sure, but what's so great about being married that you have to toss all this away?"

After a time she said, "That's what I've been asking myself all evening long, over and over, lying here wide awake." Her voice was unsteady. "I don't know any answer. Things start moving the day you're born, moving and changing, and you can't stop them any more than you can hold back the tide or keep the sun from rising."

"Well," I said, "you've been doing a pretty good job with the sun. This was the first day I've seen it all this month."

"Oh, get out of here!" She was laughing and crying at the same time. "You and your questions—just wait till you have to answer them."

Hunger—my built-in alarm clock—woke me late in the morning, and the wonderful smell of bacon led me downstairs. I hadn't the slightest idea what to expect. Dell could have changed her mind, of course; she certainly didn't sound very sure of herself,

and our talk might just have tipped the scales.

I peered cautiously around the kitchen door—and there she was in Jeff's arms, rubbing her cheek against his, making little purring noises. This was the sister who couldn't sleep because of worry. I knew I didn't understand girls, but up till then I thought I understood Dell.

My mother rushed in from the dining-room and grabbed the frying-pan. "I wouldn't trust you to boil water today," she said. "Dell! Don't you know it's bad luck to see Jeff before the ceremony?"

"Oh, pooh," Dell murmured. "We're immune from bad luck, aren't we, darling? Nothing can touch us." She smiled at me over Jeff's shoulder. "Hi," she said, just as if last night had never happened. "Sleep well?"

My father's voice from the dining-room brought the picture into focus. "It's nearly noon," he was complaining. "The wedding's at four. The ushers have to be at the church by three. My stomach feels funny."

"Noon!" Dell echoed. For a moment she and my mother stood staring at each other; the next moment they were gone, and we could hear them racing up the stairs. My father and Jeff and I ate the burned bacon in silence, like three strangers.

JEFF was the first to leave. As he reached the door he turned to me and worked up a weak imitation of his old grin. "There's nothing to it, really. Offer the ladies your right arm, put the relatives up front, and smile. Like this. Your mother comes in last, and as soon as she's seated in the front row we're off..."

Then it was my father's turn. For thirty seconds he'd been looking at me and clearing his throat as if he had an important announcement to make. This was it. "I heard you last night," he said. "Don't worry about Dell. A man never knows what a woman's going to do next, but why should he? The woman doesn't know, either."

I finished the bacon by myself, ate two bowls of cereal, and drank a quart of milk in case I developed hunger pangs, then took a cake of salt-water soap down to the beach. With all the stocking-washers just getting out of bed, I figured I wouldn't even see a shower.

By the time I returned to the house Hobey was there, and, sure enough, he knew how to tie an ascot. He had some advice for me, too. "If you're getting stage-fright, forget it. They come to the church to see Dell. If you stand on your head in the middle of the chancel, nobody will notice."

I was licked at last, and I knew it, but he'd given me one small grain of comfort. All through that long-gone afternoon I held it in my mind like a charm, a watchword. I remembered it when I dragged the first guest—an arthritic great-aunt—up the aisle in a compulsive gallop.

I repeated it to myself when I led one of Jeff's cousins in a five-minute funeral march to a pew on the right. The trouble was the music had no beat, and I couldn't tell if the pace was too fast or too slow.

Then I thought of something else—what Jeff had said about the feel of a boat and the starting gun. Ushering was an intangible thing, too, a combination of time and distance and the feel of the guest on my arm. After

that it went beautifully. I hurried the dawdlers and held back the sprinters, and even if anyone had been watching, he couldn't have faulted my technique.

Finally my mother was seated. As the organist for the first time broke into a tune I recognised, I looked around at the double line of bridesmaids like bright flowers along the white canvas runner. Behind them stood Dell holding the arm of another invisible man—Father. But it wasn't the Dell I'd grown up with, the sister I'd laughed at and fought and never quite understood. She was stately, she was serious, and I knew then what she meant by radiant.

Why should I choose that moment, the moment Jeff and Hobey left the sacristy, to think of something so hopelessly out of place as school? Why should my mind suddenly jump back to a winter afternoon in the tiled and gleaming science lab?

Then I remembered: it was the cells I'd seen under the laboratory microscope, straining and struggling to divide, ripping themselves apart in their effort to begin a new life. What I was watching in the stained-glass twilight of the church wasn't really so different—the start, not of a cell, but of a family.

All over the world, brave and hopeful girls like Dell were tearing themselves free from the safety of their homes to make new homes.

When we reached the altar rail I glanced at Jeff to see if he realised what a tremendous occasion this was. Jeff looked enormously proud—like a hero, like a conqueror—and in less than no time the organist was playing that other familiar tune, and back down the aisle we all went, two by two, hurrying toward the sunlight.

It seems almost antediluvian now, that wedding—an episode from ancient history. Later weddings have all but blotted it from my memory. For the past five years, ever since we graduated from college, my classmates have been marrying as if wedlock were about to be declared illegal; and why should I buck the trend?

At this moment the sacristy door stands ajar, and through the gap I can see Rosalind's young brother escorting her mother to the front pew on the portside. His wing collar seems to strangle him, his hands twitch, and as he backs away he stumbles over a hassock.

I wish I could take him aside and say, "Relax, kid—nobody's watching"; but then he'd know I've been watching.

I wish I could persuade him that the only certainty is change, and that what he'll recall afterward is the June weather and the joyful faces and the chapel banked with gladioli. And I wish I could pass on to him what Dell's bridesmaid told me that evening on the Cape: "Your day will come, and when it does you'll be king of the world."

But there isn't time. The organist's random doodling has crystallised into "Lohengrin," the processional is on its way, and far down the aisle I can see a shimmer of white that must be Rosalind herself. All the waiting is over. Nothing can touch us now.

I wonder if she really likes the present I gave her—that model yacht completed right down to the tiny, furling spinaker? I wonder what will replace it on our living-room mantel?

(Copyright)

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Last week I mentioned the suggestion made in the British Parliament that drunken drivers should be forced to carry a conspicuous D-plate on their cars, and dangerous drivers a large M for maniac.

THE very next day while we were out in the car we saw a Sydney woman who had had the sense to label herself.

Propped up at one side of the rear window of her car was a strip of cardboard clearly lettered so that any driver behind would have no trouble in reading it. It said "NEW DRIVER. Please be considerate."

I doubt whether the most selfish driver in the world could resist a plea like that, and even the world's rudest would feel bound to keep his finger off the horn button if that car happened to be stalled right in front of him at an intersection.

As we passed her (having considered it carefully first to make sure that we wouldn't, by passing, make any difficulties for the driver) I glanced in the car and saw that she had a couple of young children as passengers.

You can argue, perhaps, that a new driver shouldn't be carrying children, but it rather depends on your definition of the word "new."

I feel sure that anyone as sensible as this driver would have got in as much practice as she could before she took her children with her in the car; but a new driver goes on feeling very "new" for about six months, and there's always got to be a first time with your children on board.

Often that's one of the many problems for women drivers. They don't begin to drive regularly until their families have grown large enough to make use of the family car (if there is one) practically a necessity for the shopping and for trundling the smaller children to and from school.

And if her husband always drives when they go out at night or at the weekend, how is she to get the hundreds of miles of traffic practice she really needs before she has to take responsibility for the lives of some restless children (who may very well distract her attention from what she's trying to do) with proper competence?

The answer seems to be to throw away false pride and put up a "NEW DRIVER. Please be considerate" notice, like the woman I saw; and to go on campaigning for an N for Novice plate—compulsory for three months and optional for six.

Why some dentists lose

patience with patients

A FRIEND of mine whose brother is a dentist was telling me over morning tea the other day how concerned those dentists who specialise in work with children are over their "image."

"We'd like to find a way," her brother says, "of making people, and especially children, think differently about their dentists."

I'd never thought of it before, but it must be rather hard on them that almost everybody enters their doors unwillingly and scuttles out again with a great sigh of relief.

Those dentists who deal patiently hour after hour with cringing or screaming small children have my deepest sympathy, but I still don't see how it's going to be possible to make children actually enjoy a visit.

We did our best with ours, without any noticeable effect.

Neither Hugh nor I ever made the least complaint about our own visits to the dentist in front of them, and we took care that they should trot backwards and forwards to the dentist's at regular intervals, so that they got used to the dentist, the chair, the surgery, and the atmosphere of the place long before they had any work to be done.

They loved looking at goldfish which he keeps strategically placed in front of the chair so that the patient's eyes can follow them, and they loved the bits and pieces he gave them as souvenirs.

Mike treasured for many months the little, round, broken mouth-mirror his dentist gave him, but even the memory of that did nothing to diminish his complete revulsion of feeling against the whole profession the first time he had a tooth to be drilled and filled.

Twice a year we still go through the family nagging session over dental checks. Di and Kay always answer brightly, "Oh, yes, I must make an appointment soon, just for a check, of course, I know I haven't anything to be done," and that "soon, soon, soon" business can go on for months, unless I risk their wrath and make Saturday-morning appointments for them without telling them until after it's done.

What a difference an

appointment makes...

MIKE is a tougher proposition: he practically has to be leg-roped to get him there. Most of the year he is as free as a bird, but only mention the prospect of a visit to the dentist and suddenly you find that all his spare time is taken up for the next six months.

Suddenly there are sports practices on days when there have never been sports practices before, there are rehearsals for plays that we have never heard of (and that we certainly don't ever expect to see performed on any stage), there are extra classes, extra playground clean-ups, extra exams.

We found a day the next week when even Mike had exhausted his supply of "extras" and made an appointment for after school.

Now we're waiting with great interest to see what extra Mike will be able to pull out of the hat—probably an extra bus-strike or an extra earthquake.

Mike has greeted with a marked lack of sympathy the opinion expressed by research workers in England that the dentist often suffers more pain than the patient while drilling teeth.

The "this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you" line doesn't go down well with Mike.

The British Dental Association has found that 50% of dentists suffer from severe backache; more than 20% suffer from muscular and bone damage; and a great many have pains in the feet, legs, shoulder, and neck.

These pains are not due to the drill; they're caused by the postures in which dentists have to work, and might be cured, the experts think, by making the patient lie down instead of sitting him in a chair.

Continued from page 37

The sun had left the little beach and it was cool in the late afternoon light. As Jerry had predicted, storms and rains and heavy waves, coinciding with seasonal high tides, had washed away tons of sand. Jerry was jubilant, but to Joan the job of digging seemed stupendous.

"Here at the base of the highest point," he said enthusiastically, "is where we'll start looking. A hole here first and another over there, perhaps."

"Like a mole," said Joan, "or a rabbit."

"A rabbit doesn't use a shovel," said Jerry. "Out of my way, girl."

He flung out a sandy wedge. Obsessed with his work, coat off, he dug furiously. With dusk deepening it grew colder. The great cliff towered above them. Joan shivered.

"I'm going back to base," she said. "How about leaving the next hole till the morning?"

Reluctantly Jerry agreed to stop digging.

"There should be a good moon tonight," he said, "and the clouds have cleared. I may go back later."

"Don't go," said Joan, "not tonight. You'll be too tired to dig tomorrow."

"Perhaps you're right," he said.

THEY roamed back slowly. Watched some black swans flying overhead.

"Perhaps they'll settle on our lagoon," said Joan.

But the swans flew on, weirdly calling to each other, flying, in formation, out of sight.

Back at their camp Jerry lit a small fire. In the snugness of their tent they ate tea by lantern light. Later they climbed into their sleeping-bags and, healthily tired, Joan fell asleep quickly.

Jumbled dreams made her restless. Tales of native folklore, myths, and symbols became part of the dreaming. Clearly she saw the ragged coastline, the tribes in their war-paint, their inter-tribal feuding, the death of a warrior, horrible and real.

The dream became a nightmare: the burial of the dead, the wailing of anguished women. Joan saw in her dreams a dark girl weeping, lonely on a high, steep cliff, felt the girl's despair as she stood poised to jump, ready to join her warrior in the sacred sands below.

Vividly Joan saw her, frantically tried to call her back. Ineffectively she shouted and woke herself up madly mumbling. Struggling in her sleeping-bag to reach out for Jerry in the filtered moonlight, she saw that he was gone.

Joan rushed from the tent, urged on by a sense of hostility around her, the feeling of dark shapes following and the knowledge, deep and sure, that Jerry should dig no further, that he should go from that place. That they should both go and never come back.

She rounded the cliff base, stumbled over the sand, shouting Jerry's name. He did not hear at first, then when he did her frightened voice made him run toward her.

He would have taken her in his arms, but she grasped his hand, too breathless for words, and tried to drag him away. Her persistence and obvious fear infecting him also, he went with her hurriedly.

Joan felt the angry dark and disembodied shapes crowding and pressing her, and, stumblingly, frantically, she led Jerry, till finally he was helping her along, caught up in her panic.

THE GUARDED SANDS

Back past the cliff base they fled, back to the low sandhills, where, exhausted, they flung themselves down.

The great cliff creaked. The sound brought them to their feet, hearts thumping. Unbelieving, they saw in the moonlight the cliff-top move, great boulders fall away and the mass slide down, slowly at first, and quietly, then loudly, thunderously close, the whole cliff-side crumbled.

Joan shut her eyes and hid her face in her hands. Jerry held her tightly.

In the quietness after the landslide, when the trembling had ceased, Joan thought of the dream

which woke her. The warning which had sent her rushing through the night.

Jerry, she knew, would have some logical reason for the fall; would blame the natural elements, storms, and heavy rains — would say erosion was the cause. But Joan, who knew the myths and legends of the dead lost tribes, would never believe the logic of his words.

Jerry had been saved. In silent gratitude she thanked the soul of the strange dark girl who woke her. The girl who would now lie buried for ever with her warrior lover, undisturbed beneath the ghost-guarded, rock-heaped sands.

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TRUDY



"Your meat too rare, Ted?"



she's smart! she's thrifty! she always buys **DAWN** Dawn toilet tissue is soft and strong, pretty and thrifty. Dawn is Australia's greatest value in quality tissue... in softest white, pink, blue and primrose

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles, up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



Prize for meat loaf

● Ginger, banana, and pineapple add interesting flavors to the meat loaf which has won first prize in this week's recipe contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each have been awarded for recipes for a kidney supper dish and for an apricot fruit cake.

SWEET and Sour Meat Loaf makes a tasty luncheon dish served cold with crisp salad.

All spoon measurements are level.
SWEET AND SOUR MEAT LOAF

Two pounds sausage mince, 1 lb. hamburger mince, 1 small can crushed pineapple (well drained), 2 ripe mashed bananas, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt, pepper, few cereal crumbs, salad greens.

Combine all the ingredients in a bowl, mix well. Shape into a long oblong roll and cover with corn cereal crumbs. Place in a greased electric fry-pan or baking-dish in the oven and cook at a moderate temperature for about 1½ hours. Serve cold with salad greens.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Rae, 30 Weonga Rd., Dover Heights, N.S.W.

KIDNEY FRANCAIS

Six kidneys, salted water, 2oz. butter, 2 shallots, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon fresh chopped thyme, pinch cayenne, extra 1oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ pint stock or water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup port wine, small triangles fried bread.

Soak kidneys in warm salted water for about 1 hour; skin and slice thinly. Fry in heated butter. Sprinkle over chopped shallots, parsley, thyme, and cayenne pepper. In a separate pan, heat extra butter, add flour, and stir over heat for 1 minute. Add stock and stir until boiling, mix in sauce and wine. Pour over kidney mixture; reheat. Arrange fried bread around dish of kidneys

and garnish with parsley sprigs.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.

APRICOT FRUIT CAKE

One cup chopped apricots (before using soak for ½ hour in a little warm water, drain), 1 cup water, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup chopped nuts (almonds or walnuts), 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, grated rind 1 small lemon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour.

Combine in saucepan the chopped drained apricots, water, chopped fruits, nuts, sugar, spice, lemon rind and juice, and chopped butter. Stir with a wooden spoon until boiling, then boil together for about 3 minutes. Cool slightly, mix in well-beaten eggs and, lastly, sifted flour. Fill into a well-greased 7in. cake-tin and bake in a moderate oven about 1½ to 2 hours. Reduce heat if cake is becoming too brown. Allow to cool in tin, frost, if desired.

Note: For a darker cake, add brown sugar instead of white, and 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda to the boiling ingredients.

Frosting: One ounce solid white shortening, 1-2 tablespoons milk, ½ lb. icing sugar (sifted), 1oz. coconut, 1 or 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Combine white shortening and milk in saucepan, bring to boil. Add icing sugar, lemon juice, and coconut; mix well. Spread over top of cake.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Mercer, 40 Henry St., Poynton, S.A.



Please give me a name!

WIN
ONE OF
50
DOLLS LIKE ME!

PRIZES: 50 winners will receive a beautiful 18" doll with nylon hair and a pretty pink and white dress. Grand Prize — for the entry judged best of all, the doll comes with 5 complete outfits of clothes.

JUDGING: Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of:
1. Originality of name.
2. Suitability and originality, interest, and neatness of brief written statement.

Judges' decision is final and no correspondence relating to the competition will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., for any or all purposes, and none will be returned.

Employees (and their immediate families) of Kimberly-Clark, their Advertising Agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter the competition.

NOTIFYING WINNERS: Winners will be notified in writing about 6 weeks after the contest closes. This allows time to judge every entry. A complete list of winners will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly on or about August 5.

I think Miss Dawn's first name should be

BRIEF STATEMENT WHY

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

KKD37

IT'S EASY! Just choose the first name you consider most suitable and explain why you have given her the name.

The doll is 18" high, and is dressed in the pretty pink and white striped dress that you see her wearing on the opposite page. She's cuddly! She's cute! She's pretty! You will love her. So send in your entry right away. Cut and post the entry form below.

HOW TO MAIL: Print plainly your name and address on your entry. Mail entry (on official entry form or a plain piece of paper) to: P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

Submit as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be accompanied by a wrapper from Dawn Toilet Tissue (except in those States where this is contrary to State laws).

CLOSING DATE: Entries must arrive at P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W., by May 15th. Entries received after that date will not be considered. No responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in transit.

Coffee drink for dieters

● Our low-calorie recipe this week is for a nourishing breakfast drink.

THE recipe is not only for dieters. It's also for those — particularly business girls — who tend to skip the first meal of the day because they have neither the time nor the inclination to prepare it.

This drink can be partly prepared the night before. All that need be done in the morning is to fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white.

COFFEE NOG

One cup strong milk coffee (made with skim milk), liquid sweetener to taste, pinch cinnamon, 1 egg.

Chill coffee thoroughly. Beat egg-yolk, add liquid sweetener to taste. Stir in cinnamon and pour on chilled coffee. Just before serving, beat egg-white stiffly and fold into coffee. Serve very cold in a tall glass. Serves 1 — 135 calories per serving.

COOKING HINTS

● These helpful cooking hints sent in by readers win £1/1/- each.

SPRINKLE half cup rolled oats on top of a fruit cake instead of nuts. When cooked, the oats will turn crisp and brown, giving the appearance of nuts. — Miss M. Lacey, 59 Lahona Ave., East Bentleigh, Vic.

Mushrooms have such a good flavor that other strong flavors spoil rather than improve it. Instead of adding onion for a different piquancy, use finely chopped chives. The result is excellent. — Mrs. J. L. Wilkinson, 2 Icelan St., Burwood, N.S.W.

When making jam and adding the sugar, also include a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Skimming will not be necessary. — H. Lawton, 20 Gordon St., Deepdene, Vic.

For unexpected visitors who arrive at teatime, try this: Mix two tablespoons of icing sugar with a little boiling water and add a few drops of flavoring. Spread the mixture thinly over plain biscuits and sprinkle with coconut. Cream crackers served this way are particularly delicious. — Mrs. C. W. Castle, 35 York Rd., Pt. Pirie, S.A.

Test your flair for decorating with light Win the Kempthorne Look for your home

1st prize

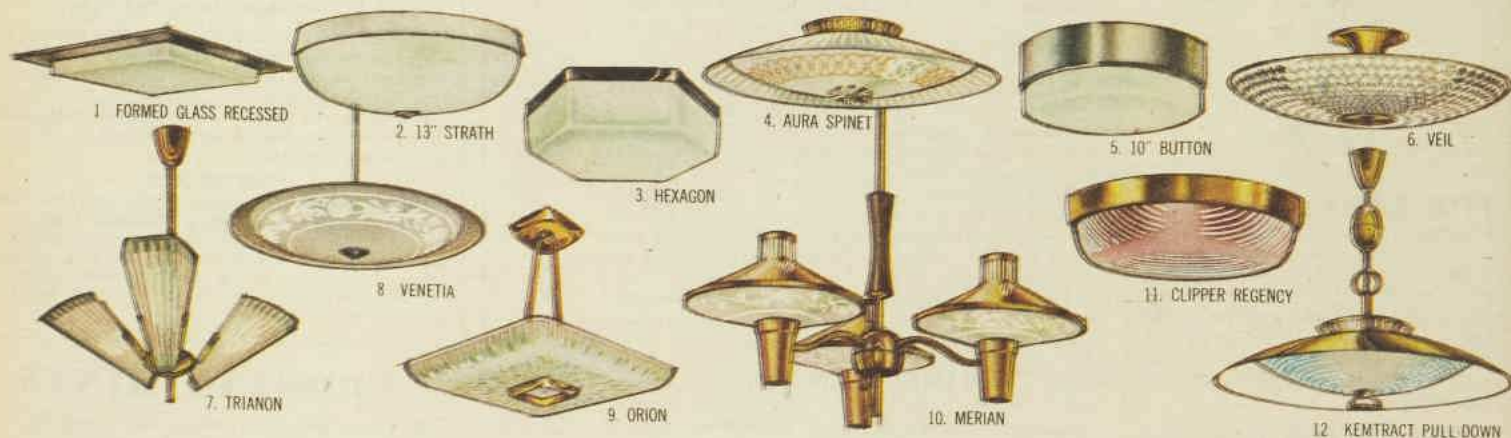
You choose up to 10 Kempthorne light fittings to light your home, inside and out.

plus 36

Elegant Kempthorne Venetia pendants in your choice of White, Champagne or Pink to be won by the 6 best entries from each State.



Just select the most suitable Kempthorne fittings for these 3 rooms - and one of your own rooms



Look up at your lighting. Now, imagine those old fittings taken down and elegant new Kempthorne lights enhancing your home. It's fascinating to choose lighting and now your decoration taste can win you wonderful prizes from Kempthorne.

All you do is choose one Kempthorne fitting (from the 12 illustrated on this page) for each of the rooms above. Print the number and name of your 3 selections in the entry form.

Made up your mind? Here's the next step. Pick a Kempthorne light fitting for one of your own rooms. (Any room - it's up to you.) You may choose from the 12 fittings above or make your choice from the complete Kempthorne collection. Write to Kempthorne, Box 159, Clayton, Vic., and your free Book of Lighting showing 132 fittings in full colour will be mailed to you promptly.

Fill in the few brief details asked for on the entry form at right. Entries will be judged by Kempthorne designers and their decisions must, of course, be final.

Entries close 24th April, 1964. Winners will be notified by mail and their names announced in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Helpful Hint: Visit your nearest Kempthorne retailer and see how Kempthorne's exclusive fade-proof glass-ware and tarnish-proof metal combine to give you today's most elegant look in light.


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KEMPTHORNE
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COMPETITION No. 2

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I have chosen a _____ (Kempthorne fitting)

for my _____ (name of room - bedroom, lounge, etc.)

The room's ceiling height is _____

The room's colour scheme is _____

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Mail this page to "Kempthorne Contest", 121 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, Vic. C 1



TEN

PERFECT

CAKES

● We have tested and tasted hundreds of cake recipes—the ones chosen for this feature are those which, unanimously, were voted best of their type.

THESE points were considered before the final decision was made:

- *Comparative cost of ingredients*
- *Ease of preparation*
- *Dependability of recipe (will it turn out well every time?)*
- *Appearance when completed*
- *Texture when cut*
- *The sheer good eating of the cake itself*

Recipes in this feature met all considerations. You'll find a cake here to suit almost every occasion, and know you'll be baking one you can serve with pride.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure has been used. Where flour is mentioned, plain flour is intended, unless otherwise specified.

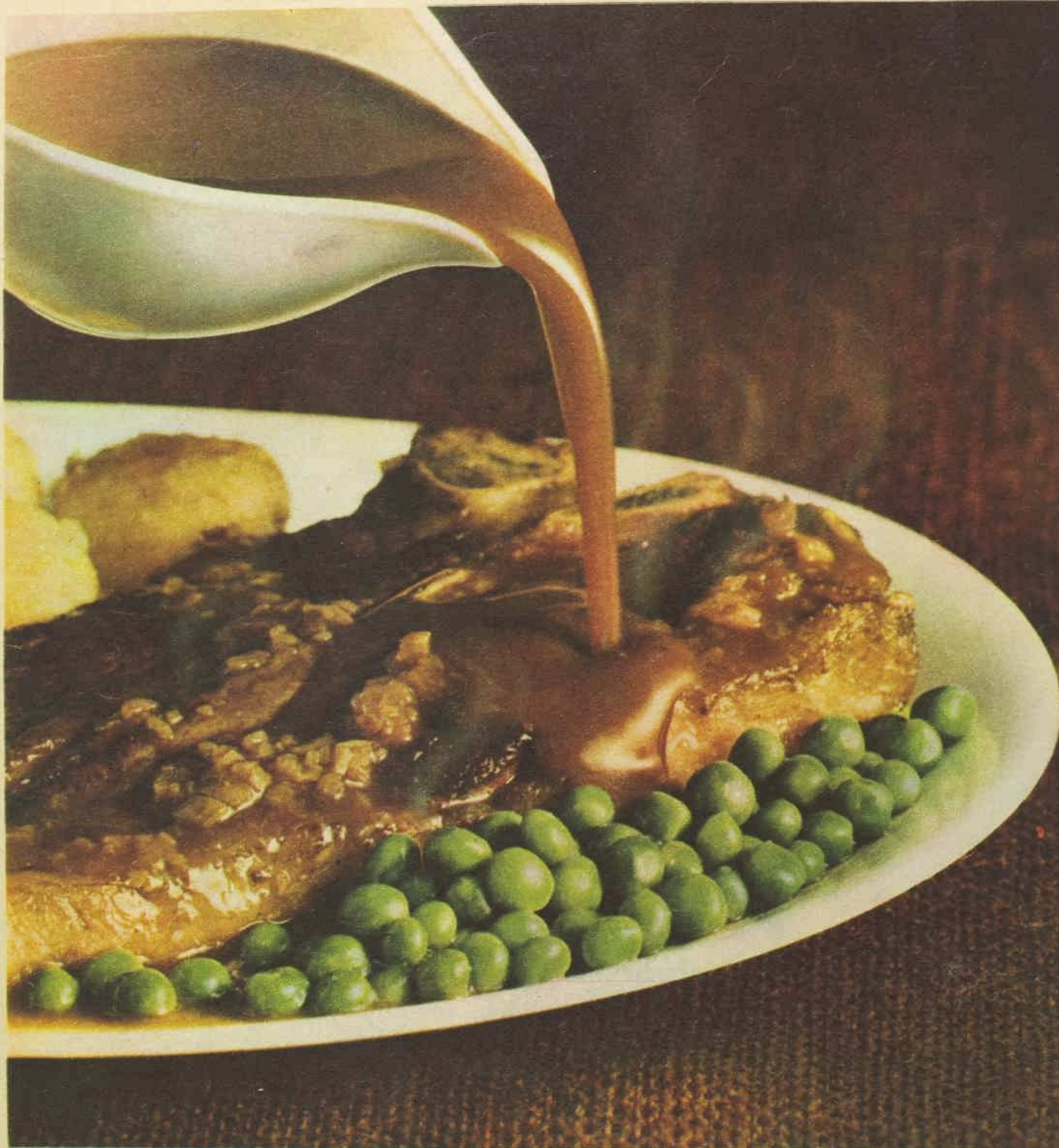
Honey Spice Roll

● Two ounces butter or substitute, 11oz. honey, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, whipped cream.

Beat butter until soft, add honey, and mix well. Add flour and spices, which have been sifted together; blend thoroughly. Add eggs and beat until smooth. Dissolve soda in boiling water and add to batter; mix in quickly. Pour into a greased and paper-lined swiss-roll tin and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from oven and turn out immediately on to a slightly damp tea-towel which has been sprinkled with sugar. Do not remove paper; roll up in tea-towel. Leave until cool. Unroll and remove paper. Spread with whipped sweetened cream and re-roll. Slice to serve.

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Continued on page 55



Steaks sizzle... with the flavour of Maggi Brown Onion Sauce

What's better than a juicy steak? One that's simply smothered in the rich flavour of Maggi Brown Onion Sauce. Make this savour-packed sauce quickly, easily, while the steaks are sizzling... just mix, stir, heat and serve. Never a failure!

There are four deliciously different Maggi Sauces: Mushroom, Curry, White, and Brown Onion — a sauce for any and every dish.



Try this idea too!

SAVOURY STEAK

Brown 1 lb. minced steak and 1 clove crushed garlic in butter. Add prepared Maggi Brown Onion Sauce, 1 small tin tomato juice. Simmer till cooked.

TEN PERFECT CAKES

continued

White cake

• Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup plus 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup extra sugar, whipped cream.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cream butter and sugar until very light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with milk in 3 or 4 additions, beating well after each addition; add vanilla. Beat egg-whites until they hold soft peaks, gradually beat in extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, beating well after each addition until sugar is dissolved. Fold whites into batter. Pour batter into two 8in. round sandwich-tins, greased and lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes or until done. Turn out on to cake-rack, carefully remove paper. Cool.

Join layers and top cake with sweetened whipped cream.



Orange Cake

• Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, milk to mix (approximately 4 to 6 tablespoons), 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Put sugar into mixing-bowl; add 2 tablespoons milk and stir until sugar is softened. Add butter and orange rind, cream well. Add beaten eggs gradually; beat until mixture is thick. Sift flour, fold in alternately with milk (add just enough milk to give good dropping consistency). Grease loaf-tin, place band of paper across inside of base, grease paper; spoon in mixture. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-rack to cool.

Serve plain or, if desired, top with a warm glaze icing into which a little grated orange rind has been blended or ice with Orange Vienna Cream, as shown in the picture. Decorate with candy orange slices.

Orange Vienna Cream: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2 cups icing-sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind.

Cream butter until soft, slowly sift in icing-sugar, beat well, stir in vanilla and orange rind. Add a little cream, if necessary, to make icing of good spreading consistency.



Continued on page 57

Page 55



"You know you're drinking coffee . . . when it's Bushells!"

(because Bushells Instant Coffee has **FLAVOR-BUDS**)



Bushells start with fresh roasted coffee beans and by a special process turn them into . . .



these **FLAVOR-BUDS** — thousands in every spoonful. Every Flavor-Bud is rich, full bodied coffee.



Add boiling water and Bushells Flavor-Buds burst into life to give you perfectly brewed coffee.



the Instant that IS coffee.

TEN

PERFECT

CAKES

continued

Rainbow Cake

• Twelve ounces butter or substitute, 1lb. 2oz. sugar, 9 eggs, 1½ cups milk, ¼ teaspoon pink food coloring, 1½lb. flour, 3 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, ¼ teaspoon lemon essence, 1oz. cocoa (blended with a little milk).

Cream butter or substitute and sugar with lemon essence. Beat in the eggs two at a time and beat well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and mix well. Divide the mixture evenly into three; leave one part plain, color one part pink, to the third add the blended cocoa. Fill the mixture into three 8in. sandwich-tins (greased) and bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes. Allow to cool. Join together and top with butter cream. If desired, sprinkle top with chocolate shavings or dust with sifted icing-sugar.

Butter Cream: Eight ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup boiling water, vanilla essence.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add milk and boiling water gradually. Continue beating until all sugar crystals are dissolved. Flavor with vanilla.



Sponge Sandwich

• Six ounces castor sugar, 5½oz. self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon butter, 4 large eggs, whipped cream, icing-sugar.

Beat eggs well until they are very thick and creamy. Add sugar gradually, a dessertspoon at a time, beating well after each addition; beat 5 to 7 minutes after last of sugar is added.

Sift flour, fold into egg mixture (use a wide spatula for this to incorporate more air into the mixture). Dissolve butter in hot water, blend into batter. Grease and lightly flour two deep 7in. sandwich-tins; divide batter evenly. Bake in moderate oven approximately 25 minutes. Turn on to cake-rack to cool. Join layers with whipped cream, dust top with sifted icing-sugar.

Chocolate Cake

• Four ounces dark chocolate, 1 cup milk, 2 cups brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon boiling water, ¼ pint whipped sweetened cream, chocolate stars.

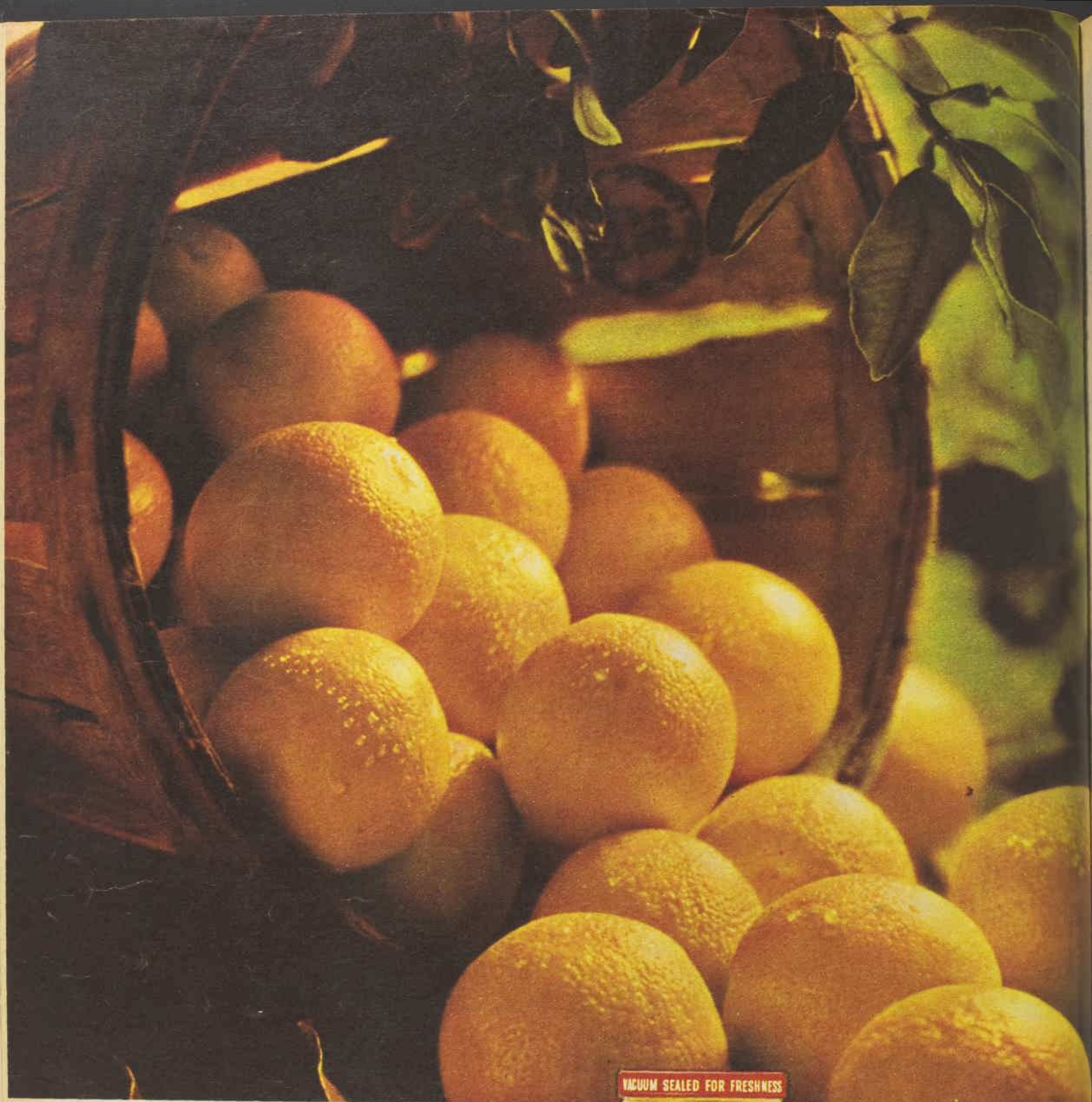
Separate eggs. Beat milk with 1 egg-yolk; chop chocolate, add to milk with 1 cup brown sugar, coffee, and vanilla. Cook, stirring over gentle heat until thick. Set aside to cool. Cream butter or substitute with remaining sugar, add 2 egg-yolks, beat well. Add sifted flour, then beat in cooled chocolate mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in boiling water, stir into mixture. Turn into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand 5 to 10 minutes before turning on to cake-rack to cool. Sandwich together with whipped cream and top with chocolate frosting and chocolate stars.

Chocolate Frosting: Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 cups sugar, ¼ cup milk, 2oz. dark chocolate (melted), 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add sugar and milk; bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Cook over low heat 10 to 12 minutes, gradually blend in the melted chocolate, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, beat until thick enough to spread. Add vanilla. Spread thickly over top of cake.



Continued on page 59



NOW 2 ORANGE MARMALADES FROM KRAFT*.

New! Seville Orange Marmalade, 'quick cooked' by KRAFT to put an English tang on your toast. And that old favourite, KRAFT Sweet Orange Marmalade, so you can take your choice, sweet or bitter-sweet, with breakfast tomorrow.

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TEN

PERFECT

CAKES

continued

Gingerbread

• Ten ounces flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ gills milk, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1oz. candied peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon spice.

Sift flour, soda, and spices, rub in the butter, add sugar and finely chopped peel. Beat egg well, add to the milk, then mix in syrup. Pour into the flour mixture and mix lightly and quickly; batter will be soft. Pour into well-greased shallow 8in. tin, bake in moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes. Cool on wire rack.

Serve plain or top with a plain glaze icing sprinkled with chopped crystallised ginger.



Light Fruit Cake

• Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. glace cherries, grated rind 1 lemon, 5 eggs, 8oz. flour, 12oz. sultanas, 3oz. mixed peel, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind. Beat eggs and add gradually. Sift flour and baking powder; chop cherries, sultanas, and peel, sift a little flour mixture over fruit. Add flour and fruit alternately to butter mixture; add brandy, mix well. Turn into 8in. square tin which has been greased and lined with two layers of brown paper and two layers of white paper, then greased again. Bake in moderate oven $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Butter Cake

• Four ounces butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups castor sugar, 3 eggs, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, rind and juice 1 lemon.

Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; add lemon juice and rind. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk.

Place batter into greased 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 60 minutes. Let stand in tin 10 minutes. Turn on to cake-rack to cool.



Date-nut Loaf

• Half pound dates, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 2 cups boiling water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, 4 cups flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Chop dates, combine them with soda and pour the boiling water over. Set aside to cool. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, beat in eggs one at a time. Sift flour with salt, add to creamed mixture alternately with cooled date mixture. Stir in nuts. Fill into four well-greased nut-loaf tins, the bottom of each of which has been lined with a circle of greased paper, cut to fit. Fill tins half full. Bake in moderately slow oven for 1 hour.

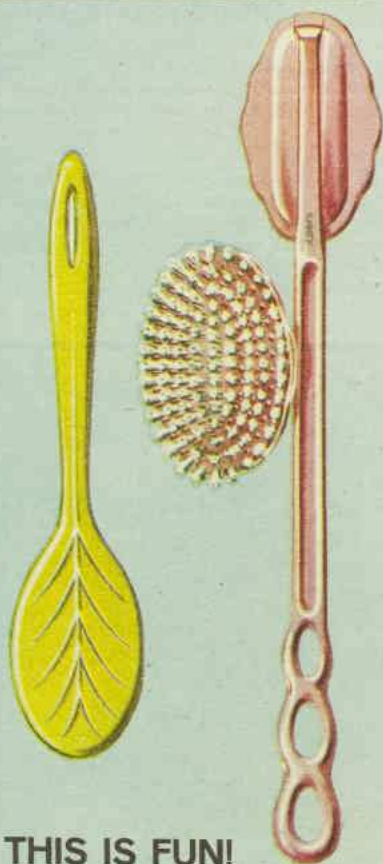
Alternatively, fill mixture into two well-greased and lined 9in. x 5in. loaf-tins; bake as above.

Photographs by Don Cameron and Barry Cullen.

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Wisdom toothbrushes feature "angle in the handle" for correct brushing. Buy this special offer — now in all chemists and stores. It's a winner — don't delay.

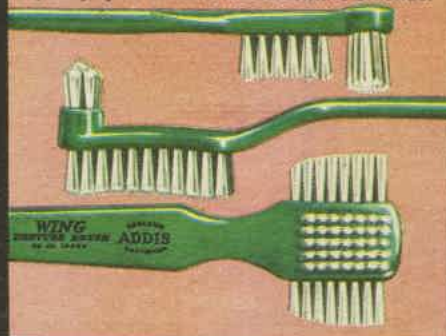


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Toilet brush hides inside a pretty plastic bell. Brush itself can't drip, flash-dries, bristles stay firm and hygienic. Set, 21/9.

AD176R

COME SEE ME DIE

"No—or perhaps I should say yes." She lifted her cup and put it down again without drinking. Nothing that she did now when she was with him seemed natural or right. An agonising self-consciousness affected her all the time. In the strained silence the pear tree leaves rustled faintly, as though a small breeze had shaken them.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "something has happened, something that Debbie and I can't make head or tail of," and words that she seemed to have no control over followed rapidly, the thing she had meant to tell no one till Debbie returned. Annoyed at her own weakness, she told him of the incident of the scissors and the jewellery.

"Of course," she ended, "she's gone off her head."

"Gone off her head?"

"Yes, that's what Debbie says."

"And what grounds has she for thinking so?"

"Plenty; apparently Debbie says that toward the end, when she was working for them, she'd been getting madder and madder, more unbalanced, more quarrelsome."

"Quarrelsomeness is hardly unique," he said dryly.

"No, but it seems it was little short of persecution mania with her. She was all the time wanting to take revenge on people, and now apparently she's stored up a frightful grievance against mother, and at last—"

"Loose talk," William cut her short. "Mrs. Berry is no more mad than I am. I've seen the woman recently. She's perfectly sane, though a very unlikeable creature. But mad in the sense that she's not responsible for her actions—rubbish!"

"I think the Wakefields have a little more experience of her than you have," Sarah said coldly.

"I think the Wakefields haven't had the experience of being in a law firm. Mrs. Berry's cast of mind is all too common. The litigious pest who at the smallest disagreement with a friend or a neighbor rushes to 'have the law' on them instead of settling the matter sensibly with a face to face talk."

"I entirely disagree with you." She put two plates together and swept off some crumbs with a contemptuous hand, conscious that nothing now that he said would she agree with. She would say black was white to oppose him. "This is something different, a theft, a crime. You could not convince me that Mrs. Berry, if anything less than off her head, could have done such a thing."

"Quite. The question is, did she do such a thing?"

"What? What's that you say?"

"Was it Mrs. Berry? You and Debbie have jumped very wildly to that conclusion, but nothing you've said so far convinces me."

"Oh? And who, may I ask, do you think it was if it wasn't she? You've got some other idea, have you?"

"No. No, I can't say I have any theories about it at all. Nor is it my job to have any. Not yours, either." He stood at the end of the table, tall and crushingly authoritative, making Sarah feel a twitty female, heated and bird-brained. "The point is, there's been a robbery here and the police must be called in at once."

"No, no, they mustn't," she contradicted flatly. "Certainly not. Not yet. Not yet. Not till Debbie gets back. Law 'n' order!" she said with a little laugh. "That would be your first thought, poor William!"

No thought for this unfortunate mentally deranged woman traipsing about the countryside, already possibly terrified at what she's done."

"I deny that she is mentally deranged and I will not stand by and see your mother's property stolen without making every effort to recover it. She left me in charge of her affairs."

"It's not my mother's property any longer," she said triumphantly. "She gave me these gold things before she went away. She said I could have them, wear them, do anything I liked with them."

"Short, I imagine, of allowing someone to walk off with them."

"Even that is entirely up to me, thank you."

"That's just stupid. I don't know why you told me about this incident if it wasn't that you expected some sensible opinion from me."

"I don't know why I did, either." Her hand was trembling as she made one further pretence of lifting her cup. "I might've known that anything you had to suggest would be all too sensible for my taste."

"I'm sorry, but there it is. I'll go and ring up the police station."

HER cup went back into the saucer with a clatter. "You won't do anything of the sort. Not from this house, not with my permission."

"Every hour of delay makes their job harder."

"How just too bad for them!"

"I must beg you not to be so childish, Sarah."

"I've told you I'm thinking of her, not of the jewellery."

"I know, I know." As her voice had risen he had grown progressively quieter. "You've told me a lot of things that need a great deal of substantiation. But if, as you claim, she is mad, then the sooner she's found and properly looked after the better."

If, however, being sane, she's taken these things, then clearly she deserves no very special treatment. Finally, if it is someone else who has committed this theft, any delay is madness. Legally—"

Sarah stood rigid at the other end of the table, eyes lowered to the things on it, not daring to look at him. Her temper was fraying to shreds; she could feel her control over it slipping, slipping. He had enough to say about a matter like this, addressing her as if she were some sort of a one-woman jury! While she could only remember a night, not more than a few weeks ago, when they'd come back from a dance and had made coffee in here, almost as it was getting light. A magical dawn in the garden. They had leant on the window-sill together to watch it unfold, from grey to pearl, from pearl to rose, too happy to exchange even a word.

And now, and now—!

"Legally," he was droning on.

"Oh, shut up!" she exploded.

He stared coolly back at her angry face. "Thank you, Sarah. Then I shan't say another word."

"Good. That'll be fine for me."

"Worsted in a discussion, you resort to—"

"And get out! I didn't ask you to come here and give me advice, and I don't want it."

"Very well, if that's the way it is, I will get out."

"Thank you. Thanks a lot!"

"And I won't come back."

He walked to the door. "So you say! You've been here three times today already without my invitation," she shouted after him as he strode to the hall.

Standing very still, Sarah heard the front door shut; and the only satisfaction she had from the whole miserable passage with him was that it was shut with a bang.

No sooner had its echo died away than she was struck again by that question she had asked this afternoon: What had he come here for?

Furious with herself for her loss of temper and dignity and good manners, she gulped down a cup of coffee and hurried out of the kitchen and up the stairs to the sitting-room.

She glanced over at the desk. Proof that she, too, had had the police in mind from the start was the fact that she had left everything as she had found it and had handled the scissors carefully, picking them up by the tip.

Too agitated now to face Katie's sharp eyes, she turned on a reading-lamp, took up a book, and, pushing the biggest, most comfortable armchair from beside the window to the lamp, sat down to wait for Debbie.

Before opening her book, she leant forward to the table and took a cigarette from the box and lit it. Sitting back, for one moment her eyes rested on the heavy curtain that hung from its deep pelmet to the floor.

Or nearly so; except for one bare inch; and there on that tiny space Sarah's eyes were riveted, staring at a strip of white below the curtain. Not white, not quite white. Bone colored.

The edge of one of the bone-colored shoes that Mrs. Berry had been wearing this morning when she left her.

Fear rushed up and started to shake Sarah's heart, like a terrier with a rat. The thing she was looking at swam before her vision, in the mist of her panic. Mrs. Berry standing behind the curtain within a few feet of her! Mrs. Berry mad, mad, mad, and dangerous! Come back for something and hiding there!

The suffocating silence in the room grew and grew. With dry lips, Sarah drew in a deep breath of smoke and let it out again slowly, trying to steady her shaken breathing. What to do? What to do now? Wait or run? If she sat still, how long would the other stay there hidden? If she got up and turned to go, would the other leap out and spring on her?

Was she armed? A gun? A knife?

In her terror, Sarah felt no match for the wiry, powerful little woman. Her imagination ran riot, picturing the sudden clamor, the struggle and violence. She could scream and scream, but no one would hear. The idea of Theda Berry, truly demented, unstrung her in a way she had never before imagined she could be.

She leant forward and tapped the ash off her cigarette, steeling herself to stay where she was—right there—to sit it out till Debbie came back.

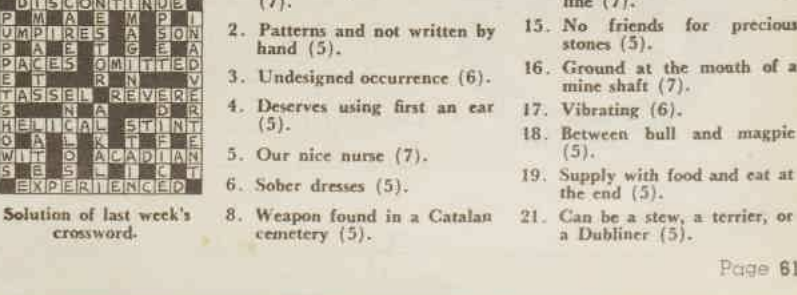
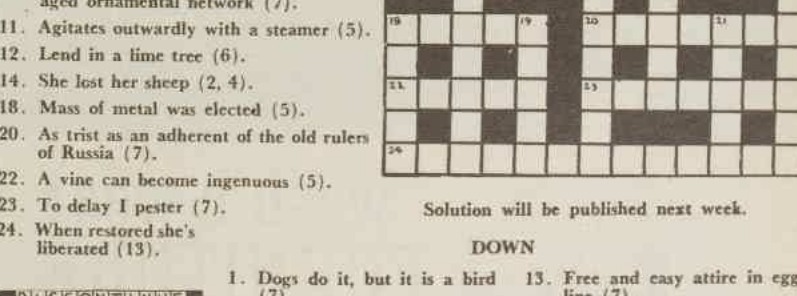
If she dared, if she was allowed to!

Now she felt as though she were suddenly endowed with abnormal sight and hearing. There was a grass seed on the carpet, miles away by the door. The smile on the face of the china figure on the mantelpiece had

To page 70

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

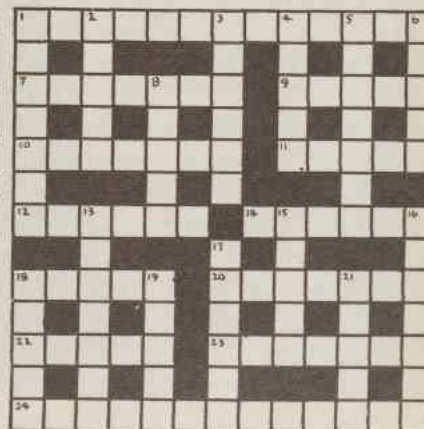
MANDRAKE, despite an assassination attempt on his life, is still posing as President Andros while awaiting news of the operation in America on the real President. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- He brings inner light to many a home (6-7).
- Great African ape, the largest known anthropoid (7).
- Line cutting all the meridians at the same angle with an inward murmuring sound (5).
- Poison theatrically connected with some aged ornamental network (7).
- Agitates outwardly with a steamer (5).
- Lend in a lime tree (6).
- She lost her sheep (2, 4).
- Mass of metal was elected (5).
- As trist as an adherent of the old rulers of Russia (7).
- A vine can become ingenuous (5).
- To delay I pester (7).
- When restored she's liberated (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Dogs do it, but it is a bird (7).
- Patterns and not written by hand (5).
- Undesigned occurrence (6).
- Deserves using first an ear (5).
- Our nice nurse (7).
- Sober dresses (5).
- Weapon found in a Catalan cemetery (5).
- Free and easy attire in egg line (7).
- No friends for precious stones (5).
- Ground at the mouth of a mine shaft (7).
- Vibrating (6).
- Between bull and magpie (5).
- Supply with food and eat at the end (5).
- Can be a stew, a terrier, or a Dubliner (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

HUNTSMAN SWEATER, HEAVILY RIBBED

● Knitted on big, big needles, this glamorous casual will become a winter way of life. Directions for three different chest sizes are given below.

Materials: 16 (B 18, C 20) balls Patons Big Ben Crepe Yarn, 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 7 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (B 34, C 36) in. bust; full length, 24in.; sleeve seam, 17in. (or length desired).

Tension: 7½ sts. to 2in. measured over st-st.

PATTERN

1st Row: * P 2, k 1 taking up loop from previous row, rep from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

FRONT

With No. 7 needles, cast on 74 (B 80, C 86) sts.

Work 4 rows in g-st.

Change to No. 3 needles and work in patt. until front measures 16in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. **

Work straight until armhole measures 4½in.

To Shape Neck: Work 26 (B 28, C 30) sts. in patt., cast off 14 (B 16, C 18) sts.,

work 26 (B 28, C 30) sts. in patt.

Work on last 26 (B 28, C 30) sts., casting off 4 sts. at neck edge every alt. row twice. Work straight until armhole measures 7½in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (B 6, C 6) sts. at armhole edge twice, then 6 (B 8, C 10) sts. once. Join in yarn at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front to **. Work straight until armhole measures 5½in.

Next Row: Work 24 (B 26, C 28) sts. in patt., cast off 18 (B 20, C 22) sts., work 24 (B 26, C 28) sts. in patt.

Work on last 24 (B 26, C 28) sts., casting off 3 sts. at neck edge every alt. row twice. When armhole measures same as front, shape shoulder as given for front. Join in yarn at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

With No. 7 needles, cast

on 38 (B 41, C 41) sts. Work 4 rows in g-st.

Change to No. 3 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 8th row until there are 56 (B 59, C 59) sts. on needle.

Work straight until sleeve measures 17in. (or length desired). Tie colored thread each side to mark end of seam. Work 4 rows straight. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 3 needles, cast on 32 sts. K 1 row, then work in patt. for approx. 29in. (or sufficient length to fit around neck). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side. With fine back-stitch seam join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams to colored thread. Sew in sleeves, placing rows above colored thread to cast-off sts. at underarm. Join ends of collar, fold in half, and sew horizontally to neck edge.

More designs page 64



THE STYLE IS SIMPLE, to enhance the intriguing ribbed stitch. The shoulder-line is dropped slightly. The wide collar rolls away from the neck to frame a pretty face. Directions for knitting are at left.

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Illustrated—A beautiful group comprising 5 x 3' table, 7' buffet, and No. 5 chair.



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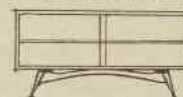
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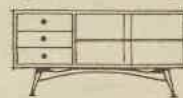
No. 2 Dining Chair features Elite's famous "U" frame, "Vynex" covered foam upholstered seat and back.



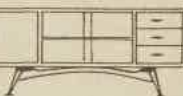
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HERS: IN MOSS-STITCH WITH 3-BUTTON FRONT

● It's a timeless casual that always looks right — a pattern you will want to keep and use many times. The bracelet sleeves are convenient for the busy housewife when doing workaday chores.

Materials: 30 (31, 32) oz. Woolworths Flash Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 7 needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length 23 (23½, 24) in.; length of sleeve 14 (14, 14½) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. and 7 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 79 (83, 87) sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

Rep. last row (moss-st.) until work measures 15½ in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Raglan (Right side facing): Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every alt. row until 25 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 47 (49, 51) sts. and work as for back until work measures 14½ in. or 1 in. less than armhole.

Next Row (Right side facing): Dec. 1 st. at end of row and at same edge every 3rd foll. row. At the same time when work measures 15½ in. or length required to underarm, shape raglan as follows: With right side facing, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of row. Dec. 1 st. at same edge every alt. row.

Cont. in this way until 18 decreases are made at front edge.

Cont. to dec. at raglan edge every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.

Place 3 markers at front edge, first 1½ in. from lower edge and third ¼ in. below first dec. at front edge.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

To Make a Buttonhole (Right side facing): Work 5 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 5 sts., cast on 2 sts., work to end of row.

SLEEVE

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 43 (43, 45) sts. and work as for back for 6 rows. Cont. in moss-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 63 (67, 71) sts.

Cont. in moss-st. until work measures 14 (14, 14½) in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan (Right side facing): Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every alt. row until 9 sts. rem.

Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 172 (178, 184) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 rows. Cont. in rib, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 24 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Join raglan seams. Seam sleeves and sides. Seam shaped edge of collar to neck edge, easing collar slightly. Sew on buttons (2 in. in from edge) to correspond with markers.



MOSS-STITCH jacket is trimmed with a ribbed roll collar. Directions for 32, 34, and 36-in. chest sizes complete on this page.

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THE RURAL BANK DOES MORE FOR YOU!

HIS: A FISHER KNIT WITH RAGLAN SLEEVES

Materials: 43 (B 45, C 46) oz. Woolworths Flash wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 6 needles; extra No. 8 needles; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit loosely 38 (B 40, C 42) in. chest; length from top of shoulder 25 (B 26, C 26½) in.; length of sleeve 20in.

Tension: Approx. 7 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: K 1 below, knit into loop below next st., then slip both sts. and loop off left-hand needle tog.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 77 (B 81, C 85) sts.

1st Row (Right side of work): P 1, (k 1, p 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times. Change to No. 6 needles and work first row once.

Next Row (Wrong side facing): Sl. 1 knitwise, * p 1, k 1 below, rep. from * to end of row.

Next Row: P 1, * k 1 below, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows for patt.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 16in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan (Right

Tailored masculine car coat considers his creature comforts. The smooth roll collar, the raglan sleeves, and the button-up front are all points to appeal to the well-dressed man.

side facing): Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: P 1, k 1 below, p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in patt. to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1 below, p 1.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, p 1, k 1 below, p 2, work in patt. to last 5 sts., p 2, k 1 below, p 1, k 1 below.

3rd Row: P 1, k 1 below, p 1, k 1, k 1 below, work in patt. to last 5 sts. k 1 below, k 1, p 1, k 1 below, p 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: P 1, k 1 below, p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in patt. to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1 below, p 1.

6th Row: Sl. 1, * p 1, k 1 below, rep. from * to end of row.

7th Row: P 1, * k 1 below, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

8th Row: As 6th row. Rep. last 8 rows until 23 (B 23, C 25) sts. rem. Work next 3 rows and cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 37 (B 39, C 41) sts. and work as for back until work measures 16in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan (Right side facing): Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row. (Place marker at end of row.)

Next Row: Work in patt.

1st Row: P 1, k 1 below, p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work patt. to end of row.

2nd Row: Work patt. to last 5 sts., p 2, k 1 below, p 1, k 1 below.

Cont. in this way, dec. at raglan edge every 4th row as for back until 8th row is worked.

To Shape Neck: Cont. in patt., dec. raglan as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at front edge on next and

every 10th foll. row until 6 (B 6, C 7) decreases are made at front edge. Cont. in patt., dec. at raglan edge every 4th row as before until 4 sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. at front edge every row until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. and end off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 43 (B 43, C 47) sts.

1st Row (Right side of work): P 1, (k 1, p 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 3in., ending with 2nd row.

Change to No. 6 needles and work first row once.

Next Row (Right side facing): Sl. 1 knitwise, * p 1, k 1 below, rep. from * to end of row.

Next Row: P 1, * k 1 below, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows for patt.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 9th row and every 10th foll. row to *63 (B 67, C 71) sts.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 20in. or length required.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Work 8 dec. rows as for back raglan shaping until 9 (B 9, C 11) sts. rem. Work next 3 rows and cast off.

BANDS AND COLLAR

Join 4 raglan seams. Using several No. 8 needles, right side facing, commencing at lower edge of right front, pick up and knit 88 sts. to marker, 58 (B 62, C 66) sts.

from marker to first seam, 10 (B 10, C 12) sts. across top of right sleeve, 28 (B 28, C 30) sts. across back of neck, 10 (B 10, C 12) sts. across top of left sleeve, 58 (B 62, C 66) sts. to marker and 88 sts. to lower edge. (340, B 348, C 362 sts.)

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) rib until 194 (B 198, C 208) sts. are worked—turn, (k 1, p 1) rib 48, (B 48, C 54) sts.—turn, (k 1, p 1) rib 52 (B 52, C 58) sts.—turn, (k 1, p 1) rib 56 (B 56, C 62) sts., turn.

Cont. in this way, working 4 sts. more every row until 90 sts. each end rem. unworked—turn and rib to end

of row. Rib 4 rows. Make buttonholes. With right side facing, rib until 88 sts. rem., * cast off 3, rib 17, rep. from * three times, cast off 3 and rib 5.

Next Row: Rib 5, * cast on 3 sts., rib 17, rep. from * three times, cast on 3, rib to end of row.

Work 6 rows in rib. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Seam sleeves and sides. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Turn back collar and press into position.

Another design on page 67



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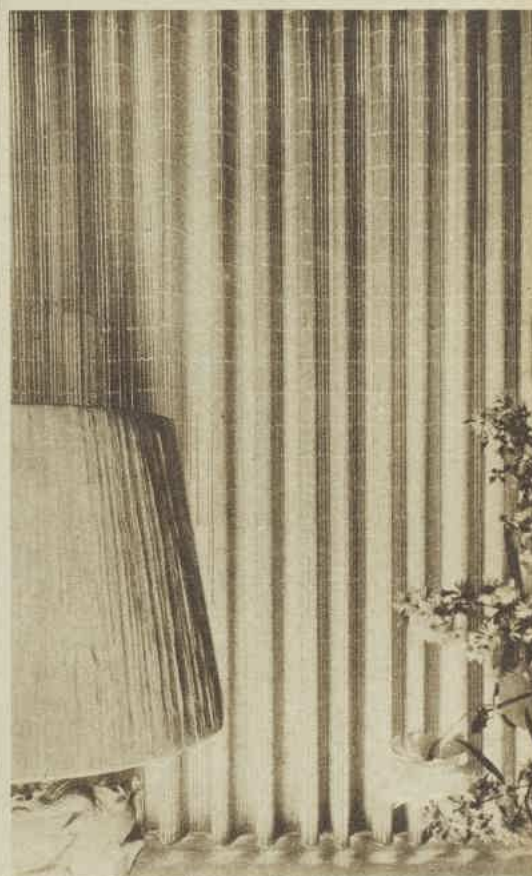
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 8, 1964

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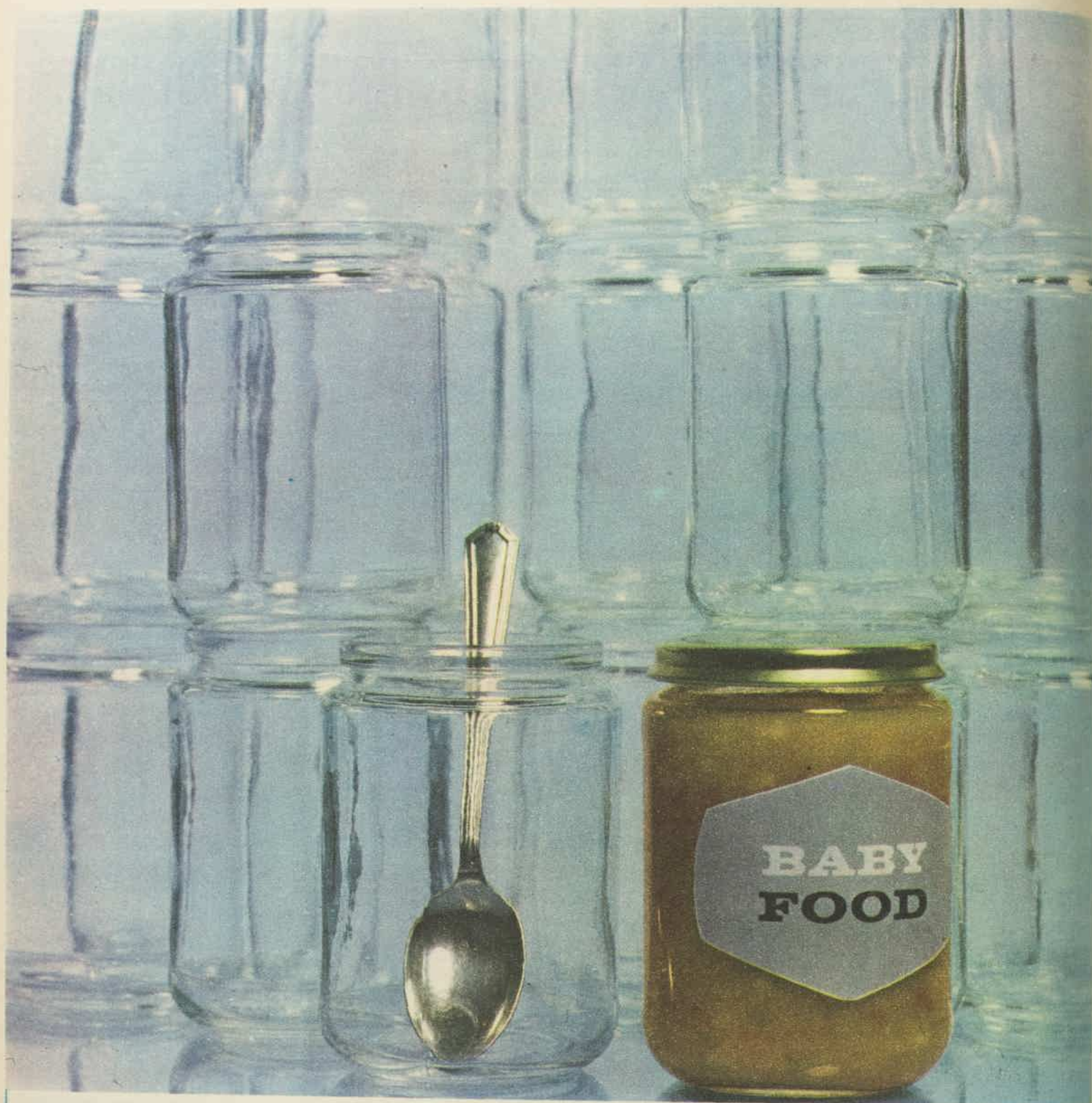
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DIRECTIONS for this practical jacket are given above in 38, 40, and 42in. chest sizes.



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MULTI-PATTERNED PULLOVER

If you like trying out different stitches you'll enjoy knitting this sweater. Four different patterns are used to give it a patchwork look. Directions for 36 and 38in. sizes are complete on this page.

KNITTERS with a sense of adventure will love the professional touch in this way-out sweater.

Warm as a cup of steaming chocolate, or the glowing coals of a log fire, it is best worn with plain pants or skirt to highlight its multi-patterned finish.

Clear navy, oyster beige, or one of the very latest violet tones will bring out its beautiful texture. The neckline is wide so you can wear it comfortably over a plain skivvy.

Materials: 32 balls Patons Jet Tripleknit; 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 36 (38) in. bust; length, 26in.; sleeve seam, 17in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 2in. measured over st-st.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p,

purl; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; beg., beginning; cont., continue; st-st., stocking-stitch; foll., follow(ing); rep., repeat; "Twist R," knit into front of 2nd st. on left-hand needle and before taking off k into front of first st. and take both off tog. "Twist L," knit into back of second st. on left-hand needle and before taking off k into front of first st. and take both off tog.

STITCH 1

(Divisible by 3 with 1 over.)
1st Row: * P 1, "Twist R," rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, k 1, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

3rd Row: * "Twist R," p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: * P 1, k 2, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

5th Row: P 1, * p 1, "Twist R," rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

6th Row: P 2, * k 2, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

STITCH 2

(Divisible by 2 with 1 over.)
1st Row: * P 1, sl. 1 purlways, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

5th Row: P 1, * p 1, slip 1 purlways, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

6th Row: As 2nd row.
7th Row: As 3rd row.
8th Row: As 4th row.

STITCH 3

(Divisible by 3 with 1 over.)
1st Row: K 1, * "Twist L," p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * p 1, "Twist L," rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: * P 1, k 2, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

5th Row: K 2, * p 1, "Twist L," rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

6th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

STITCH 4

(Divisible by 4 with 1 over.)
1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
Rep. this row.

FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 92 sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row (99 sts.).

Change to No. 4 needles and cont. in patt. as follows:

1st Row: Work 37 sts. in "Stitch 1," 25 sts. in "Stitch 2," 37 sts. in "Stitch 3." Cont. working these 3 patts. in this manner for 6in.

Work 6 rows in p 1, k 1 rib. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Work 37 sts. in "Stitch 2," 25 sts. in "Stitch 3," 37 sts. in "Stitch 2."

Cont. working these 3 patts. in this manner for 6in.

Work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows (67 sts.).

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Work 21 sts. in "Stitch 4," 25 sts. in "Stitch 2," 21 sts. in "Stitch 4." Cont. working these 3 patts. for 5in.

Next Row: Work 21 sts. in "Stitch 4," cast off 25 sts., work 21 sts. in "Stitch 4." Cont. in "Stitch 4" on last 21 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 17 sts. rem. When armhole measures 8in. shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge once, then 9 sts. once. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as given for front.

LEFT SLEEVE

With No. 8 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in., inc. 5 sts. along last row.

Change to No. 4 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 6th row until 77 sts. on needle, working "Stitch 4" for 6in., 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, "Stitch 3" for 6in.

Work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Shape Top as follows:
Work in "Stitch 2," dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 8 patts. worked (13 sts.). Cast off.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Work as for left sleeve, but working "Stitch 1" in place of "Stitch 3" for 6in.

NECKBAND

(Make 2.)

With No. 8 needles, cast on 25 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib, casting on 3 sts. at end of every row until 55 sts. on needle. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join neckband to front and back, join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves.



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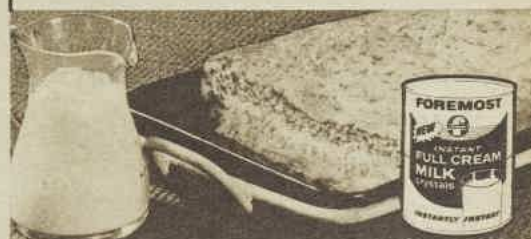
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FOREMOST APPLE COBBLER



4 cooking apples
1 tablespoon sago
2 cups self-raising flour
pinch salt
1 egg
1 cup water
grated rind ½ lemon and ½ orange

2 thin slivers of lemon peel
½ cup sugar
2 cloves
½ cup Foremost milk crystals
extra ½ cup sugar
2oz. melted butter or substitute
little sugar

Peel and slice apples, cook until tender with lemon peel, sago, sugar, water and cloves. Fill into casserole dish. Sift flour, Foremost milk crystals, salt and sugar. Mix in beaten egg, melted butter and water. Spread over apple. Sprinkle fruit rinds and sugar over top. Bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold with the following custard.

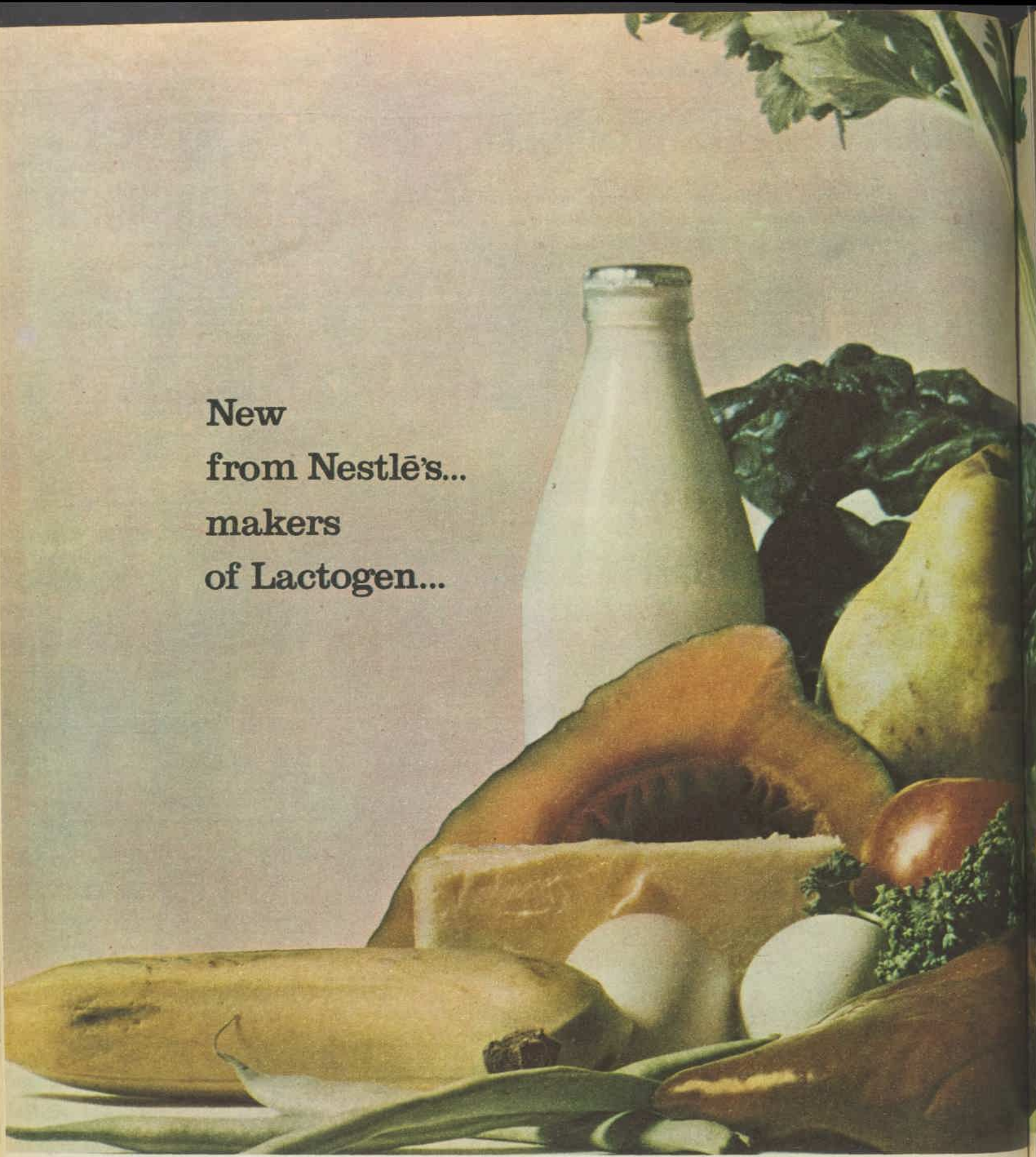
CREAMY CUSTARD

2 cups water
1 cup Foremost milk crystals
extra 4 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon vanilla essence

3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons cornflour
1 egg or 2 egg-yolks

Put water and sugar in saucepan, mix in Foremost milk crystals; heat. Blend cornflour with extra water and add to the hot milk. Stir until thickened; simmer 2 minutes. Add a little of the hot mixture to beaten egg-yolk, return to saucepan and heat. Simmer a few minutes. Add vanilla.

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Page 69

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Continued from page 61

COME SEE ME DIE

broadened to a sickly grin. Thud, thud went the tiny watch on her wrist, rapping out the minutes. The paper of her cigarette crackled like minute explosions as it burnt away.

Then all at once her nerve cracked. She sprang up and fled without a backward glance; out of the room, down the stairs, out of the house. The Wakefields, the Wakefields!

She wrenched open the gate.

William's car was still drawn up at the pavement's edge, and there inside, with the light on, and a book in his hand, was William.

At sight of her violent irruption through the doorway he jumped out and came across to her. "Hold on, hold on. What's up?"

She caught him by the arm, pointed back to the house. "She's there," she whispered. "Upstairs. She's

hiding behind the curtain in the little sitting-room."

"Mrs. Berry?"

"Yes."

When Sarah had first caught sight of William sitting composedly there in the car, she had thought deliverance had come; she had thought the worst was over. But it wasn't.

It was she now who, in the hall, begged him to ring the police, who cautioned him against going upstairs, about possible knives and guns. But he brushed her aside and ran up, two steps at a time.

Standing at the foot of the first flight, she heard him run across the landing... heard a thud... the sharp crack of the door shutting. Flying up the stairs, she ran to the sitting-room door and wrenched at the handle. It was locked. Frantically she beat on it with both fists.

"William... William! Mrs. Berry, let me in!"

No answer. Nothing came. She hung there for a moment, straining her ears for the smallest sound.

Brave enough now at the thought of William dead or dying behind the locked door, she ran out of the house again, out of the back door to where the leafy pear tree grew. How often she and Debbie, as children, had climbed into the sitting-room window above! She started up it now. Standing on the first fork, she looked up for her next handhold.

Theda Berry was astride one of the boughs at window level; was leaning forward, staring down at her. Theda Berry was descending slowly at first, then more quickly, and then in a headlong rush she dropped on Sarah, knocked her out of the tree,

and landed on top of her on the earth below.

It would have been hard to say whether the shock of Theda Berry's fall on Sarah was greater for her being a corpse and not a vengeful assailant. In fact, William recovered more quickly from the blow on the head that had knocked him out than Sarah did from her eclipse by the murdered woman's body dropping, plop! like an over-ripe fruit out of a tree.

Afterwards, Sarah couldn't have told how long she lay there with that dead weight on her. In life, Theda Berry had only weighed seven stone, but in death, what a hideous incubus she had seemed, an immovable gravestone pinning Sarah to the earth! The flimsy dress ballooning up to smother Sarah's face, the heavy tapestry bag wound by its strap to the pulseless wrist, the sickening pink-icing-moss-rose scent, the sightless, staring eyes, the final stillness of her!

Then Sarah had screamed, had heard her own frenzied screams ringing out across the garden, a sound almost more unnerving to her than its cause. It had brought Hubert and Katie Wakefield running to her aid.

And then the long, intolerable night had begun.

The facts surrounding the killing of Theda Berry had been fairly simple for the local police to piece together. Time of death, three o'clock in the afternoon; cause, suffocation.

A cushion or the velvet curtain held over her mouth? To prevent her calling for help when William and Sarah came in the front door at three o'clock.

That was the most plausible hypothesis to fit the facts.

Panic must have seized the killer at that moment, standing there in the small sitting-room with the dead woman on the floor and two people coming into the house below and going into the kitchen. What to do? How to get away?

A feint, a diversion. The crystal ball!

Down the stairs it was set rolling, cleverly calculated to drop, drop, from one smooth board on to the next, so as to bring the two out of the kitchen and hold them in the hall spellbound for a long minute while the escape was made out of the sitting-room window and down the pear tree. The stairs and the front door would have been too risky an exit for fear one of them should emerge from the kitchen unexpectedly.

So the killer was out and away by the time William and Sarah ran up with the ball. Finding all the rooms empty and undisturbed, they had failed to notice that the sitting-room window was unlocked.

The disappearance of the

gold ornaments could be read in two ways: either Theda Berry had come in—time unknown—and left her bag in the hall while she went upstairs to her room; then someone had crept in through the front door left open, rifled her bag, taken the scissors, pinned open the desk, and been caught at the job by her, and had killed her and hidden her body behind the curtain.

Or someone, someone she knew, had come in with her, had killed her—for reasons unknown—and the robbery had been staged to place the guilt on Theda Berry, which her disappearance would have confirmed.

Night must fall, of course, before that "disappearance" could be brought about.

Through the long, hot afternoon while Sarah slept—and behind the curtain Theda Berry slept still more deeply—the killer had waited. Waited in what house, near or far? In what hideout, garden, or car, till darkness fell and the perilous venture of the night could be embarked on?

The plan to take her body away and get rid of it—burn or bury it?—would have been successful but for one or two fatal mischances, those little bits of bad luck that spell failure in a desperate enterprise.

FIRSTLY, Sarah

left alone in the house when Debbie drove off, had happened to move the armchair from its usual place in front of the curtain, thus exposing to her idle gaze that strip of bone-colored stock. Her headlong flight had given the killer—now presumably stationed in the pear tree just outside—time to leap in the window and drag the woman on to that top bough.

But something, so it would seem, had had to be gone back for—some betraying object dropped in the scurry—and the unkindest chance of all was William Huxtable, having decided to wait for Debbie's return, still in his car at the gate, ready to rush straight up the stairs and into the room, necessitating a quick retreat behind the door for the killer and a bash on the head for William.

Then the final exit down the pear tree while Sarah was hammering at the locked door. But no time to carry off Theda Berry from her precarious station on the top bough and hoist her over the jasmine hedge at the back where a car must have been waiting.

If the plan had succeeded, playing into the killer's hands was the fact of Theda Berry's well-known instability of character. Once the talk took the line that she was of unsound mind when she committed the robbery and made a getaway—well, how many

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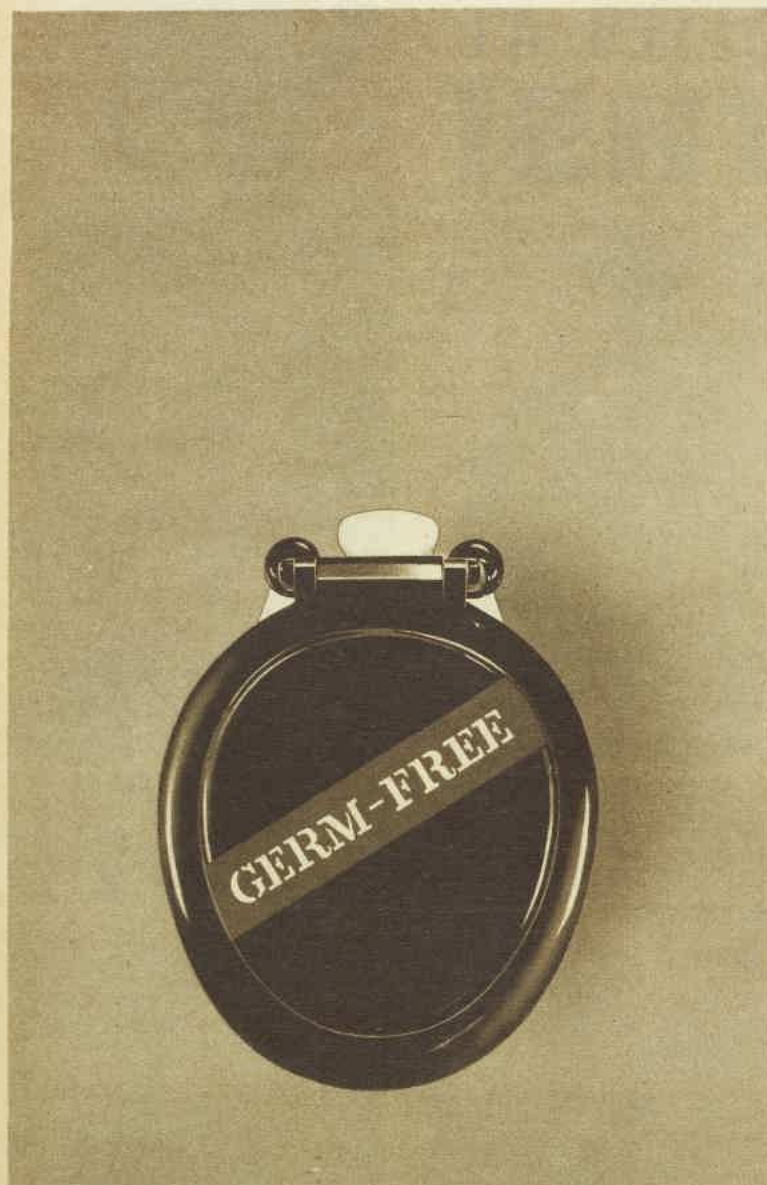
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more examples would have been brought forward to brand her mad!

This piecing together of the events of the afternoon and evening had not needed very much ingenuity; what was impenetrable, by guess or detection, was the dead woman's own behaviour on that last day of her life; and this was the aspect of the case that Detective-Inspector Grogan of the Sydney C.I.B. fastened on when he and his squad arrived in Corramundi a few days later and paid their first visit to Larchwood.

Coming down from the upper regions, Grogan and Detective-Sergeant Manning with a note-taking constable in tow, found Sarah and the Wakefields in the morning-room with Conrad, who, not finding Debbie at home, had followed her in here. He was sitting on the arm of her chair, looking down at her bright shining head while she leant back, her shoulder just touching his thigh. His dark, lean, long-jawed face was calm. They looked wholly detached from the subject in hand, and Sarah thought how divinely insulated against shocks people in love were.

William was there, too, summoned by Hubert. Hubert had some firmly fixed idea in his head that the presence of a lawyer was mandatory during any encounter with the police, be it a murder investigation or a request to see your driving licence.

Hubert was accordingly formal in manner and garb this morning. Like a minor force of Nature, he seemed unnaturally compressed and confined in trousers instead of shorts, in shirt and tie instead of bare torso, and with hair brushed flat instead of standing on end.

Katie, on the other hand, seemed almost pleasurably expectant. Any crisis was a challenge to her special talent of taking charge of a conversation and steering it where she wanted it.

However, Detective-Inspector Grogan himself had rather a special talent along those lines, and for once Katie's light was dimmed.

Sarah, looking round her mother's little morning-room with its concentrated essence of home, wished this gathering anywhere in the house but here. Here, her every recollection was of her secure and happy youth, of nursery teas and children's parties, of cupboards stuffed with draught-boards and puzzles, with butterfly nets and kites and tennis racquets; and all seem-

Continued from page 70

ingly watched over and guarded by her mother's precious shrubbery just beyond the long window.

And yet, in the interval since Theda Berry died, murder had begun to be almost tamed and domesticated for Sarah, so that when the inspector turned to her and recalled her first encounter with it under the pear tree she was able to answer with singularly little emotion. This was helped by the fact that the man addressing her seemed very nearly as easy-going as the room itself, his voice as friendly, his personality as reassuring.

But she warned herself hastily. For all his pleasant appearance, with his blue-grey eyes and blue-black hair, no doubt he had up his sleeve just as many tricks and traps and nets as were stowed away in the cupboard, and weapons a good deal more lethal than water pistols and tennis racquets.

Sergeant Manning, on the other hand, gave no such pretence of neutrality. Stiff and unbending, he spoke little, but the look he bent on each person in turn was a reminder of the occupying army.

GROGAN was saying to William: "Mr. Huxtable, I understand you were one of the people the dead woman was in communication with on the day of her death?"

"That's so, by telephone."

"Yes. There was Mrs. Robins here, of course, and Parkes, the ironmonger, says she dropped in there and picked up those scissors of hers. He saw her leave Mrs. Robins at the car, and she turned straight into the shop. It seems that her next port of call was the chemist nearby, a feller by the name of Frith. She picked up a bottle of medicine and some aspirin. That was half past eleven."

"Yes. She left me at twenty past," Sarah said, "making the excuse for not coming with me that she had so many things to do."

"Well, she did go into one or two places," Grogan told her. "Picked up some fruit and a pair of shoes she'd had mended, and went in and bought a meat pie. For her lunch, apparently. It seems she ate it here, because there were a few crumbs of it by the table in her little sitting-

COME SEE ME DIE

room next to the kitchen. So she must've known early on that she wasn't going to follow her usual Wednesday pattern of going out to stay with this niece of hers for the day and night."

"Catching the bus," Sarah said. "I half didn't believe it at the time, as a matter of fact, when she said she was going to."

"No. Now what did she have in mind to keep her here, then? That's what we're trying to work out. See? This telephone talk you mentioned to the local police, Mr. Huxtable? Just what time was it she rang you, and exactly what took place between you and her?"

William, sitting sideways at the table, was thoughtful. "Well — as nearly as I can say — it was a little after twelve."

"Right after she got back here, looks like, then."

"It could've been. My secretary told me she wanted to speak to me and put her through, and rather abruptly she asked me to come to this house at three o'clock that afternoon."

"Without explanation?"

"Without any explanation whatsoever."

At this disclosure a battery of eyes were trained on William.

"Well, really!" Katie exclaimed. "What next! What in the name of heaven next!"

"That's very odd," Debbie said, eyes wide open at this new development.

"Too damn odd," Conrad declared, stopping in the act of lighting a cigarette.

From her seat near the window Sarah looked coldly across at William. Shut out! Here was another instance of how resolutely he had shut her out from everything that concerned him. Concerned her, too, considering that it was her house, her house-keeper, that all this was about! Even now there was no answering glance from him. He took good care not to look her way.

"No explanation," William repeated, "but with plenty of directions."

"Such as?" Grogan asked.

"Well, to begin with, I was to come at three sharp."

"True to form," Katie murmured, fluttering her eyelids telegraphically at Sarah; and Hubert prodded his wife

with the stem of his pipe not to interrupt the police again.

"Yes, exactly three, and I wasn't to knock or ring. She'd be on the look-out for me, she said, to let me in. I said, 'What do you want to see me about, Mrs. Berry?' and she said, 'You'll know when you get here. I'd rather not talk on the telephone.'"

"Confidential, eh?"

"Yes. Anyhow, of course I said, 'I'm afraid that's out of the question unless you give me some idea of what you want to see me about. You'd better make an appointment and come into the office.' And then she said an odd thing. She gave a sort of snort and said, 'Huh! Call yourself a friend!'"

"I said, 'Do I? A friend of whom do you mean?' and she said, 'Well, if you won't come you won't know, will you?'"

"I said, 'Now, look here. Mrs. Berry, do give over all this mysterious nonsense, and once again that I wouldn't consider it for a moment unless she told me what it was about. I said she'd better think it over and call me again and tell me why she wanted me, and that if my going would serve any useful purpose of course I'd go, otherwise not. 'You'll come,' she said, 'I'll be on the look-out,' but I just hung up."

SERGEANT MAN-

NING gave William one of his raking stares to puncture his dignified rebuke of Theda Berry. "Had you sized up, didn't she? She didn't phone you again, and she didn't tell you, and still you came here at the time she stated."

William looked back at him with a good-tempered nod. "True. That's just what happened."

"How come?"

"Curiosity. It nagged at me. Also, as it got toward three o'clock I — well, I started to wonder if this call of hers in any way concerned Mrs. Robins, or her mother or father. I began to wonder if I'd done right in so summarily dismissing her request. I admit she had me rather worried, so I decided to go, and as she'd made such a thing about secrecy I parked my car round the corner. I went up to the front door and stood there for a while, but nothing happened. Mrs. Berry had certainly failed in her part."

"How long did you stand there?"

"Two or three minutes — I don't know — possibly five."

"Did you hear any voices or sounds of any kind inside?"

"No, nothing, just dead silence."

"Why didn't you ring at last?"

"Well, as I'd let the plague of women bring me so far, I thought I might as well follow out her instructions." William's rueful expression seemed to say that he realised he hadn't played too bright a part in the incident, that his behaviour had lacked initiative.

"Being so completely in the dark, you see — However, finally I stepped off the verandah and walked round the house. There was no sign of life there, everything appeared to be shut up. I tried the back door, but it was locked, so I came back to the front garden, thinking the whole thing must have been some sort of a silly hoax. I was about to leave when Mrs. Robins opened the gate."

Grogan nodded, gazing unseeingly out the window into the depths of a camellia bush whose ice-cold pure white blooms seemed a reproach to the tale of intrigue and

violence unfolding in the room.

"Yes," he mused, "we can't know whether she was scared of someone she was meeting here and wanted your protection, or whether she wanted you to draw up some kind of a document, with this third person, maybe." He brought his gaze back to William. "She was a client of yours, wasn't she?"

"Yes. She came to us a few months ago and instructed us to make her another will."

"Another?"

"She was a bit of a will-shaker, you see. This was the third she'd made. The other two were before she'd quarrelled with her daughters."

"This time it was her nephew she left her little bit to, I understand?"

"Yes, Norman Kerrigan. It doesn't amount to much, as you probably know."

"Had she spoken since about any further change, a codicil?"

"No, oh, no."

"Had you seen her since?"

As William paused, Conrad spoke: "At least once, eh, William, when she was gunning for me."

"And what'd that be for?" Manning looked across at the

young man who had risen from the arm of Debbie's chair to stretch and stub his cigarette, but to return to his chosen spot beside her. Whatever her grievance against him might be, the sergeant thought, the dead woman'd have an uphill job to take on this bloke. Sittin' on top o' the world — position, money, privilege — and a really nifty cuddlesome doll in his lap!

Conrad said: "Well, one morning she was giving Mrs. Wakefield a bit of lip, and I took her by the shoulders and showed her the door, and she tried to have me up for assault."

"That was brief," William said. "She came into the office in her usual state of martyred perfection, poor woman, full of ire against Mr. Appleton and talking about heavy damages. I pointed out to her that she really didn't have a case, that no lawyer would take on a little domestic set-to over nothing."

"Did she take the advice calmly?"

"I can't truly say she did, at first. There were a few acid comments on class solidarity, but I smoothed her down and we parted quite amicably. No," he went on,

To page 74

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THE EARTH MAN



THE EARTH MAN landed on the Moon. His message was expected soon. The whole world waited, all agog — He said "I've landed in a fog." "It's wet up here and chilly too, but I've got my Woods," so I'll win through."

Woods'

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Continued from page 73

"I haven't any idea what she can have wanted me here for on Wednesday afternoon. I didn't tell Mrs. Robins what I was doing here. It was Mrs. Berry's business and I felt I'd no right to mention it."

William had turned his head slightly, as though no longer speaking to the inspector, and Sarah saw that his last words were a belated explanation to herself of those two last visits of his here that day.

Grogan had turned to her, too, and she drew a deep breath, seeing it coming, another recital of every detail of that afternoon and evening: from her, from William, from Debbie, from Hubert, and Katie when they had run in on hearing her screams.

Though she wondered, as she answered their repetitive probings, how anything of fresh significance for them could ever emerge from the story. Let them melt it down a hundred times, it must always be poured out in the same shape, fixed as each phrase was by having been uttered again and again, to each other, to friends, to the local police.

"Mrs. Robins," Grogan leant back in his chair and looked across at Sarah with that friendly glance calculated to invite frankness and put discretion to sleep. "About no key in Mrs. Berry's handbag. We can't come up with any signs of it. She always had it, did she?"

"Always. I gave it to her when my father and mother went away."

COME SEE ME DIE

"Never took a back-door key, did she? No chance of her having lost this latchkey some time back and never mentioned it?"

"No. Only the day before she been out, and I heard her open the front door with it."

"Yes, well, that rather points to our second hypothesis, doesn't it? That the person that killed her came in with her. I mean, to see, two people coming up the door together, one with her bag full of parcels — well, she gets key out of her purse, and then her companion, absentmindedly — second nature it almost — drops it into his pocket or bag."

Sarah nodded, thinking all over this, as she had done many times since Wednesday. Purely automatic, probably, to have pocketed the key, and no threat to her. Theda Berry was dead. But nevertheless for these past few nights had slept at the Wakefields, meant to have a new lock put in the door, just in case.

Just in case. The speculation, guesses, the odd inexplicable happenings around Theda Berry's death made a day and night backdrop to one's thought.

This was a morning on which alive, Theda Berry couldn't have failed to appear with the coffee tray and those little hot cakes dripping butter and defeating the calorie-conscious. Later, the tray would have come along at exactly the right moment. Her entry would have seemed to show superiority for her over the less industrious, the less methodical. That day, that neat upright phrase seemed to say, "You'd better get on with it. You're taking a waste of time to find out who murdered me!"

THE air in the room was close. Conrad chain-smoked. Hubert filled and refilled his pipe. Debbie slumped a little deeper in her chair, rested her head against Conrad.

Even the air coming in from the enclosed garden of shrubs and plants had an earthy smell, the smell of dampness and leafmould. Those games of hide and seek there when she was little, Sarah mused. Hide and seek again in her but now what a deadly game the "caught!"

Katie took advantage of the moment's pause to say in her tones that she feared the detectives would have a long road to travel before they met up with anyone whom the dead woman hadn't had a feud with. Theda Berry was six, she said, and since her husband had got his merciful quietus years ago she had been doing domestic work, injecting herself with a hypodermic needle into people's lives and pulling herself out with the dose of trouble and making had been released.

For herself, Katie affirmed she was peaceably disposed, at last she had found it intolerable to live with a woman who had morning-tea trays laid and left in the pantry by lunch time the day before, and little piles of the material for a week's fires lined up in the scullery for one to stumble on and break one's neck over. That Theda Berry had had a rendezvous with the collective ill-wishers in her turbulent past was Katie Wakefield's murmured guess, paying lip service to "de mortuis."

Debbie said plaintively, sotto voce, her mother's harshness: "I am no one'll think the worse of me for it, but I believe I was the only one Mrs. Berry didn't feel too bad about. Even after she left us she accepted a lift from me once twice into Maple Street."

Conrad took her hand and laid it down at her, his glance seeming to say that anyone who wouldn't have been won by Debbie's many attractions, by the enchanting turned face, that flawless creamy throat where it met the skin, little summer blouse, must have been dead already.

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WHEN choosing material for cushions, hunt for inexpensive remnants; they make ideal covers. Try to ensure that the fabric will be hard-wearing and crease-resistant — velvets, satins, and taf-

fetas will give a rich glow to a room and there are many novelty fabrics, hardy cottons, and hessians that can be used as well.

It is a good idea to make an inner covering for the filling in unbleached calico: covers can then be removed easily for cleaning.

Make inner covers a little larger than outer ones to give cushions a well-filled look. Sew them in the same manner as their outer counterpart, but leave about 4 to 5 in. unstitched to allow for turning out. Stuff firmly, then hand-stitch opening.

Three different methods are given below for closing cushion openings. However, all cushions can be closed by any of the three, i.e., by press-stud tape, slide fastener, or hand-stitching.

Tassel cushion

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36 in. material, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 in. cushion pad, embroidery wool or silk for tassels, press-stud tape.

Fold material in half and cut into 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares. Right sides facing, stitch round three sides (taking $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam); leave fourth side open. Snip corners across before pressing. Press seams open, reverse to right side and ease out corners. Insert covered filling, close opening with press-stud tape.

(Triangular cushion can be made with one 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square cut diagonally — otherwise, the same method is followed as for the square cushion.)

TO MAKE TASSEL

Make about seventeen loops round extended thumb and forefinger to the length required. Take off fingers, wind wool tightly round loops, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from one edge. Do two or three loop knots to secure, cut thread and tassel ends.

Bolster pillow

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 48 in. material, kapok stuffing, 12 in. slide fastener.

Cut rectangle 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for cover. Cut two circles, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter, for end pieces. Fold cover in half, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. edges meeting, right sides together. Stitch seam (taking $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turning), leaving 12 in. opening for slide fastener. Press seam open. Turn under one open edge $\frac{1}{2}$ in., turn other edge under $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and baste. Turn to right side.

To insert slide fastener, place edge with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turning on tape of closed slide fastener, close to teeth. Stitch in place. Lap the other edge over slide fastener to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. over stitched edge. Baste on wrong side, close to teeth. On outside, stitch $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from edge, joining in slide-fastener tape and stitch to ends of cover. Reverse to wrong side, baste ends to cover, right sides together, easing in fullness, and stitch.

Inner cover for filling is made in the same manner, but the open end is closed by stitching.

Walled cushion

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 48 in. material, cushion pad 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 16 in. diameter, 3 in. deep, large button mould.

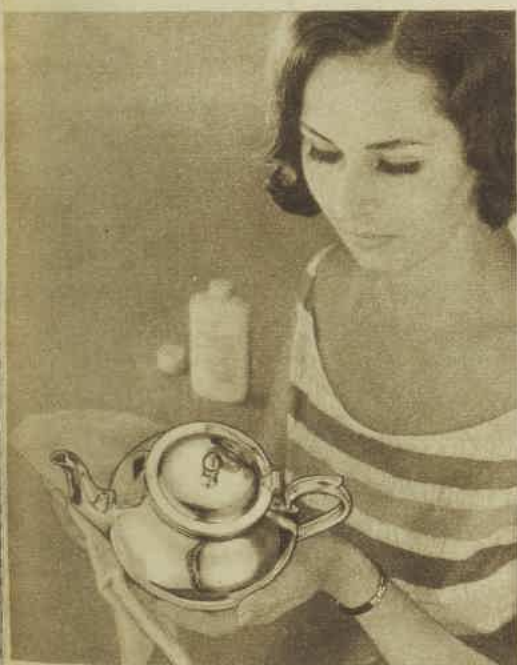
Make circular pattern 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter and cut two pieces from material (circles should be cut adjacent across width of material). Cut three strips of walling, 4 in. by 18 in. from remaining material and join into one long strip, measuring same as circumference of circle. Stitch one circle to each side of strip (taking $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam), leaving 12 in. opening for filling. Press, turn to right side, insert covered filling and slip-stitch opening.

TO COVER BUTTON

Cut two circles of material twice the diameter of button. Run gathering thread $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from edge of circle. Place mould on wrong side of material, draw thread tight and secure. Sew one button to centre of cushion and pull thread tight (thread should be taken through to other side of cushion). Sew other button to reverse side.

In place of tassels or buttons, interest can be given to plain materials by frilling or smocking, piping or pleating. Embroidered cushions make gay additions to a child's room (e.g. embroider a giraffe on to the triangular cushion in our sketch).

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The Australian Scene

'Wimmera Landscape' Tempera on hardboard
Arthur Boyd

Arthur Boyd was born in Melbourne in 1920 and comes of a family of artists. Two of his grandparents were painters. His father and his uncle, Penleigh Boyd, were also painters. One of his brothers is a painter and one a potter. Boyd, himself, as a painter, is mainly self-taught. His painting shows great sensitivity and is characterised by a simple, haunting quality and a sort of 'secreteness'. Even in this apparently open and artless 'Wimmera Landscape', we are aware of the hidden places, the gullies and dips that lie just behind that shoulder, just over that rise, waiting to be discovered and revealed. This quality of 'hiding' and 'discovery' is a large part of the magic of Boyd's very personal style. 'Wimmera Landscape' is painted in tempera—an ancient method of painting on a plaster base, using dry colours mixed with the yolk of an egg and size instead of the usual oil. Boyd is famous for his work in this medium.



If you would like to see the original paintings that make up the Viscount Collection, they will be on Public Display in the Blaxland Galleries at Farmer's from Wednesday, April 1, to Thursday, April 9.



This fine painting,
 'Wimmera Landscape'
 by Arthur Boyd,
 is one of seven paintings
 by Australian artists
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 uncrushable mailing tube.

Manning, however, slayed Debbie's words and her young man's adoring looks with an acid debunking stare. "I don't reckon she was any better disposed to you," he said, "than to the rest of your family."

Debbie looked up, puckering her smooth white forehead. "Why? What do you mean?"

He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a sheet of paper. "This letter to your father."

And once again Sarah saw the spiky, spidery handwriting of Theda Berry.

Hubert reached up and took the letter that Manning held out. As his eyes scanned the few lines, his leathery sun-scorched face took on an added shade of red. He spluttered, snorted, swore, blazed a glance round at the detectives.

"Damn it, don't tell me you've dug up this bilge!"

"Seen it before, have you?" Manning asked.

Continued from page 74

Hubert's face grew redder still, feeling the eyes of the two detectives fastened on it. "Of course I've seen it before. You didn't think she'd sit on this priceless composition, did you?"

"Hubert!" Katie was looking at him with that mixture of exasperation and amusement with which she always seemed to regard her husband.

"Look, Katie, leave this to me." He dashed his pipe into an ash-tray, spilt out the hot dottle, gathered it up, burnt his fingers, swore again. "I've seen it before and I've seen more than I want of it. Where'd you find it?"

"In the wastepaper basket in her room upstairs here," Manning told him. "It'd been crumpled up and thrown away."

Hubert glared down at it again with loathing on his

COME SEE ME DIE

tough face. "Yes, Yes, eh? The rough copy — the first precious attempt at the noble art of blackmail! A few crossings-out here, a couple of false starts there and I received the polished masterpiece!"

Manning appeared to be deriving as much pleasure from Hubert Wakefield's loss of temper as was possible for his melancholy nature to feel, rather as when the matador sees the first signs of fight in a sluggish bull. "Yes," he said, taking the paper back and turning it about with maddening deliberation. "The contents, now. Are they the same as what you got?"

Hubert snatched back the letter. "As far as I can remember the illiterate twaddle, they are."

"Have you still got it?" "How should I know?"

Maybe it's still kicking round somewhere. In my wastepaper basket or the dustbin. Have a look, you're welcome," he told Manning, while Katie's eyebrows rose and her shoulders with them.

Holding the letter at arm's length, Hubert read aloud trumpeting Theda Berry's horrid little effusion with apparent gusto:

Mr. Wakefield,
Sir,
It is about time you made a proper climb down re the disgraceful way I was treated in your home because certain things have come to my knowledge that if it gets about would be the worse for your family. Nobody likes to see a wedding spoilt by anything nasty coming out so I advise you to answer this letter before it is too late.

Your truly,
(Mrs.) Theda Berry.

Hubert tossed the letter to the table and took up his pipe and started to relight it with an angry scrape of matches. "Pretty — charming — elegant!" he spat out between puffs.

"What are these 'certain things' she was referring to, Mr. Wakefield?" Grogan asked.

"You don't expect me to follow the working of that woman's mind, do you?" Hubert's voice was rising beligerently again.

"Haven't you any idea though what it'd be?"

"No, I have not, none whatever."

"Could it be, darling," Katie put in smoothly, "those two trees on the Crown land at the back that you cut down?"

"What? What?" he shouted, as though anger had made him deaf.

"I know you were cursing and swearing about the way they were interfering with the hedge, and I seem to remember at the time Mrs. Berry murmuring something about public property."

"You don't —"

"Or the night you kept the hose on the lawn when the water restrictions were on. Her face that night spoke volumes. You swamping the lawns while other people couldn't do their washing!"

HE ran his hands through his hair and over his face as though wiping away nauseous cobwebs. "Oh, all right, yes, that'll be it. That'll be it. And when she got the sack from us for impertinence — well!"

"You see, Inspector," Katie's clear tones elaborated the theme, "the poor soul's mind worked that way. Call it — for charity's sake — an exaggerated sense of justice. A wrong, real or imaginary, was done to her, and she couldn't rest till the culprit had received punishment. Where her pride was concerned she was as touchy as a Highland Chief or an ancient hidalgo." She shook a regretful head at the vagaries of human nature.

Sitting upright in her chair, Katie looked still young, though slightly indurated by the struggle of life, still attractive, the admirable wife, mother, and — better again — mother-in-law. Debbie's wedding was taxing her domestic, social, and economic powers to the utmost. But Katie was equal to the test — so far.

"Engaging Theda Berry to cook and wash dishes," she explained, "was like getting in a tiger to catch mice for you. She was —"

"Yes, very trying," Grogan cut her short. "Did your husband show you this letter, Mrs. Wakefield?"

"Good heavens!" Hubert exploded, "do you think I'd burden my wife with that slime! Any man getting muck of that sort just tosses it aside and forgets it. That's what I did."

Looking over at Hubert, Sarah recalled the sharp glance that Katie had darted at him on their verandah the other morning when he had pocketed the letter. Was it possible afterwards, when Katie was alone with him, that she hadn't third-degreed him? Was it possible that Hubert, such a malleable creature in her hands, wouldn't have yielded up the letter? But who could say? Everyone, even the most docile husband, had his point of no surrender.

Soon after, the detectives left, leaving behind them not only exhaustion and anxiety but a new disinclination to discuss the events of the morning.

The five took themselves off, too, Debbie to drive

back with Conrad to lunch with his mother, and Sarah found herself standing alone in the hall, thinking how William had gone off down the path with Katie and Hubert, recalling his personal voice telling her to be sure to ring him if she needed help or advice. Her lawyer, her man of business!

"It'll be a long time, William Huxtable," she said to the empty air, "before I ring you."

Shortly after lunch that day, just before Grogan entered Roly Lovat's office, Norm Kerrigan was in with his boss, talking business. That subject disposed of, Roly threw himself back in his chair and started to rib Kerrigan — for the first time — on the subject of the eight hundred pound legacy from his aunt, Theda Berry.

"Nice of you, Norm, to go on working for me after coming into money."

Kerrigan, standing on the other side of the desk gathering up papers, gave a shrug.

"Very welcome, you must find it, very welcome indeed. Like pulling off a double. What are you going to do with it? Come on, let's hear. Don't be so cagey. What are you going to do with it?"

Forced to break what appeared to be a vow of silence, Kerrigan muttered something about having plenty to do with it.

"You're not thinking of starting up a gambling school, are you, Norm? And don't go buying one of those sports little roadsters. Take my advice and keep on the straight and narrow if you can, old son."

Kerrigan was always the target for Roly Lovat's rather

FROM THE BIBLE

● "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."
—Colossians 3:1

offensive witticisms. Kerrigan's obstinate taciturnity goading Roly to these facetious proddings. He seemed to regard his clerk as some kind of a not very good joke, and just now suspected that Norm's preoccupation was to solve the problem of how to keep from his wife the full amount of the inheritance.

As Roly became more extravagant, Kerrigan became more unresponsive. He stood there giving out no more than an occasional grunt or a mutter, looking at his boss with opaque eyes hooded by drooping lids, one long drooping hand resting on the desk.

"Look, the best thing you can do," Roly told him, tilting further back and putting an elegantly shod foot on the desk, "is to buy a nice little place up on River-Hill. Or put a deposit on it. You'd only have to pay another eight or ten thousand. Anyhow get yourself away from that place next door to Mrs. Cornelius. She and her sister must be a standing temptation to you. I believe your wife's one of the ladies that objected to the parties there — if that's all they are? By the way, is it true that Mrs. C makes a nice little packet out of selling the odd bottle of grog?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 8, 1964



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Before Kerrigan could fail to reply to this, Peggy, the typist, appeared with Grogan and a constable on her heels. The inspector introduced himself, and Roly did the same.

"Don't go, Mr. Kerrigan," Grogan said, as Kerrigan prepared to follow Peggy out. "There's one or two points we want to get a bit clearer."

Kerrigan shut the door and faced round again.

"I understand that Mrs. Theda Berry was your aunt, that you were one of her only relatives in the district, and on good terms with her? Is that correct?"

Kerrigan moved the papers to the other hand and touched the back of his head.

But it became apparent at once that his shut-mouth technique couldn't be maintained with the law as it could be with his employer, for Roly was content to answer his own questions, but Grogan waited, shut-mouthed himself until Kerrigan mumbled, "That's correct."

Continued from page 78

"Well, you see, we're trying to find out just who did see her on that last day of her life." Expansively the inspector's glance roped them both in, as though confident of their co-operation.

Roly said: "Naturally, yes, of course. It shouldn't be hard, though, as she was so well known, and everyone knows everyone else's business in a small place like this."

"That's right. But then again you'd be surprised how someone can see someone and not see them, if you know what I mean, not to swear to whether it was that day or the day before. And the better they know them the easier it is to be mistaken."

"Oh, yes, yes. Yes, I do see that." Roly sat down at his desk again and brought out cigarettes, and Grogan and the constable took the chairs opposite.

"Anyhow, so far we haven't got past her movements up to

about midday. Between then and her death there's a clear three hours. She was shopping in the street in the morning, and I wondered if she'd looked in here to see you, Mr. Kerrigan?"

"No."

"Did you see her that day at all?"

"No."

"You didn't, eh?"

No answer to this, Norm apparently thinking that one "no" should serve.

"What time's your lunch-hour, Mr. Kerrigan?"

A moment's pause, and then: "One to two."

"One to two? That's funny now, because on the day in question you were seen—by one of the council workers it was, he was lopping a tree nearby—you were seen sitting on a seat on the river bank opposite Larchwood, and he states that the time was about a quarter past two."

COME SEE ME DIE

A longer pause. Then Norm said at last: "Yes, I was there."

"Oh, you were, were you?" "Of course I'd given him the extra half hour that day," Roly hastened to explain.

"Sometimes when we're not too busy we ease things a bit, you know, and he asked if he could be a bit later that day."

"I see. Why did you particularly want it that day, Mr. Kerrigan?"

HAVING made his first voluntary statement, Norm allowed himself a brief amplification: "I didn't want it, my aunt did. She rang and asked me to sit there for about half an hour or so."

"To sit out there? Why couldn't she meet you in the house?"

"She didn't want to meet me."

"Eh? What were you doing there if you weren't waiting for her?"

Norm shifted his weight from the left leg to the right. "She asked me to see who went in."

"Into Larchwood?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"She didn't say."

"You mean to tell me she asked you to sit there, taking observations for half an hour, and didn't drop you a hint what it was all about?"

"No, she didn't say."

"My word, she had something on, I can tell you that for sure. It wasn't only you that was asked to go there."

Mr. Huxtable—the young one of the lawyers a few doors up the street—she rang him, too, he says. He was to be there at three sharp, and she wouldn't let on to him, either, what she wanted him for.

He went, but he says she didn't appear, and that he was just leaving when Mrs. Robins arrived home."

Roly said: "By heavens, this is getting strange, not to say bizarre. The gathering of the clans—the meeting of the waters—the mustering of the troops!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Lovat?"

"Well, what do you know about this? Just before lunch that day Mrs. Berry rang me and asked me to go along there, not stating her business. I didn't question her, it was no trouble to bob up and see her. I said O.K. I'd be along. I thought it might be something to do with the niece's farm. I'd heard some talk of it being sold."

"And you went?"

"I went, of course, yes. You must've seen me, Norm?"

Norm nodded. Grogan considered this for a moment. "That seat there, right across the road and

close to the river—it's a good way from the river. Could you see plainly any one going in or out?"

"Plainly enough," Kerrigan muttered. "Plainly enough to see the color of his tie, and see him throw away his cigarette and stoop to his shoe. There's nothing wrong with my eyesight."

"Did you see anyone going in or out all the time you were there?"

"No."

Grogan looked thoughtful at Kerrigan's long answer. Then he turned back to Roly. Like looking at a juicy steak it was, after a tallow candle he thought. "Did she tell you not to ring the bell, or something like she did Mr. Huxtable?" he asked. "That she'd wait up for you?"

Roly stared. "No, nothing like that. I just went up and rang the bell, hung about a bit, and rang again. At last I concluded she'd forgotten the appointment and time away. There was nothing mysterious about it as far as I was concerned. And then I heard she'd been killed. I began to wonder if it had anything to do with her opening the door to me."

"What time was this, Mr. Lovat?"

Roly pondered a moment. "I couldn't quite say to the minute. Did you notice Norm?"

"It was twenty past two."

"Was that it? You looked at your watch, did you?"

"Yes, and saw it was time to get back to work, or made off."

"Did you come straight back here?" Grogan asked.

"Yes."

"And you, Mr. Lovat, when you left?"

"No, I didn't come back. I got my car and drove on

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COME SEE ME DIE

Continued from page 80

to a station property about thirty miles away that's shortly coming up for sale."

"Where was your car?"

"It was parked as usual, outside the office here."

"Why did you walk up to Larchwood?"

Lovat looked back at the inspector cheerfully. "Oh, anyone'll tell you I always take a bit of exercise at lunch-time if I can, to keep my weight down."

Grogan stood up and glanced round the comfortably furnished office. He was thinking, if everything was above-board with these two blokes, why didn't they come forward to the local police with these stories at the start? No, they'd waited till an outside witness was found who'd seen Kerrigan. And then Lovat, finding his clerk had been out to the river bank and must've seen him and might now tell, hopped in quick to tell himself.

It was clear they weren't in cahoots or Kerrigan would've said he'd stayed long enough to see his boss come away from the place. Yes, whichever way you looked at 'em, the events of that hour didn't get any clearer. A woman as odd as this old girl seemed to have been shouldn't hardly expect to have her murder solved! The inspector thought wryly. She'd woven such a web around herself, and others, that she'd made it damn hard for the police to give her the one thing in life she'd really relished — punishment for the wrongdoers.

ON his way out, Grogan stopped in the outer office beside Peggy's table. Her flying fingers came to a halt, too. She looked at him, not alarmed but a trifle anxious.

He asked her if she could cast her mind back to last Wednesday, the day Mrs. Berry was killed.

The seventeen-year-old Peggy looked doubtful. She didn't know that she could. Most days were pretty much alike, till five o'clock when you got off.

Could she remember what time Mr. Kerrigan got back from lunch that day?

Her brow, more familiar with pancake make-up and eyebrow pencil than cogitation, wrinkled. No, she could not. That was Mr. Kerrigan's office there, behind that partition, and here was she, with her back to it, and she was sure she had no idea on earth when he was in or not, unless she had occasion to speak to him.

Out in the arcade, shadowy and cool with its inviting small shops, Grogan prowled for a minute or two, pausing to sniff the fragrant smell of coffee from the espresso bar and of sweet-peas from the flower stall next to it. Beyond, the window of the Gift Boutique was asparkle with expensive nothings to ease the burden of the shopper with Christmas or a birthday or an anniversary looming.

Grogan stopped here, deciding to go in before he left the town and buy a souvenir for his wife. His eyes wandered over the costume jewellery, the inlaid boxes, the handmade pottery, the evening bags, etc., etc. Through the window he could see the proprietress of the shop, a tall, willowy young

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

woman, flicking a feather duster over the shelves.

However, for the moment postponing that dizzying choice of a gift for Mame, he turned back and stepped out into Maple Street. Standing at the entrance of the arcade he let his mind rove a while, seeing in imagination that slight, short, elderly figure in a blue and white floral silk suit, with her tapestry bag on her arm, and in her head—or so it was pretty safe to guess—the weavings of an intrigue that was so soon to bring about her own death. His mind followed her into the four or five shops that they'd traced her to, and then saw her set off on the mile walk for home, the bag a little heavier now, the midday sun hot on her bare head.

Then the picture blacked out, and Theda Berry apparently wasn't seen alive again—except by one man or woman.

As the inspector stood there, the summer day lay heavy on the long, straight thoroughfare. The early afternoon torpor had descended, and only the odd car, the odd pedestrian happened along to disturb the uncommercial quiet.

One of these odd pedestrians was Sergeant Manning, making his way toward the arcade from the Police Station at the upper end of Maple Street. Manning walked with his usual soldierly stiffness. No matter how hot the day he never shed a coat, never shed a smile or one small scrap of his habitual melancholy disapproval of life's aberrant ways.

As he drew nearer, Grogan noticed that he had a couple of books in his hand, two brightly jacketed novels.

"Not enough work to do, Les, setting off for a read in the park?" Grogan inquired.

Manning held out the books. They had the label of the Book Bowl Library pasted on the backs.

"These two books that were sittin' on the top of the chest in her room," he said, "that were in one of the drawers when the boys went through it the first night."

"What about them?"

Manning explained, the look of censure deepening on his face, how a short while ago in Theda Berry's room he had happened idly to leaf through the books, and on the end page of each he had noticed a lightly pencilled row of figures. He had made a guess that they might refer to certain pages, and on inspection he had proved to be right. "Check up for yourself," he said, and handed them to Grogan.

Grogan did so, standing there on the pavement and running his eyes over the pages indicated.

"My word," he said. And then: "What do you know! Well, well, well! Earthy, if you like." He turned to another page. "You wouldn't credit it, would you? Tck tck tck!" And so through the second volume. "The Censorship Board must've been dozing all right," he ended.

They stepped back into the arcade toward the Book Bowl Library.

Relations between Paul and Laurette O'Hara, never conspicuous these days for loving trustfulness, were rather more strained than usual this afternoon. In Paul, the lunch hour often bred a divine discontent. Lunching alone, as each one had to while the other minded the library, Paul had the opportunity to take out the manuscript of his rejected novel

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray.
Week starting April 1

ARIES

MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

TAURUS

APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ You can go gay and gale this week, and happily combine business with pleasure. Perhaps a windfall for some — even a legacy. But watch out for accidents on the 15th.

★ A mixed week with more good influences than bad. There could be financial loss or loss in the home, but compensation is possible. Romance and personal affairs prosper.

★ Success and relative good fortune. A week when you can combine your flair for uniting opposites. Consolidate the old, at the same time open up new horizons. Only the 5th adverse.

★ Splendid vibrations affecting that focus of the Cancerian emotional life — the home. A good time for renovations, for real-estate deals — except let Sunday be a true day of rest.

★ Domestic life could get a setback through disappointment in a friend; otherwise the time is fortunate. Excellent time for revision, and bold, original planning — especially on the 7th.

★ Every opportunity offers for combining a conservative policy, yet with long-range, creative planning. Romance is good on the 3rd, but is under a cloud on the 5th.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, orange, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, rose, purple.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

PISCES

FEB. 19-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, cerise, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Make the most of this period. Your star gets into difficulties until the 18th. Good for finance; money could come from gifts or a legacy, but the weekend is adverse.

★ Fortunate pressure on your public life, status, and career. You could go higher in the world, but the 5th is allergic to romance. There could be a parting.

★ There could be sudden big changes, which you may use for either good or bad. The weekend could prove crucial. Plan and act boldly on the 7th; but watch deception.

★ It looks like more work and responsibilities for the patient, industrious Capricornian. The job benefits on the 3rd, but beware of travel risks on the 5th.

★ You could be jolted out of routine. Use care at the weekend. Good for finance, pleasure, matrimony, romance — and, perhaps, interesting new friends.

★ You have entered a fateful period. A new chapter opens, and perhaps you'll have to strive a little harder. The weekend could see big moves. Hasten slowly.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility for the statements contained in it.]



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and do a little revision of it — and a great deal of comparing of it with the "trash" on the shelves below that it galled him so to have to handle and promote.

Finally, the clock's ticking would remind him of these duties awaiting him, and he would shuffle away his papers, asking himself what hope in life there was of doing creative work in a dead and alive dust heap like this. Which was a somewhat unjust description of Laurette's orderly library, with its bright book-lined shelves and the heads of white agapanthus in the tall white jars.

Today there was a providential opportunity for unpleasantness in the first moment of his entering the room.

Laurette had just stamped a book and the customer had left the library. Laurette's arm was extended

Continued from page 81

as she replaced the stamp on the ink pad.

Paul looked down at her wrist on which there was a bracelet, a flexible chain of silver hung round with tiny tinkling charms.

"That's pretty," he said.

"Yes. Rather silly, though."

"New, isn't it?"

"Not very."

"I've never seen it before."

"Haven't you? Mother gave it to me the last time I was there. She was turning out a drawer."

"Really?" Paul's eyes, narrowing suspiciously, were on her face, not on the bracelet.

"Do Mums give away their trinkets before they're pushing up the daisies?"

COME SEE ME DIE

"Mine does." Laurette's voice had hardened, her face grew pink, an added irritation to Paul. He preferred women whose faces grew pale under emotion.

He said, provocatively, turning away: "Was that our worthy butcher's wife going out with an armful of romances?"

"It was."

"Tripe to the tripe."

"Smart, dear, but don't forget, Paul, that we don't run this library for the love of literature." There was a new asperity in her voice and a decidedly new flash in her glance.

Such signs of defiance seemed to take Paul by surprise. Bowing his

head in mock humility he murmured: "I'll do my best to remember, Laurette."

"And it might be as well," she added with marked emphasis, "if at the same time you tried not to antagonise any more of our subscribers."

Laurette was referring to an incident of some six weeks ago when Theda Berry, never a favorite with Paul, had been straying round the shelves searching for books to her taste; and books to her taste, Paul always maintained gleefully to Laurette, were novels dealing with the sultrier passions. On this occasion he had been unable to repress his malicious humour, and approaching her with his most

polished smile he had said: "Good morning, Mrs. Berry. Browning among the more promising critics."

The word may have been new to Theda Berry, but his manner had shone through, and she had turned on him a look that showed she had registered the affront, marked it down for repayment at some future date.

On being reminded of this incident, Paul turned back and his wife a long cold stare. Laurette held it without wavering.

"That, too, I must try to avoid," he said evenly. "One can't hope all one's offended customers are so conveniently."

Laurette made an odd sound, dropped a book, stooped, retrieved it, sat up again, her pinker than ever.

It was at this moment that Grogan and Manning entered the library.

A curtain was quickly drawn over the venomous passage between husband and wife, and they met the two detectives with their business front.

Himself, not unlike a subordinate come to return his borrowed Grogan put the two novels down on the desk. "Bit of your property, Mr. O'Hara," he said.

L

LAURETTE answered: "That's very kind of you, Inspector, to bring them back. You shouldn't be bothered. Poor woman! The tragedy of her death quite drove the books from my mind." She put a slim hand with a tinkling silver charms and drew the door toward her.

Followed a few minutes later chat about the event which had shaken the town and brought the C.I.B., Grogan, friendly and informative, Paul, for a change, missing charm, and Laurette at her most prettily feminine.

It was Manning who put an end to the flim-flam, reaching down and laying an accusing forefinger on the two books. "The deceased," he said, "she had these books on loan a long time. Your stamp says they're overdue after eight days and she had 'em out over a month."

"Oh, well," Laurette said wearily, "we're used to that. The fines are small, and lots of people are careless about returning library books."

"I'll say," Paul drawled. "The two are rather popular novels, though, and I dropped in at Laurette's the other evening to ask for them. Actually, the day of her death, it was. As no doubt Mrs. Robins may have mentioned."

"Oh, yes," Grogan's intonation made neither a "yes" nor a "no" of this, and Paul went on: "Hence knows what she'd done with the Mrs. Robins couldn't find them."

"She had 'em shut away in a drawer," Manning told him. "That was no oversight on her part if you ask me."

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COME SEE ME DIE

"Oh? Really? What do you mean?"

Very explicitly Manning put him in the picture, lifting each book in turn, opening it at the pages indicated by Theda Berry's pencilled figures on the end page, and giving Paul full time to take in the offending passages.

Paul said "Yes" and "Well" and "Yes" again, and at last "So what?" looking at Manning with a lift of one eyebrow.

"I'll tell you what. I reckon it was her intention to try and make trouble for you."

"She'd have had her work cut out to do that," Paul said crisply. "These books are not banned."

"If anyone likes to lay a charge and—"

"Let them. Let them try. Censorship's a Federal affair."

"Or even get the local councillors to ask you to withdraw 'em from circulation. Public opinion in a small town, you know, can make it very unpleasant for people purveyin' this kind o' readin' matter to all and sundry, includin' young girls." Manning's puritanical glance and condemning forefinger invested the books with more than outside powers of corruption.

"Excuse me, Sergeant, if I say nonsense, nonsense!"

"All right, you tell me. What's your idea that made her hang on to these books and shut 'em away in a drawer and mark out bits of 'em?"

Paul gave a short, sardonic laugh: "Probably meant to take them out to her niece and tell her not to read them, or if she did to be sure not to read those passages."

"Do you get many books as plain spoken as these are?"

Grogan asked. "I'm not much of a novel reader myself, but they gave me a bit of a surprise."

PAUL was quite casual about this. "Oh, dear, yes. Most of the old taboos have gone, and the more the better, I say. These particular books are brought out by two of the best publishers in England, though their names mayn't convey much to you."

"More to the point," Manning pursued, "do you get many complaints when they bring back this sort o' dirt?"

"Well, you see," Laurette's sweetly reasonable voice broke in, "generally speaking it only needs a little tact to prevent the culturally naive from taking out certain books. A lot of subscribers ask the librarian what this or that novel is like, and you can usually advise them against anything you guess would offend them."

"Not that you can always head off the local smut hounds from nosing out their meat." Paul's urbanity had dropped away, his voice had recovered its normal rasp, his lip its sneer. He tightened the

knot of his tie and buttoned his coat as though going into battle.

"Let me assure you, in this one-horse town there are more than enough of them. Believe it or not, a few weeks ago there was a deputation to the landlord about a woman, a Mrs. Cornelius, who lives in one of those cottages at the lower end of Maple Street. They moved heaven and earth to try and get her kicked out, claiming that she was keeping a disorderly house or selling grog on the sly, or some such nonsense."

"Was Mrs. Berry one of the deputation?"

"I have no idea. More than likely, I would think, she was—"

"Not necessarily," Laurette said hastily. "I don't think she was much of a joiner in anything. More of an individualist, I'd say. You just had to take her a little gently."

"Yes, a little gently," Paul echoed. "Oh, for the larger world again, the larger world!" He gazed out the door past his still youthfully attractive wife, and her safe little business in the safe little street in the safe little town. Excluded from the happy band of Angry Young Men of the literary world, Paul's field of anger was limited to home. In that field, however—to Laurette's smouldering resentment—he could challenge all comers.

Walking down Maple Street a few minutes later, Grogan pondered. "Yes, now . . . yes. She had it in for that pair, there's no two ways about it . . . They'd done something to get under her skin."

"And it wouldn't take long for that bloke to get under mine," Manning said.

"He can talk big about the Federal laws and the Censorship Board. 'Course the old girl mightn't have known anything about that. But she'd've known what she could do, short of action, with a whispering campaign: 'The things they got in that library! For special customers! Not only books, maybe. Pictures, postcards!' Yes, a woman with a poison tongue could spread a nasty story. And that wife of his looks a sensitive little type. A cousin of Wakefield's, I believe. It'd be very uncomfortable for her."

Manning nodded. "And look, answer me this. Since he swears he didn't believe she could've done him any harm with the books, why did he go hot footin' it up to the house at night to get them back? Was it because, if found, they'd supply evidence for a feud between 'em? Evidence of a visit at three o'clock in the afternoon, eh?"

"That's right." Grogan was thoughtful, passing along in the shade of the trees, unmindful of their thick green, and of the doves in them

cooing the summer afternoon away. "That's right. All these people that knew her tell the same tale: she was a real old troublemaker, nobody liked her, but they didn't dislike her that bad. But there was just one little thing let slip today by one of 'em, a response that struck on my ear."

"What was that?" Grogan paused in the shade to take off his hat and wipe his forehead while he told Manning what it was.

During the day the widening inquiries by the C.I.B. about Theda Berry, her character and her habits, revealed very little not already known. The butcher said it was nothing for her to send back the joint three times if she didn't like the look of it.

THE baker said she'd tried to get the carter dismissed for handling a loaf with a cigarette in his mouth. She'd reported two four-year-olds for playing naked under the sprinkler in the Park. Nearly everyone who had come her way had had some kind of trouble with her. Yet, needless to say, everyone agreed how shocking it was that someone should have killed her.

However, by the time Grogan and Manning were sitting over dinner at the pub that evening, there was one fact just learnt that set them a new puzzle, that made Manning sit staring at his food and caused Grogan to dispose of his roast meat and vegetables and Spanish cream in record time and without engaging his taste buds. Pushing away his plate, he forgot the drink at his elbow and failed to hear the waitress' suggestion of a bit of cheese.

The new fact was that Theda Berry's niece, Norm Kerrigan's sister, told how for the three Wednesdays previous to the one of her death, Theda Berry had arrived there by midday, driven by Mrs. Robins, but immediately after lunch had returned to Corramundi, driven this time by the niece's husband, who fortunately had business in town, and had returned on the five o'clock bus to stay till the next morning. The reason given on each occasion was an appointment with the dentist. Why Wednesday? the niece had queried, spoiling her day off. But Aunt Theda had said that the dentist was so busy she had to take what time she could get.

But on police inquiry the dentist stated that Theda Berry had not paid him a visit for six months or more.

What had she done; who had she seen; where had she been on those three mystery-shrouded afternoons?

To be continued

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(plus Teenagers' Weekly)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 8, 1964